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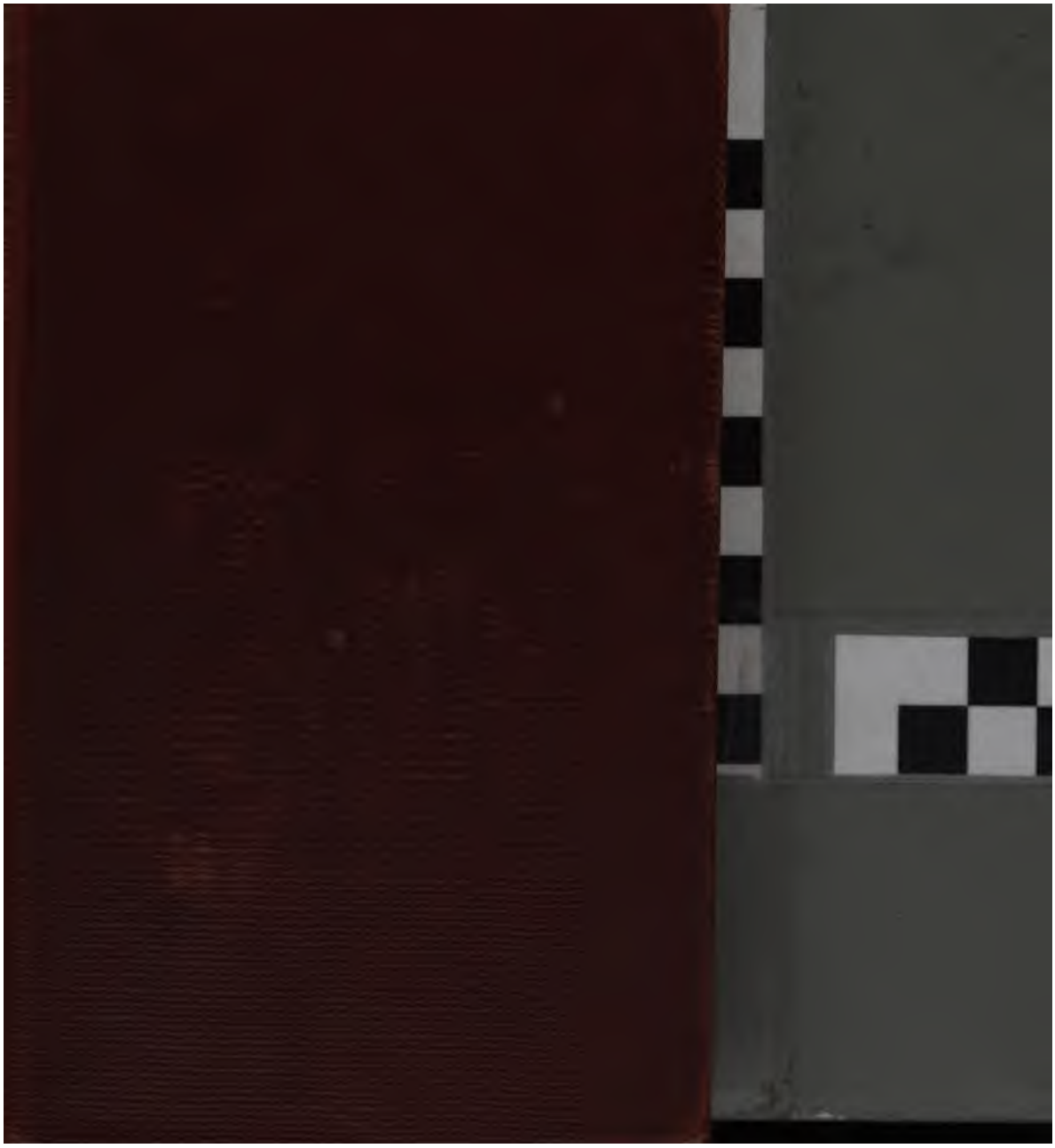

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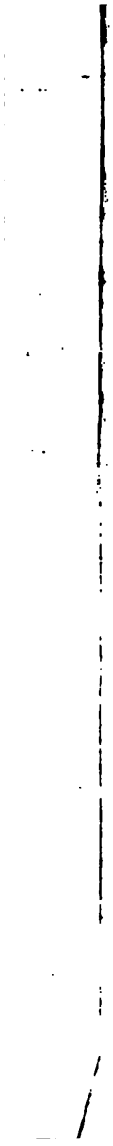

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THE

WORKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE COMPLETE

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE:

FOR THE

FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:

WITH

Memorial-Introduction: Essay, critical and elucidatory:

AND NOTES.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

CÆLICA IN CX. SONNETS:

AND

THE POEM-PLAYS:

I. ALAHAM. II. MUSTAPHA.

WITH ADDITIONS AND VARIOUS READINGS.

C

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1870.

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* This Appendix and all the 'various readings' of these Notes and Illustrations, belong to the Manuscript at Cambridge—the Warwick Castle MSS. not having reached me until after the present volume was printed. See Vol. IV. for description of these latter MSS, and important various readings and quotations from them. G.

The Works of
Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Poetry and Poem-Plays.

VOL. III.

I.

Cælica in CX. Sonnets.

Note.

These "Sonnets" will be found to have little in common with what are so known, beyond the name. Neither in form nor matter have they resemblance to the 'Sonnet' proper. But they have all that belongs to the Cumberland word '*sonn*', which means to think deeply. The thought *is* deep and intense and as our Memorial-Introduction (Vol. Ist) and Essay (Vol. IInd) shew, there is in these sonnets much of rare autobiographic interest, hitherto unobserved. Shakespeare uses the word 'Sonnet' in the same wide sense as Lord Brooke, as including short poems more or less relating to the passion of Love: *e. g.*, "I have a *sonnet* will serve" (Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii., 2) "I have heard a *sonnet* begun so", (Henry V., iii., 7) and elsewhere. Cælica will abundantly repay the profoundest study. There is no separate title-page: simply the heading throughout, of "Cælica". G.

Cælica.

SONNET I.

LOUE, the delight of all well-thinking minds;
Delight, the fruit of vertue dearely lov'd;
Vertue, the highest good, that Reason finds;
Reason, the fire wherein men's thoughts bee prov'd;
Are from the world by Nature's power bereft,
And in one creature, for her glory, left.

Beautie, her couer is, the eyes' true pleasure;
In Honour's fame she liues; the eares' sweet musicke;
Excesse of wonder growes from her true measure;
Her worth is Passion's wound, and Passion's physicke;
From her true heart, cleare springs of wisdome flow,
Which imag'd in her words and deeds, men know.

Time faine would stay, that she might never leave
her;
Place doth reioyce, that she must needs containe
her;
Death craues of Heauen, that she may not bereaue
her;
The heauens know their owne, and doe maintaine
her;
Delight, Loue, Reason, Vertue let it be,
To set all women light, but only she.

SONNET II.

FAIRE dog, which so my heart dost teare
asunder,
That my liue's-blood my bowels ouer
floweth:
Alas, what wicked rage conceal'st thou vnder
These sweet enticing ioyes thy forehead show
Me, whom the light-wing'd god of long
chased,
Thou hast attain'd: thou gau'st that fatall
Which my soule's peacefull innocence hath
And Reason to her seruant Humour bound

Kill therefore in the end, and end my an

Give me my death; me thinks euen Time vp-
braideth
A fulnesse of the woes, wherein I languish:
Or if thou wilt I liue, then Pittie pleadeth
Helpe out of thee, since Nature hath reuealed,
That with thy tongue thy bytings may be healed.

SONNET III.

MORE than most faire, full of that heauenly fire,
Kindled aboue to shew the Maker's glory;[1]
Beautie's first-born, in whom all powers conspire
To write the Graces life and Muses storie:
If in my heart all saints else be defaced,
Honour the shrine, where you alone are placed.

Thou window of the skie, and pride of spirits,
True character[2] of Honour in perfection;
Thou heauenly creature, iudge of earthly merits,
And glorious prison of man's pure affection;
If in my heart all nymphs else be defaced,
Honour the shrine, where you alone are placed.

---

[1] See our Essay, Volume II., page lxxiii, for resembling couplet from Spenser. G.

[2] See our Glossary-Index for 'charact' elsewhere. G.

SONNET IV.

YOU little starres that liue in skyes,
And glory in Apollo's glorie;
In whose aspects conjoynèd lyes
The heauen's will and Nature's storie,
Ioy to be likened to those eyes:
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorie;
For when you force thoughts from aboue,
These ouer-rule your force by LOVE.

And thou ô LOVE, which in these eyes
Hast married Reason with Affection,
And made them saints of Beautie's skyes,
Where ioyes are shadowes of perfection;
Lend me thy wings that I may rise
Vp not by worth but thy election;
For I haue vow'd in strangest fashion,
To loue, and neuer seeke compassion.

SONNET V.

WHO trusts for trust, or hopes of loue,
Or who belou'd in Cupid's la glory;
Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to re

Who by this light god, hath not beene made sory;
Let him see me eclipsèd from my sunne,
With shadowes of an Earth quite ouer-runne.

Who thinkes that sorrowe's felt desires hidden,
Or humble faith with constant honour armed,
Can keep loue from the fruit that is forbidden,
Change I doe meane, by no faith to be charmed;
Looking on me, let him know, 'Loue's delights
Are treasures hid in caues, but kept with sp'rits.'[1]

SONNET VI.

EYES, why did you bring vnto me those graces,
Grac'd to yeeld wonder out of her true measure;
Measure of all ioyes stay to phansie traces
Module[2] of pleasure.

Reason is now growne a disease in reason;
Thoughts knit vpon thoughts free alone to wonder;
Sense is a spie, made to doe phansie treason;
Loue goe I vnder.

---

[1] Cf. "Of Humane Learning" st. 120th, lines 5-6, and relative note. G.

[2] Model. G.

Since then eyes pleasure to my thoughts betray me,
And my thoughts reason's-leuell haue defacèd,
So that all my powers to be hers, obey me,
Loue be thou gracèd.

Grac'd by me Loue? no, by her that owes me;
She that an angell's spirit hath retainèd
In Cupid's faire skie, which her beauty showes me;
Thus haue I gainèd.

SONNET VII.

THE world, that all containes is euer mouing;
The starres within their spheeres for euer turned;
Nature—the Queene of Change—to change is louing,
And Forme to matter new, is still adiourned.

Fortune our phansie-god, to varie liketh;
Place is not bound to things within it placed;
The present time vpon time passèd striketh;
With Phœbus' wandring course the Earth is graced:

The ayre still moues, and by its mouing, cleareth ;
The fire, vp ascends and planets feedeth ;
The water passeth on and all lets[1] weareth ;
The earth stands still, yet change of changes breedeth ;

Her plants, which Summer ripens, in Winter fade
Each creature in vnconstant mother lyeth ;
Man made of Earth, and for whom Earth is made,
Still dying liues, and liuing euer dyeth ;
Only like fate sweet Myra neuer varies,
Yet in her eyes the doom of all change carries.

SONNET VIII.

SELFE-PITTIE'S teares, wherein my hope lyes drown'd,
Sighs from Thought's fire—where my desires languish—
Despaire, by humble loue of beauty crown'd ;
Furrowes not worne by Time, but wheeles of anguish ;
Dry vp, smile, ioy, make smooth, and see
Furrowes, despaires, sighs' teares, in Beauty be.

---

[1] Obstacles, hindrances. G.

Beauty, out of whose clouds my heart teares rained!
Beauty, whose niggard fire sigh's smoke did nourish!
Beauty, in whose eclipse despaires remained!
Beauty whose scorching beames make wrinkles florish!
Time hath made free of teares, sighs, and despaire,
Writing in furrowes deep 'she once was faire.'

SONNET IX.

O Loue, thou mortall sphere of powers diuine,
The paradise of Nature in perfection;
What makes thee thus thy kingdome vndermine,
Vailing Thy glories vnder woe's reflection?
Tyrannie counsell out of feare doth borrow,
To think her kingdome safe in feare and sorrow.

If I by nature, wonder and delight,
Had not sworne all my powers to worship thee,
Iustly mine owne reuenge receiue I might,
And see, thee tyrant, suffer tyrannie:
See thee thy selfe-despaire and sorrow breeding,
Vnder the wounds of woe and sorrow bleeding.

For sorrow holds man's life to be her owne,

His thoughts her stage, where tragedies she plaies,
Her orbe she makes his Reason ouerthrowne,
His loue, foundations for her ruines layes;
So as while loue will torments of her borrow,
Loue shall become the very loue of sorrow.

Loue therefore speake to Cælica for me,
Shew her thy selfe in euery thinge I doe,
Safely thy powers she may in others see,
And in thy power see her glories too;
Moue her to pitty, stay her from disdaine,
Let never man loue worthinesse in vaine.

SONNET X.

LOUE, of man's wandring thoughts the restlesse being,
Thou from my mind with glory wast inuited;
Glory of those faire eyes, where all eyes, seeing
Vertue's and Beautie's riches, are delighted;
What angell's pride, or what selfe-disagreeing,
What dazling brightnesse hath your beames benighted,
That fall'n thus from those ioyes which you aspired,
Downe to my darkened minde you are retired?

Within which minde since you from thence ascended,
Truth clouds it selfe; Wit serues but to resemble;
Enuie is king, at others' good offended;
Memorie doth worlds of wretchednesse assemble;
Passion to ruine passion is intended;
My reason is but power to dissemble;
Then tell me Loue, what glory you diuine
Your selfe can find within this soule of mine?

Rather goe backe vnto that heauenly quire
Of Nature's riches, in her beauties placed,
And there in contemplation feed desire,
Which till it wonder, is not rightly graced;
For those sweet glories, which you doe aspire,
Must, as idea's,[1] only be embraced,
Since excellence in other forme enioyed,
Is by descending to her saints destroyed.

SONNET XI.

FVNO, that on her head Loue's liuerie carried,
Scorning to weare the markes of Io's pleasure,

[1] Notice apostrophe for plural, as before. G.

Knew while the boy in æquinoctiall tarried,
His heats would rob the heauen of heauenly treasure ;
Beyond the tropicks she the boy doth banish,
Where smokes must warme, before his fire do blaze,
And children's thoughts not instantly grow mannish,
Feare keeping lust there very long at gaze:
But see how that poore goddesse was deceiued,
For women's hearts farre colder there than ice,
When once the fire of lust they haue receiued,
With two extremes so multiply the vice,
As neither partie satisfying other,
Repentance still becomes Desire's mother.

SONNET XII.

CUPID, thou naughtie boy, when thou wert loathed,
Naked and blind, for vagabunding noted
Thy nakednesse I in my reason clothed,
Mine eyes I gaue thee, so was I deuoted.

Fye wanton, fie ; who would shew children kindnesse ?
No sooner he into mine eyes was gotten,

But straight he clouds them with a seeing blindnesse,
Makes reason wish that Reason were forgotten.

From thence to Mira's eyes the wanton strayeth,
Where while I charge him with vngratefull measure,
So with faire wonders he mine eyes betrayeth,
That my wounds, and his wrongs, become my pleasure;
Till for more spite to Myra's heart he flyeth,
Where liuing to the world, to me he dieth.

SONNET XIII.

CVPID, his boye's play many times forbidden,
By Venus, who thinks Mars best manhood boyish,
While he shot all, still for not shooting chidden,
Weepes himselfe blind to see that sexe so coyish.

And in this blindnesse wandreth many places,
Till his foe Absence, hath him prisonner gotten;
Who breaks his arrowes, bow and wings defaces,
Keepes him till he his boy's play hath forgotten;

Then lets him loose, no god of yeeres, but houres,
Cures and restores him all things, but his blindnesse;
Forbids him nothing but the constant powers,
Where Absence neuer can haue power of kindnesse
Ladies, this blind boy that ran from his mother,
Will euer play the wag with one or other.

SONNET XIV.

WHY how now Reason, how are you amazèd?
Is Worth in Beauty shrind vp to be clothed?
Shall Nature's riches by your selfe be razed?
In what but these can you be finely clothed?

Though Myra's eyes, glasses of ioy and smart,
Daintily shadowed, shew forth loue and feare;
Shall feare make reason from her right depart?
Shall lacke of hope the loue of worth forbeare?

Where is the homage then that Nature oweth?
Loue, is a tribute to perfection due;
Reason in Selfe-loue's-liuerie bondage showeth,
And hath no freedome, Myra, but in you;
Then Worth, Loue, Reason, Beauty, be content,
In Myra onely to be permanent.

SONNET XV.

WHEN gentle Beautie's ouer-wanton kindnesse,
Had giuen Loue the liberty of playing,
Change brought his eye-sight by and by to blindnesse,
Still hatching in excesse her owne decaying;
Then cut I Selfe-loue's wings to lend him fethers,
Gaue him mine eyes to see in Myra's glory,
Honour and Beauty reconcil'd togethers;
Of Loue, the birth, the fatall tombe and story.
Ah wag, no sooner he that sphere had gotten,
But out of Myra's eyes my eyes he woundeth;
And, but his boye's-play hauing all forgotten,
His heate in her chast coldnesse so confoundeth,
As he that burnes must freeze, who trusts must feare:
Ill quarter'd coats, which yet all louers beare.

SONNET XVI.

EYE foolish Earth, thinke you the heauen wants glory,
Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?
All's dark vnto the blind, let them be sory;
The heauens in themselues are euer bright.

Fye fond Desire, thinke you that Loue wants
glory,
Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?
The hopes and feares of lust, may make men sorie,
But Loue still in her selfe finds her delight.

Then Earth stand fast, the skye that you benight.
Will turne againe, and so restore your glory;
Desire be steady, hope is your delight,
An orbe wherein no creature can be sorie;
Loue being plac'd aboue these middle regions,
Where euery passion warres it selfe with legions

SONNET XVII.

CYNTHIA, whose glories are at full for
euer,
Whose beauties draw forth teares, and
kindle fires,
Fires, which kindled once are quenchèd neuer:
So beyond hope your worth beares vp desires.

Why cast you clouds on your sweet-looking eyes?
Are you afraid they shew me tqo much pleasure?
Strong Nature decks the graue wherein it lyes:
Excellence can neuer be exprest in measure.

Are you afraid, because my heart adores you?
The world will thinke I hold Endymion's place?
Hippolytus, sweet Cynthia, kneel'd before you,
Yet did you not come downe to kisse his face.
Angells enioy the heauens' inward quires:
Starre-gazers only multiply desires.

SONNET XVIII.

OFFER wrong to my beloved saint,
I scorne, I change, I falsify my loue;
Absence and time have made my homage faint,
With Cupid I doe euery where remoue.

I sigh, I sorrow, I doe play the foole,
Mine eyes like wether-cocks, on her attend:
Zeale thus on either side she puts to schoole,
That will needs haue Inconstancy to friend.

I grudge, she saith, that many should adore her,
Where loue doth suffer, and thinke all things meet;
She saith, 'all selfe-nesse must fall downe before her:'

I say, Where is the sauce should make that sweet ?
Change and contempt—you know—ill speakers be
Cælica ; and such are all your thoughts of me.

SONNET XIX.

AH silly Cupid, doe you make it coy
To keepe your seate in Cæl[i]a's furrowed face ?
Thinke in her beauty what you did enioy,
And doe not seruice done you so disgrace.

She that refused not any shaft you shot,
Lent dewes to youth, and sparks to old desire ;
If such flat homage be so soone forgot,
Many good-fellowes will be out of hire.

Good archers euer have two bowes at least,
With beauty faded shoot the elder sort ;
For though all be not to shoot at the best,
Yet archers with their butting-bowes make sport :
The glory that men in good kingdomes see,
Is when both yong, and old in traffique be.

SONNET XX.

WHY how now Cupid, doe you couet change
And from a stealer to a keeper's state,
With barking doggs do you the couerts range,
That carried bread to still them but of late?

What shall we doe that with your bow are wounded?
Your bow which blindeth each thing it doth hit:
Since Feare and Lust in you are so confounded,
As your hot fire beares water still in it.

Play not the foole, for though your dogs be good,
Hardy, loud, earnest, and of little sleep;
Yet mad desires with cryes are not with-stood:
They must be better arm'd that meane to keep:
And since vnweapon'd care makes men forlorne,
Let me first make your dogge an vnicorne.[1]

SONNET XXI.

SATHAN, no woman, yet a wandring spirit,
When he saw ships sail two wayes with one wind,

[1] *Id est*, 'weapon' such as the 'horn' of the traditional-mythical 'unicorn.' G.

Of saylers' trade he Hell did disinherit;
The diuell himselfe loues not a halfe-fast mind.

The Satyre when he saw the shepheard blow
To warme his hands, and make his pottage coole,
Manhood forsweares; and halfe a beast, did know
Nature with double breath is put to schoole.

Cupid doth head his shafts in women's faces,
Where smiles and teares dwell euer neere together,
Where all the arts of change giue Passion graces;
While these clouds threaten, who feares not the weather?
Saylers and Satyres, Cupid's knights; and I
Feare women that sweare, nay; and know they lye.

SONNET XXII.

WITH whose colors Myra drest her head,
I, that ware posies of her owne hand-making,
I, that mine owne name in the chimnies read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I looke on, in hope time comming may
With change bring back my turne againe to play?

I, that on Sunday at the Church-stile found,
A garland sweet, with true-loue knots in flowers,
Which I to weare about mine arms was bound,
That each of vs might know that all was ours :
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes ?
And follow Cupid for his loaues and fishes ?

I, that did weare the ring her mother left,
I, for whose loue she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named ;
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs, till dead loue be awakèd ?

I, that when drowsie Argus fell asleep,[1]
Like Iealousie o'rewatchèd with Desire,
Was euen warnèd modestie to keepe,
While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire :
Must I looke on a-cold, while others warme them ?
Doe Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arme them.

---

[1] In an anonymous verse-satire against the Puritans, "Ad Populum" &c., of one it is cleverly if also maliciously said,

"All Argus' body he'd have preached asleep". G.

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties, white?
Yet would she neuer write her loue to me;
Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?
Mad girles must safely loue, as they may leaue;
No man can print a kisse; lines may deceiue.

SONNET XXIII.

MERLIN they say, an English prophet borne
When he was yong and gouern'd by his mother,
Took great delight to laugh such fooles to scorne,
As thought by Nature we might know a brother.

His mother chid him oft, till on a day,
They stood, and saw a coarse[1] to buriall carried;
The father teares his beard, doth weepe and pray;
The mother was the woman he had married.

Merlin laughs out aloud in stead of crying;
His mother chides him for that childish fashion;
Sayes "Men must mourne the dead, themselues are dying,
Good manners doth make answer vnto passion."

The child—for children see what should be hidden—

[1] Corse or Corpse. G.

Replies vnto his mother by and by:
" Mother, if you did know, and were forbidden,
" Yet you would laugh as heartily as I.

" This man no part hath in the child he sorrowes,
" His father was the monke that sings before him:
" See then now Nature of adoption borrowes:
" Truth couets in me, that I should restore him.
" True fathers' singing, supposed fathers' crying,
" I thinke make women laugh, that lye a-dying.

SONNET XXIV.

PAINTING the eloquence of dumpe conceipt,
When it would figure forth confusèd passion,
Hauing no tables for the World's receipt,
With few parts of a few, doth many fashion.
Who then would figure Worthinesse disgraced,
Nature and Wit imprisoned or sterued,
Kindnesse a scorne, and courtesie defaced,
If he doe well paint Want, hath well deserued,
But who, his art in worlds[1] of woe, would proue
Let him within his heart but cipher Loue.

[1] Query—words? G.

SONNET XXV,

CVPID, my pretty boy, leaue off thy crying,
Thou shalt haue bells or apples, be not peeuish;
Kisse mee sweet lad; beshrew her for denying;
Such rude denyalls doe make children theeuish.

Did Reason say that boyes must be restrained?
What was it, tell; hath cruell Honour chidden?
Or would they haue thee from sweet Myra weyned?
Are her faire breasts made dainty to be hidden?

Tell me—sweet boy—doth Myra's beauty threaten?
Must you say grace when you would be a-playing?
Doth she cause thee make faults, to make thee beaten?
Is Beautie's pride in innocent's betraying?
Giue me a bow, let me thy quiuer borrow,
And she shall play the child with Loue or Sorrow.

SONNET XXVI.

WAS euer man so ouer-match't with boy?
When I am thinking how to keep him vnder,

He plaies and dallies me with euerie toy;
With pretty stealths, and makes me laugh and
wonder.

When with the child, the child-thoughts of mine
owne
Doe long to play and toy as well as he,
The boy is sad, and melancholy growne,
And with one humor cannot long agree.

Straight doe I scorne and bid the child away
The boy knowes furie, and soone sheweth me
Cælica's sweet eyes, where Loue and Beauty play:
Furie turnes into loue of that I see.
If these mad changes doe make children gods,
Women and children are not farre at odds.

SONNET XXVII.

CVPID, in Myra's faire bewitching eyes,
—Where Beauty shewes the miracles of
pleasure—
When thou laist bound for Honour's sacrifice,
Sworne to thy hate, equalitie and measure.
With open hand thou offeredst me her heart,
Thy bow and arrowes, if I would conspire,

To ruine honour; with whose frozen art
She tyranniz'd thy kingdome of desire.

I glad to dwell and raigne in such perfections,
Gaue thee my reason, memory, and sense;
In them to worke thy mysticall reflexions,
Against which Nature can haue no defence;
And wilt thou now to nourish my despaire,
Both head and feather all thy shafts with feare?

SONNET XXVIII.[1]

YOU faithlesse boy, perswade you me to reason?
With vertue doe you answere my affection?
Vertue, which you with liuerie and seisin[2]
Haue sold and changed out of your protection.
When you lay flattering in sweet Myra's eyes,
And plaid the wanton both with worth and pleasure;

---

[1] Mis-numbered xxvii: and so erroneously onward, so that the correction shews cx instead of cix 'Sonnets, G.

[2] Liuerie=delivery: a Law-term still in use: seisin =possession, also in use still. G.

In Beautie's field you told me vertue dies,
Excesse and infinite in loue, was measure.

I tooke your oath of dalliance and desire,
Myra did so inspire me with her graces ;
But like a wag that sets the straw on fire,
You running to doe harme in other places,
Sware what is felt with hand or seene with eye,
As mortall, must feele sicknesse, age and dye.

SONNET XXIX.

REACTION, that euer dwells
In Courts where wit excells,
Hath set defiance:
Fortune and Loue haue sworne,
That they were neuer borne,
Of one alliance.

Cupid that doth aspire
To be god of desire,
Sweares he giues lawes:
That where his arrowes hit,
Some ioy, some sorrow it:
Fortune no cause.

Fortune sweares weakest hearts,
The books of Cupid's arts
Turne with her wheele:
Senses themselues shall proue,
Venture hath place in loue;
Aske them that feele.

This discord it begot
Atheists, that honour not
Nature, thought good;
Fortune should euer dwell
In Courts, where wits excell:
Loue keepe the Wood.

Thus to the Wood went I
With Loue to liue and dye:
Fortune's forlorne:
Experience of my youth
Thus makes me thinke the truth,
In desart borne.

My saint is deare to me,
Myra her selfe is she,
She faire, and true:
Myra that knowes to moue,
Passions of loue with loue:
Fortune adieu.

SONNET XXX.

ROME, while thy Senate gouernours did chose,
Your souldiers florish'd, citizens were free;
Thy state by change of Consuls did not loose,
They honour'd were that seru'd or rulèd thee:

But after thy proud legions gaue thee lawes,
That their bought voices Empire did bestow;
Worthinesse no more was of election cause,
Authority her owners did not know.

Sweet Myra, while good will your friends did choose,
Passions were dainty, sweet desires free,
By one friend marriage did no honour loose,
They were esteem'd, that seru'd or rulèd thee:

But after flattring Change did giue thee lawes,
That her false voices did thy faith bestow;
Worthinesse no more was of affection cause,
Desire did many heads like monsters show;
Thus Rome and Myra acting many parts,
By often changes lost commanding arts.

SONNET XXXI.

OOD-FELLOWES, whom men commonly
doe call
Those that doe liue at warre with truth
and shame;
If once to loue of honesty they fall,
They both lose their good-fellowes and their name:

For theeues, whose riches rest in others' wealth,
Whose rents are spoiles, and others' thrift their
gaine;
When they grow bankrupts in the art of Stealth,
Booties to their old fellowes they remaine.

Cupid, thou free of these good-fellowes' art:
For while man cares not who, so he be one;
Thy wings, thy bow, thy arrowes take his part,
He neither liues, nor loues, nor lyes alone;
But be he once to Hymen's close yoke sworne,
Thou straight brau'st this good-fellowe with the
horne.

SONNET XXXII.

EAUENS! see how bringing vp corrupts
or betters;
Cupid long prentice to his mother bound,

Hath taken oath onely to scape her fetters,
That he will still like to her selfe be found.

Which is faire in his youth, in old age painted,
Kind out of lust, and humble for his pleasure;
Not long agreeing with things well acquainted,
Couetous, yet prodigall of fame and treasure.

Now as they wrong themselues, that for it thunders
Blame skye or ayre, wherein these tempest blow:
So doth he that at womens changes wonders,
Since strange it should not be that all men know:
Therefore if Myra change as others doe,
Free her; but blame the sonne and mother too.

SONNET XXXIII.

CVPID, thy folly bleares sweet Myra's eyes,
For like the blind, that vpwards looke for light,
You fix those fatall starres on Fortune's skies,
As though such planets gaue not Fortune might.

Base boy, what heart will doe him sacrifice,
That wraps repentance in his greatest pleasure?
And his true seruants vnder Fortune tyes,
As though his owne coyne were no currant treasure.

Must Danae's lap be wet with golden showers?
Or through the seas must buls Europa beare?
Must Leda onely serue the higher Powers?
Base changeling boy, and wouldst thou haue me sweare
The well knowne secrets of Astolpho's cup,[1]
Not to disclose, but with white wax seale up?

SONNET XXXIV.

THE gods to shew they ioy not in offences,
Nor plague of humane nature doe desire,
When they haue made their rods and whipt our senses,
They throw the rods themselues into the fire.

Then Cupid, thou whom man hath made a god,
Be like thy fellow gods in weight and fashion,

---

[1]Astolpho figures both in the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo, and in the Orlando Furioso, of Ariosto. In the latter (Book xxxiv.) is related Astolfo's adventure in search of the jar, pot, or vial, which contained the lost wits of Orlando. Lord Brooke's allusion is obscure, if it be to this. In the interpretation of the allegory, by Harrington, this is said to mean 'the Gospel': but its appropriateness here, with such meaning, it is difficult to see. G.

And now my faults are punish'd, burne the rod
In fires blowne with many-headed passion.

The rod is Worth, in Myra's beauty plac'd,
Which like a sunne hath power to burne another;
And though it selfe can no affections taste,
To be in all men else Affection's mother:
Therefore if thou wilt proue thy selfe a god,
In thy sweet fires, let me burne this faire rod.

SONNET XXXV.

CUPID, my little boy, come home againe,
I doe not blame thee for thy running hence,
Where thou found'st nothing but Desire's paine,
Icalousie, with selfe-vnworthinesse, offence.

Alas, I cannot Sir, I am made lame,
I light no sooner in sweet Myra's eyes;
—Whence I thought ioy and pleasure tooke their name—
But my right wing of wanton passion dyes.

And I poore child am here in stead of play,
So whip'd and scourg'd with Modestie and Truth,

As hauing lost all hope to scape away,
I yet take pleasure to 'tice hither youth:
That my schoole-fellowes plagu'd aswell as I,
May not make merry when they heare me cry.

SONNET XXXVI.

KINGS that in youth like all things else, are fine,
Haue some who for their childish faults are beaten;
When more yeeres vnto greater vice incline,
Some, whom the world doth their errors threaten:

So Cupid, you, who boast of princes blood,
For womens princelike weakenesse[1] are blamed,
And common errour, yet not vnderstood,
Makes you for their new-fanglenesse, defamed.

Poore women sweare, they ignorant of harmes,
With gentle minds perchance take easie motions;
Sweet Nature yeelding to the pleasing charmes
Of man's false lust disguisèd with deuotion;
But which are worse; kings ill, or easly led?
Schooles of this truth are yet not brought a-bed.

[1] Weak-e-nesse=a trisyllable, as elsewhere de-sir-e and other words. G.

SONNET XXXVII.

THEEFE, risen early vp to seeke his prey
Spieth a pretty boy, whereas he lay,
Crying fast by a well:
He wills him why to tell,
And sweares to make him well, if that he may.

The pretty boy smileth, and thanketh the man,
Told him that he hath falne his father's canne,
All of gold in the deepe:
Which losse did make him weepe:
Prayeth his counsell keepe, helpe if he can.

The man not for conscience, but onely for hope,
Puts off his clothes, goes downe by the rope,
Meaning to haue the cup,
If he can get it vp;
He spills that steales a sup; Hast loseth hope.

For while in the water the false fellow sought,
The pretty boy steales his cloke; well was he taught:
Wet comes the fellow vp,
He cannot find the cup;
His cloke is taken vp; falshood is naught.

Little lad Cupid, by night and by day,
Wonted in Beautie's face wanton to play;
Fast bound and prison'd lyes,
In Myra's stealing eyes,
Woefully whence he cries, to runne away.

I asked the boy, the boy telleth his cause,
He saith, that Vertue seeks Beautie's disgrace;
Vertue that grieues to find,
With what an humble minde,
Men are to Beautie kind, and her deface.

Vertue thinks all this is long of my bow,
Which hiding her beauties doe counterfeits show,
And beautie Vertue's arme,
With such a modest charme,
As my shafts doe no harme: she can say, no.

I that was wont to make wisdome a toy,
Vertue a pastime, am now made a boy;
I am throwne from the heart,
Banish'd is Passion's art,
Neither may I depart, nor yet enioy.

This was the cause, he said, made him complaine;
He sweares, if I help him, to help me againe;
And straightwayes offers me,
If Vertue conquer'd be,
Beauty and Pleasure free; Ioy without paine.

I glad, not or pittie, but hope of the prize,
And proud of this language from Cælica's eyes,
Threw off my liberty,
Hoping that blessed I
Shall with sweet Cupid flye, in Beautie's skyes.

But when in my heart I had peeced[1] his bow,
And on the ayre of my thoughts made his wings goe;
The little lad feares the rod,
He is not there a god;
I, and delight are odd: Myra sayes, no.

The flint keepeth fire, the lad he sayes true,
But bellowes, it will not be kindled by you;
He that takes starres with staues,
Yet hath not all he craues;
Loue is not his that raues: hope is vntrue.

SONNET XXXVIII.

CÆLICA, I ouernight was finely vsed,
Lodg'd in the midst of paradise, your heart:
Kind thoughts had charge I might not be refused,
Of euery fruit and flower I had part.

[1] = mended, patched. See Sonnet xiii., line 7. G.

But curious Knowledge, blowne with busie flame,
The sweetest fruits had in downe shadowes hidden,
And for it found mine eyes had seene the same,
I from my paradise was straight forbidden.

Where that curre, Rumor, runnes in euery place,
Barking with Care, begotten out of Feare;
And glassy Honour, tender of disgrace,
Stand Ceraphin[1] to see I come not there;
While that fine soyle, which all these ioyes did yeeld,
By broken fence is prou'd a common field.

SONNET XXXIX.

THE pride of flesh by reach of humane wit,
Did purpose once to ouer-reach the skye;
And where before God drown'd the world for it,
Yet Babylon it built vp, not to dye.[2]

God knew these fooles how foolishly they wrought,
That Destiny with Policie would breake;

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[1] Seraphim. Genesis iii., 24. G.
[2] Genesis xi. 1—7. G.

Straight none could tell his fellow what he
thought,
Their tongues were chang'd, and men not taught to
speake:

So I that heauenly peace would comprehend,
In mortall seat of Cælica's faire heart,
To Babylon my selfe there, did intend,
With naturall kindnesse, and with Passion's art:
But when I though[t] my selfe of her selfe free;
All's chang'd: she vnderstands all men but me.

SONNET XL.

THE nurse-life wheat within his greene
huske growing,
Flatters our hope and tickles our desire;
Nature's true riches in sweet beauties shewing,
Which set all hearts, with labour's loue, on fire.

No lesse faire is the wheat when golden eare,
Shewes vnto hope the ioyes of neare enioying:
Faire and sweet is the bud; more sweet and faire
The rose, which proues that Time is not destroying.

Cælica, your youth, the morning of delight,
Enamel'd o're with beauties white and red,

All sense and thoughts did to beleefe inuite,
That Loue and Glorie there are brought to bed;
And your ripe yeares loue none—he goes no higher—
Turnes all the spirits of man into desire.

SONNET XLI.

ALAS poore soule, thinke you to master Loue,
With constant faith; doe you hope true deuotion
Can stay that god-head, which liues but to moue,
And turne men's hearts, like vanes, with outward motion.

No; proud Desire thou run'st Misfortune's way,
Loue is to her's, like vessells made of glasse;
Delightefull while they do not fall away,
But broken, neuer brought to that it was.

When Honour's audit cals for thy receipt,
And chargeth on thy head much time mispent;
Nature corrupted by thy vaine conceipt,
Thy reason seruile, poore, and passion-rent:

What shall be thy excuse, what can'st thou say?
That thou hast errèd out of loue and wonder?

No hereticke; thou Cupid dost betray,
And with religion would'st bring princes vnder.

By merit banish Chance from Beautie's sky,
Set other lawes in women's hearts, than will;
Cut Change's wings, that she no more may flye,
Hoping to make that constant, which is ill;
Therefore the doome is, wherein thou must rest,
Myra that scornes thee, shall loue many best.

SONNET XLII.

DELIUS, that loth was Thetis to forsake,
Had counsell from the gods to hold her fast;
Fore-warn'd what lothsome likenesse she would take,
Yet, if he held, come to her selfe at last.
He held; the snakes, the serpents, and the fire,
No monsters prou'd, but trauells[1] of desire.

When I beheld how Cælica's faire eyes,
Did shew her heart to some, her wit to me;
Change, that doth proue the error is not wise,

[1] Travails. G.

In her mishap made me strange visions see;
Desire held fast, till Loue's vnconstant zone,
Like Gorgon's head transform'd her heart to stone.

From stone she turnes againe into a cloud,
Where water still had more power than the fire;
And I poore Ixion to Iuno vowed,
With thoughts to clip[1] her, clipt my owne desire:
For she was vanisht, I held nothing fast,
But woes to come and ioyes already past.

This cloud straight makes a stream, in whose smooth face,
While I the image of my selfe did glasse,
Thought shadowes, I, for Beautie did embrace,
Till streame and all except the cold did passe;
Yet faith held fast, like foyles[2] where stones be set,
To make toyes deare, and fooles more fond to get.

---

[1] Clasp, enfold. G.

[2] The metal setting of a stone is called a *foil*, as being made of a thin plate of gold. See Shakespeare: Richard II., i., 3. G.

Thus our desires besides each inward throw,[1]
Must passe the outward toyles of Chance and Feare;
Against the streames of reall truthes they goe,
With hope alone to ballance all they beare,
Spending the wealth of nature in such fashion,
As good and ill lucke, equally breeds passion.

Thus our delights, like fair shapes in a glasse,
Though pleasing to our senses, cannot last;
The metall breaks, or else the visions passe,
Onely our griefes in constant moulds are cast:
I'le hold no more: false Cælica, liue free;
Seeme faire to all the world, and foule to me.

SONNET XLIII.

CÆLICA, when you looke downe into your heart,
And see what wrongs my faith endureth there;
Hearing the groanes of true loue, loth to part,
You thinke they witnesse of your changes beare.

And as the man that by ill neighbours dwells,
Whose curious[2] eyes discerne those works of shame

[1] Throe. G. [2] Inquisitive. G.

Which busie Rumour to the people tells;
Suffers for seeing those dark springs of fame.

So I because I cannot choose but know,
How, constantly you haue forgotten me;
Because my faith doth like the sea-marks[1] show,
And tell the strangers where the dangers be;
I, like the child, whom nurse hath ouerthrowne,
Not crying, yet am whipt, if you be knowne.

SONNET XLIV.

THE Golden-Age was when the world was yong;
Nature so rich, as Earth did need no sowing;
Malice not knowne; the serpents had not stung;
Wit was but sweet Affection's ouerflowing.

Desire was free, and Beautie's first-begotten;
Beauty then neither net, nor made by art,
Words out of thoughts brought forth, and not forgotten;
The lawes were inward that did rule the heart.

[1] Lighthouses or buoys. So Shakespeare, "like a great *sea-mark*" (Coriolanus v. 3) "very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail," (Othello v. 2.) G.

The Brasen-Age is now when Earth is worne;
Beauty growne sicke; Nature corrupt and nought;
Pleasure vntimely dead as soone as borne;
Both words and kindnesse strangers to our thoughts:

If now this changing World doe change her head,
Cælica, what haue her new lords for to boast?
The old lord knowes Desire is poorely fed,
And sorrowes not a wauering prouince lost;
Since in the guilt-Age[1] Saturne rul'd alone,
And in this painted, planets euery one.

SONNET XLIV. XLV

ABSENCE, the noble truce
Of Cupid's warre:
Where though desires want vse,
They honoured are.
Thou art the iust protection,
Of prodigall affection,
Haue thou the praise;
When bankrupt Cupid braueth,
Thy mines his credit saueth,
With sweet delayes.

---

[1] Gilded? G.

Of wounds which presence makes
With Beautie's shot,
Absence the anguish shakes,
But healeth not:
Absence records the stories,
Wherein Desire glories;
Although she burne,
She cherisheth the spirits
Where Constancy inherits
And passions mourne.

Absence, like dainty clouds,
On glorious-bright;[1]
Nature's weake senses shrowds,
From harming light.
Absence maintaines the treasure
Of pleasure vnto pleasure,
Sparing with praise;
Absence doth nurse the fire,
Which starues and feeds desire
With sweet delayes.

Presence to euery part
Of Beauty tyes,

[1] So Milton "dark with excess of *bright* Thy skirts appear". (P. L III. 380.) G.

Where Wonder rules the heart
There Pleasure dyes:
Presence[1] plagues minde and senses
With Modestie's defences,
Absence is free:
Thoughts doe in absence venter
On Cupid's shadowed center,
They winke and see.

But thoughts be not so braue,
With absent ioy;
For you with that you haue
Your selfe destroy:
The absence which you glory,
Is that which makes you sory,
And burne in vaine:
For thought is not the weapon
Wherewith thoughts-ease men cheapon,[2]
Absence is paine.

SONNET XLVI

PATIENCE, weake-fortun'd and weake-minded wit,
Perswade you me to ioy, when I am banish'd?

[1] Misprinted 'pleasures.' G.

[2] Cheapen: bargain for, bid for, and hence purchase G.

Why preach you time to come, and ioyes with it,
Since time already come, my ioyes hath vanish'd?

Giue me sweet Cynthia, with my wonted blisse;
Disperse the clouds that coffer vp my treasure;
Awake Endymion with Diana's kisse;
And then sweet Patience, counsell me to measure.

But while my loue feeles nothing but correction,
While carelesnesse o'er-shadowes my deuotion,
While Myra's beames shew riuall-like reflection,
The life of Patience then must be commotion;
Since not to feele what wrong I beare in this,
A senselesse state, and no true patience is.

SONNET XLVII.

ATLAS vpon his shoulders bare the skye,
The loade was heauy, but the loade was faire:
His sense was rauish'd with the melodie,
Made from the motion of the highest sphere.

Not Atlas I, nor did I heauen beare;
Cælica, 'tis true, once on my shoulder sate,
Her eyes more rich by many charact[1] were

[1] Characters, as before. G.

Than starres or planets, which men wonder at:
Atlas bare heauen, such burdens be of grace,
Cælica in heauen, is the angels place.

SONNET XLVIII.

MANKINDE, whose liues from houre to houre decay,
Lest sudden change himselfe should make him feare:
For if his blacke head instantly waxt gray,
Doe you not thinke man would himselfe forsweare?
Cælica, who ouernight spake, with her eyes
My loue complaines, that it can loue no more,

Shewing me shame, that languisheth and dyes,
Tyrannis'd by loue, it tyrannis'd before;
If on the next day Cynthia change and leaue,
Would you trust your eyes, since her eyes deceaue?

SONNET XLIX.

PRINCES, who haue—they say—no minde but thought,
Whose vertue is their pleasure and their end:

That kindnes, which in their hearts neuer wrought,
They like in others, and will praise a friend.

Cupid, who, people say, is bold with blindnesse,
Free of excesse, and enemy to measure;
Yet glories in the reuerence of kindnesse,
In silent-trembling eloquence hath pleasure.

Princes wee comprehend, and can delight,
We praise them for the good they neuer had;
But Cupid's wayes are farre more infinite,
Kisses at times, and curt'sies make him glad:
Then Myra giue me leaue for Cupid's sake,
To kiss thee oft, that I may curt'sie make.

SONNET L.

SCOGGIN, his wife, by chance mistooke her bed;
'Such chances oft befall poore women-kind;
'Alas poore soules, for when they misse their head,
'What maruell it is, though the rest be blind?

This bed it was a lord's bed where she light,
Who nobly pittying this poore woman's hap,
Gaue almes both to releeue, and to delight,
And made the golden shower fall on her lap.

Then in a freedome askes her as they lay,
Whose were her lips and breasts: and she sware, his:
For hearts are open when thoughts fall to play.
At last he askes her, Whose her backside is?
She vow'd that it was Scoggin's onely part,
Who neuer yet came neerer to her heart.

Scoggin o're-heard; but taught by common vse,
'That he who sees all those which doe him harme,
'Or will in marriage boast such small abuse,
'Shall neuer haue his night-gowne furrèd warme:
And was content, since all was done in play,
To know his lucke, and beare his armes away.

Yet when his wife should to the market goe,
Her breast and bellie he in canuasse drest,
And on her backe-side fine silke did bestow;
Ioying to see it brauer than the rest.

His neighbours askt him, why? and Scoggin sware,
That part of all his wife was onely his:
The lord should decke the rest, to whom they are,
But he knew not what lordly-fashion is:
If husbands now should onely decke their owne,
Silkes would make many by their backs be knowne.

SONNET LI.

CÆLICA, because we now in absence liue,
Which liu'd so long in free-borne loue at one;
Straight curious Rumour doth her censure giue,
That our aspects are to another zone.

Yet Cælica, you know I do not change,
My heart beares witnesse that there is no cause;
Authority may bid good-will be strange,
But true desire is subiect to no lawes:
If I haue spoken to the common sense,
It Enuy kills, and is a wise offence.

SONNET LII.

AWAY with these selfe-louing lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow neuer glads:
Away poore soules, that sigh and weep,
In loue of those that lye asleepe:
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts like Destinie,
Doe causelesse good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,

Reward vpon his wing doth goe;
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I weare her rings on holy-dayes,
In euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I read the same.
Where Honour Cupid's riuall is
There miracles are seene of his.

If Cynthia craue her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree;
If doubt doe darken things held deare,
Then well-fare nothing once a yeare;
For many runne, but one must winne,
Fooles only hedge the cuckoe in.

The worth that worthinesse should moue,
Is loue, that is the bow of Loue;
And loue aswell the[1] foster can,

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[1] Misprinted 'thee', on which and the line, I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Hannah of Trinity College, Glenalmond, N.B., for the following interesting and valuable note: "A very curious misprint; exactly marking the disappearance of a word. Of course it means:

"And loue as well the Foster can
As can the mighty Noble-man".

As can the mighty noble-man.
Sweet saint 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.

SONNET LIII.

BVT that familiar things are neuer wonder,
What greater beauty than the heauen's glories?
Where Phœbus shines, and when he is gone vnder,
Leaueth in fairest starres man's fatall stories;
Yet Venus choose with Mars the netty bed,
Before that heauenly-life which Vulcan led.

For the sense compare a song reprinted in Restituta (Vol. ii., p. 221), as follows:

"Love as well can make abiding
In a faithful shepherd's breast,
As in prince's; whose thoughts sliding,
Like swift rivers never rest."

It seems then that in 1633, compositors had begun to forget that "Foster" was = forester. The text is clear, though in two other old copies thus,

"And love as well the shepheard can".

(England's Helicon. p. 182 [reprint]) and

"And love as well the foster can."

(Collier, from Dowland, in Lyrical Poems, &c. [Percy Society: Vol. xiii., p. 62?])." See also Lord Brooke's Minor Poems, Vol. II., p. 139. G.

Who doth intreate the Winter not to raine,
Or in a storme the wind to leaue his blowing?
Ladies, shew you how Iuno did complaine,
Of Iupiter vnto Europa going.
Faire nymphs, If I wooe Cynthia not to leaue me,
You know 'tis I my selfe, not she deceaues me.

Masters that aske their schollers leaue to beat them;
Husbands that bid their wiues tell all they know;
Men that giue children sweet meates not to eate them;
Ladies, you see what destinie they goe:
And who intreats, you know intreats in vaine,
That Loue be constant, or come backe again.

SONNET LIV.

FIGHT, rage and griefe, limmes of vnperfect loue,
By ouer-acting euer lose their ends;
For griefe while it would good affection moue,
With selfe-affliction doth deface her friends;
Putting on poore weake Pittie's pale reflexion,

Whereas good-will is stirr'd with good complexion.[1]

Rage, againe, fond of her inflam'd desire,
Desire which conquers by close inuasion,
Forgetting light and heat liue in one fire,
So ouerblowes the temper of Occasion,
That scorch'd with heate, by light discouerèd,
Vntimely borne is, and vntimely dead.

Poore fooles, why striue you then, since all hearts feele
That idle Chance so gouernes in affection,
As Cupid cannot turne his fatall wheele,
Nor in his owne orbe banish her election?
Then teach Desire hope; not rage, feare, griefe,
Powers as vnapt to take, as giue reliefe.

SONNET LV.

CYNTHIA, because your hornes looke diuerse wayes,
Now darkned to the East, now to the West,
Then at full-glorie once in thirty dayes;

[1] See Glossary-Index for use of this word elsewhere, and for reference to explanation and illustration. G.

Sense doth beleeue that change is Nature's rest.
Poore Earth, that dare presume to iudge the skye:
Cynthia is euer round, and neuer varies;
Shadowes and distance doe abuse the eye,
And in abusèd sense Truth oft miscarries:
Yet who this language to the people speaks,
Opinion's empire Sense's idoll breaks.

SONNET LVI.

LL my senses, like beacon's flame,
Gaue alarum to Desire
To take armes in Cynthia's name
And set all my thoughts on fire:
Furie's wit perswaded me,
Happy loue was Hazard's hire;
Cupid did best shoot and see
In the night where smooth is faire;
Vp I start beleeuing well
To see if Cynthia were awake;
Wonders I saw, who can tell?
And thus vnto my selfe I spake;
Sweet god Cupid where am I,
That by pale Diana's light
Such rich beauties doe espie,
As harme our senses with delight?

Am I borne vp to the skyes?
See where Ioue and Venus shine,
Shewing in her heauenly eyes
That Desire is diuine:
Looke where lyes the Milken Way,
Way vnto that dainty throne,
Where while all the gods would play,
Vulcan thinkes to dwell alone:
I gaue reynes to this conceipt,
Hope went on the wheele of lust:
Phansie's scales are false of weight,
Thoughts take thought that goe of trust.
I stept forth to touch the skye,
I a god by Cupid' dreames;
Cynthia who did naked lye,
Runnes away like siluer streames,
Leauing hollow banks behind:
Who can neither forward moue,
Nor if riuers be vnkind,
Turne awaye or leaue to loue.
There stand I, like Articke pole,
Where Sol passeth o're the line,
Mourning my benighted soule,
Which so loseth light diuine.
There stand I like men that preach
From the execution place,
At their death content to teach

All the world with their disgrace:
He that lets his Cynthia lye,
Naked on a bed of play,
To say prayers ere she dye,
Teacheth Time to runne away:
Let no loue-desiring heart,
In the starres goe seeke his fate;
Loue is onely Nature's art,
Wonder hinders loue and hate.
None can well behold with eyes,
But what vnderneath him lies.

SONNET LVII.

CÆLICA, you blame me that I suffer not,
Absence with ioy, authority with ease:
Cælica, what powers can Nature's inside blot?
They must looke pale without that feele disease.
You say that you doe like faire Tagus streames,
Swell ouer those that would your channells choake;
Yeelding due tribute vnto Phœbus' beames,
Yet not made dry with losse of vapour's smoke.

Cælica, 'tis true, birds that doe swimme and flye,
The waters can endure to haue and misse:

Their feet for seas, their wings are for the skie,
Nor errour is it, that of Nature is.
I like the fish bequeath'd to Neptune's bed,
No sooner tast of ayre, but I am dead.

SONNET LVII.

THE tree in youth proud of his leaues and springs,
His body shadowed in his glorie layes;
For none doe flie with art, or others' wings,
But they in whom all, saue Desire, decayes;
Againe in age, when no leaues on them grow,
Then borrow they their greene of misseltoe.

Where Cælica, when she was young and sweet,
Adorn'd her head with golden borrowed haire;
To hide her owne for cold, she thinkes it meet
The head should mourne, that all the rest was faire;
And now in age when outward things decay,
In spite of age, she throwes that haire away.

Those golden haires she then vs'd but to tye
Poore captiu'd soules with, she in triumph led,
Who not content the sunne's faire light to eye,

Within his glory, their sense dazeled:
And now againe, her owne blacke haire puts on,
To mourne for thoughts by her worths ouerthrowne.

SONNET LIX.

WHO euer sailes neere to Bermuda coast,
Goes hard aboord the monarchy of Feare
Where all desires—but life's desire—are lost:
For wealth and fame put off their glories there.

Yet this ile poyson-like, by mischiefe knowne,
Weanes not Desire from her sweet nurse, the sea;
But vnseene showes vs where our hopes be sowne,
With woefull signes declaring ioyfull way.
For who will seeke the wealth of westerne sunne,
Oft by Bermuda's miseries must runne.

Who seekes the god of loue, in Beautie's skye,
Must passe the empire of confusèd Passion?
Where our desires to all but horrors die,
Before that ioy and peace can take their fashion.

Yet this faire heauen that yeelds this soule-
despaire,
Weanes not the heart fromhis sweet god, Affec-
tion;
But rather shewes vs what sweet ioyes are there,
Where Constancy is seruant to Perfection.
Who Cælica's chast heart then seeks to moue,
Must ioy to suffer all the woes of loue.

SONNET LX.

CÆLICA, you said, I doe obscurely liue,
Strange to my friends, with strangers in
suspect;
—For darkenesse doth suspition euer giue,
Of hate to men or too much selfe-respect—
'Fame' you doe say, 'with many wings doth
flye';
'Who leaues himselfe', you say, 'doth liuing
dye'.

Cælica, 'tis true, I doe in darkenesse goe,
Honour I seeke not, nor hunt after fame:
I am thought-bound, I doe not long to know:
I feele within, what men without me blame:

I scorne the world, the world scornes me, 'tis
true;
What can a heart doe more to honour you?

Knowledge and famé in open hearts doe liue,
Honour is pure heart's homage vnto these;
Affection all men vnto Beauty giue,
And by that law enioynèd are to please;
The world in two I haue diuided fit;
My selfe to you, and all the rest to it.

SONNET LXI.

CÆLICA, while you doe sweare you loue
me best,
And euer lovèd onely me,
I feele that all powers are opprest
By loue, and loue by Destinie.

For as the child in swadlin-bands,
When it doth see the nurse come nigh,
With smiles and crowes doth lift the hands,
Yet still must in the cradle lie:
So in the boate of fate I rowe,
And looking [illegible] from you goe.

When I see in thy once-belouèd browes,
The heauy marks of constant loue,
I call to minde my broken vowes,
And child-like to the nurse would mouè;
'But Loue is of the phœnix-kind,
'And burnes itselfe, in selfe-made fire,
'To breed still new birds in the minde,
'From ashes of the old desire:
'And hath his wings from constancy,
'As mountaines call'd of mouing be.[1]

Then Cælica lose not heart-eloquence,
Loue vnderstands not, 'come againe:'
Who changes in her own defence,
Needs not cry to the deafe in vaine.

Loue is no true made looking-glasse,
Which perfect yeelds the shape we bring;
It vgly showes vs all that was,
And flatters euery future thing.
When Phœbus' beames no more appeare,
'Tis darker that the day was here.

Change I confesse it is a hatefull power,
To them that all at once must thinke;

[1] That is, *mons* quasi *movens*. G

Yet Nature made both sweet and sower,
She gaue the eye a lid to winke:

And though the youth that are estrang'd
From mother's lap to other skyes,
Doe thinke that Nature there is chang'd,
Because at home their knowledge lyes;
  Yet shall they see who farre haue gone,
  That Pleasure speaks more tongues than one.

The leaues fall off, when sap goes to the root,
The warmth doth clothe the bough againe;
But to the dead tree what doth boot,
The silly man's manuring paine?[1]

Vnkindnesse may peece vp againe,
But kindnesse either chang'd or dead,
Selfe-pittie may in fooles complaine;
Put thou thy hornes on others' head:
  For constant faith is made a drudge:
  But when requiting Loue is iudge.

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[1] Painstaking. G.

SONNET LXII.

WHO worhips Cupid, doth adore a boy;
Boyes earnest are at first in their delight,
But for a new, soone leaue their dearest toy,
And out of minde, as soone as out of sight;
Their ioyes be dallyings and their wealth is play,
They cry to haue, and cry to cast away.

Mars is an idol, and man's lust his skye,
Whereby his glories still are full of wounds;
Who worships him, their fame goes farre and nigh,
But still of ruine and distresse it sounds.
Yet cannot all be wonne, and who doth liue,
Must roome to neighbours and succession giue.

Those Mercurists that upon humors worke,
And so make others' skill and power their owne,
And like the climats, which farre Northward lurke,
And through long Winters must reape what is sowne;
Or like the masons, whose art building well,
Yet leaues the house for other men to dwell.

Mercurie, Cupid, Mars, they be no gods,

But humane idols, built vp by Desire;
Fruit of our boughs, whence heauen maketh rods,
And babyes[1] too for child-thoughts that aspire:
Who sees their glories, on the earth must prye;
Who seeks true glory must looke to the skye.

SONNET LXIII.

THE greatest pride of humane kind is wit,
Which all Art out, and into methode drawes;
Yet infinite, is farre exceeding it,
And so is chance, of vnknowne things the cause;
The feet of men against our feet doe moue,
No wit can comprehend the wayes of loue.

He that direct on paralells doth saile,
Goes Eastward out, and Eastward doth returne;
The shadowed man, whom Phœbus' light doth faile,
Is blacke like him, his heat doth ouerburne;
The wheeles of high desire with force doe moue,
Nothing can fall amisse to them that loue.

Vapours of Earth which to the sunne aspire,
As Nature's tribute vnto heate or light,

[1] = dolls. G.

Are frozen in the midst of high Desire,
And melted in sweet beames of selfe-delight;
And who to flye with Cupid's wings will proue,
Must not bewaile these many ayres of loue.

Men that doe vse the compasse of the sea,
And see the needle ouer Northward looke:
Some doe the vertue in the loadstone lay,
Some say, the stone it from the North-starre tooke;
And let him know that thinks with faith to moue,
They once had eyes, that are made blind by loue.

SONNET LXIV.

CÆLICA, when I did see you euery day,
I saw so many worths so well vnited,
As in this vnion while but one did play,
All others' eyes both wondred and delighted:

Whence I conceau'd you of some heauenly mould,
Since Loue, and Vertue, noble Fame and Pleasure,
Containe in one no earthly metall could:
Such enemies are flesh and blood to measure.

And since my fall, though I now onely see
Your backe, while all the world beholds your face;

This shadow still shewes miracles to me,
And still I thinke your heart a heauenly place:
For what before was fil'd by me alone,
I now discerne hath roome for euery one.

SONNET LXV.

CÆLICA, when I was from your presence bound,
At first good-will both sorrow'd and repined;
Loue, Faith, and Nature felt restraint a wound,
Honour it selfe to kindnesse yet inclin'd;

Your vowes one way with your desires did goe,
Self-pittie then in you did pittie me;
Yea sex did scorne to be imprisoned so,
But fire goes out for lacke of vent, we see.

For when with time Desire had made a truce,
I onely was exempt, the world left free;
Yet what winne you by bringing change in vse,
But to make currant infidelity?
Cælica, you say, you loue me, but you feare:
Then hide me in your heart and keep me there.

SONNET LXVI.

CÆLICA, you whose requests commandments be—
Aduise me to delight my minde with books:
'The glasse where Art doth to posterity,
'Shew nature naked vnto him that looks;
'Enriching vs, shortning the wayes of wit,
'Which with experience else deare buyeth it.

Cælica, if I obey not, but dispute,
Thinke it is darkenese which seeks out a light;
And to presumption do not it impute,
If I forsake this way of infinite;
Books be of men; men but in clouds doe see,
Of whose embracements Centaures gotten be.

I haue for books, aboue my head the skyes,
Vnder me, Earth; about me ayre and sea;
The Truth for light, and Reason for mine eyes;
Honour for guide, and Nature for my way;
With change of times, lawes, humors, manners, right;
Each in their diuerse workings infinite.

Which powers from that wee feele, conceiue, or doe,

Raise in our senses through ioy or smarts,
All formes, the good or ill can bring vs to:
More liuely farre, than can dead books or arts;
'Which at the second-hand deliuer forth,
'Of few men's heads, strange rules for all men's worth.

False antidotes for vitious ignorance,
Whose causes are within, and so their cure;
Errour corrupting Nature not mischance:
For how can that be wise which is not pure?
So that man being but mere hypocrisie,
What can his arts but beames of follie be?

Let him then first set straight his inward spirit,
That his affections in the seruing roomes,
May follow Reason, not confound her light,
And make her subiect to inferiour doomes;
For till the inward moulds be truly plac'd,
All is made crooked that in them we cast.

But when the heart, eyes' light, grow pure together,
And so vice in the way to be forgot,
Which threw man from creation, who knowes whither?
Then this strange building which the flesh knowes not,

Reuiues a new-form'd image in man's minde,
Where arts reueal'd, are miracles defin'd.

What then need halfe-fast helps of erring wit,
Methods or books of vaine humanity?
Which dazell Truth, by representing it,
And so entayle clouds to posterity.
Since outward wisdome springs from truth within,
Which all men feele, or heare, before they sinne.

SONNET LXVII.

INCONSTANT thoughts where light desires do moue,
With euery obiect which sense to them showes,
Still ebbing from themselues to seas of loue,
Like ill led kings that conquer but to lose;
With blood and paine these dearely purchase shame,
Time blotting all things out, but euill name.

The double heart that loueth it selfe best,
Yet can make selfe-loue beare the name of friend;
Whose kindnesse onely in his wit doth rest,
And can be all but truth, to haue his end,

Must one desire in many figures cast:
Dissemblings then are knowne when they are past.

The heart of man mis-seeking for the best,
Oft doubly or vnconstantly must blot:
Betweene these two the misconceipt doth rest,
Whether it euer were that lasteth not;
Vnconstancy and doublenesse depart,
When man binds his desire to mend his heart.

SONNET LXVIII.

WHILE that my heart an altar I did make,
To sacrifice desire and faith to Loue,
The little boy his temples did forsake,
And would for me no bow nor arrow moue.
Dues of disgrace my incense did depresse:
That heat went in; the heart burnt not the lesse.

And as the man that sees his house opprest,
With fire, and part of his goods made a prey,
Yet doth pull downe the roofe to saue the rest,
Till his losse giue him light to runne away:
So when I saw the bell on other sheep,
I hid my selfe, but dreames vex them that sleep.

My exile was not like the barren tree,
Which beares his fruitlesse head vp to the skye,
But like the trees whose boughs o'reloaden be,
And with selfe-riches bowed downe to die;
When in the night with songs, not cries, I moane,
Lest more should heare what I complaine of one.

SONNET LXIX.

WHEN all this all doth passe from age to age,
And reuolution in a circle turne,
Then heauenly Iustice doth appeare like rage,
The caues doe roare, the very seas doe burne;
Glory growes dark, the sunne becomes a night,
And makes this great world feele a greater might.

When Loue doth change his seat from heart to heart,
And worth about the wheele of Fortune goes,
Grace is diseas'd, desert seemes ouerthwart,
Vowes are forlone, and truth doth credit lose;
Chance then giues law, Desire must be wise,
And looke more wayes than one, or lose her eyes.

My age of ioy is past, of woe begunne,
Absence my presence is, strangenesse my grace;
With them that walke against me, is my sunne:
The wheele is turn'd, I hold the lowest place:
What can be good to me since my loue is,
To doe me harm, content to doe amisse?

SONNET LXX.

CUPID did pine, Venus that lou'd her sonne
Or lackt her sport, did looke with heauy heart:
The gods are cal'd, a councell is begunne,
Delphos is sought, and Æsculapius' art.

Apollo saith, Loue is a relatiue,
Whose being onely must in others be;
As bodies doe their shadowes keepe aliue,
So Eros must with Anteros agree;
They found him out a mate with whom to play,
Loue straight enioy'd, and pin'd no more away.

Cælica, this image shadowes forth my heart,
Where Venus mournes and Cupid prospers not;
For this is my affections ouerthwart,
That I remember what you haue forgot;

And while in you my selfe I seeke to find,
I see that you your selfe haue lost your minde.

When I would ioy, as I was wont to doe,
Your thoughts are chang'd, and not the same to me:
My loue that lacks her play-fellow in you,
Seeks vp and downe, but blinded cannot see.
The boy hath stolne your thoughts some other way,
Where wantonlike they doe with many play.

SONNET LXXI.

LOUE, I did send you forth enamel'd faire
With hope, and gaue you seisin and liuery.
Of Beautie's skye, which you did claime as heyre,
By obiects and desire's affinitie.

And doe you now returne leane with despaire?
Wounded with riualls' warre, scorchèd with iealousie?
Hence changeling; Loue doth no such colours weare:
Find suerties, or at Honour's sessions dye.

Sir, know me for your owne, I onely beare,
Faith's ensigne, which is Shame and Miserie,
My paradise and Adam's diuerse were:
His fall was knowledge, mine simplicitie.

What shall I doe, Sir? doe me prentice bind,
To knowledge, honour, fame, or honestie;
Let me no longer follow womenkinde,
Where change doth vse all shapes of tyranny;
And I no more will stirre this earthly dust,
Wherein I lose my name, to talke on lust.

SONNET LXXII.

CÆLICA, you that excell in flesh and wit,
In whose sweet heart Loue doth both ebb and flow
Returning faith more than it tooke from it:
Whence doth the change, the World thus speakes on, grow?

If Worthinesse doe ioy to be admired,
My soule, you know, onely be-wonders you;
If Beautie's glorie be to be desired,
My heart is nothing else; what need you new?

If louing ioy of worths, belouèd be,
And ioys not simple, but still mutuall,
Whom can you more loue, than you haue lou'd me?
Vnlesse in your heart there be more than all;
Since Loue no dooomes-day hath, where bodies change,
Why should new be delight, not being strange?

SONNET LXXIII.

MYRAPHILL, 'tis true, I lou'd, and you lou'd me,
My thoughts as narrow as my heart, then were;
Which made change seeme impossible to be,
Thinking one place could not two bodies beare,
This was but earnest Youth's simplicitie,
To fadome[1] Nature within Passion's wit;
Which thinks her earnestnesse eternity,
Till selfe-delight makes change looke thorough it:
You banish'd were, I grieu'd, but languish'd not,
For worth was free and of affection sure;
So that time must be vaine, or you forgot,

[1] Fathom. G.

Nature and Loue, no vacuum can endure;
I found desert, and to desert am true,
Still dealing by it, as I dealt by you.

SONNET LXXIV.

IN the window of a graunge,
Whence men's prospects cannnot range
Ouer groues and flowers growing:
Nature's wealth, and pleasure showing;
But on graues where shepheards lye,
That by loue or sicknesse die;
In that window saw I sit,
Cælica, adorning it;
Sadly clad for Sorrowe's glory,
Making ioy glad to be sorie:
Shewing Sorrow in such fashion,
As Truth seem'd in loue with Passion:
Such a sweet enamell giueth
Loue restrain'd, that constant liueth.
Absence, that bred all this paine,
Presence heal'd not straight againe;
Eyes from darke to suddaine light,
See not straight, nor can delight:
Where the heart reuiues from death,
Grones doe first send forth a breath:

So, first looks did looks beget,
One sigh did another set,
Hearts within their breast did quake,
While thoughts to each other spake.
Philocell entrauncèd stood,
Rackt and ioyed, with his good;
His eyes on her eyes were fixèd
Where both true Loue and Shame were mixed:
In her eyes he Pittie saw,
His Loue did to Pittie draw:
But Loue found when it came there,
Pitty was transform'd to Feare:
Then he thought that in her face.
He saw Loue, and promis'd Grace.
Loue calls his loue to appeare:
But as soone as it came neere,
Her loue to her bosome fled,
Vnder Honòur's burthens dead.
Honour in Loue's stead tooke place,
To grace Shame, with Loue's disgrace;
But like drops throwne on the fire,
Shame's restraints enflam'd Desire:
Desire looks, and in her eyes,
The image of it selfe espies,
Whence he takes Selfe-pittie's motions
To be Cynthia's owne deuotions;
And resolues Feare is a lyar,

Thinking she bids speake Desire;
But true loue that feares, and dare
Offend it selfe with pleasing Care,
So diuers wayes his heart doth moue,
That his tongue cannot speake of loue.
Onely in himselfe he sayes,
How fatall are blind Cupid's waies!

SONNET LXXV.

ENDYMION'S poore hapt is,
That while Loue sleepes, the heauens kisse;
But silent Loue is simple wooing,
Euen Destiny would haue vs doing.
Boldnesse neuer yet was chidden,
Till by Loue it be forbidden,
Myra leaues him, and knowes best,
What shall become of all the rest.

SONNET LXXVI.

IN the time when herbs and flowers,
Springing out of melting powers,
Teach the Earth that heate and raine
Doe make Cur-

Late when Sol, like great hearts, showes
Largest as he lowest goes:
Cælica with Philocell
In fellowship together fell:
Cælica her skinne was faire,
Daintie aborne[1] was her haire;
Her haire, Nature dyed browne,
To become the morning gowne,
Of Hope's death, which to her eyes,
Offers thoughts for sacrifice.
Philocell was true and kind,
Poore, but not of poorest minde:
Though Mischance to harme affected[2]
Hides and holdeth Worth suspected;
He good shepherd louèd well,
But Cælica scorn'd Philocell.
Through enamel'd meades they went,
Quiet, she, he passion-rent.
Her worths to him hope did moue,
Her worths made him feare to loue.
His heart sighs and faine would show,
That which all the World did know:
His heart sigh'd the sighs of feare,
And durst not tell her loue was there;
'But as thoughts in troubled sleepe,

[1] Auburn. G. [2] Inclined, as before. G.

'Dreaming feare, and fearing weepe,
'When for helpe they faine would cry,
'Cannot speake, and helplesse lie:
So while his heart, full of paine,
Would it selfe in words complaine,
Paine of all paines, louer's feare,
Makes his heart to silence sweare.
Strife at length those dreames doth breake,
His despaire taught Feare thus speake:
'Cælica, what shall I say?
You, to whom all passions pray:
Like poore flies that to the fire,
Where they burne themselues, aspire:
You, in whose worth men doe ioy,
That hope neuer to enioy:
Where both grace and beauties framed,
That Loue being might be blamed.
Can true Worthinesse be glad,
To make hearts that loue it, sad?
What meanes Nature in her iewell,
To shew Mercie's image cruell?
Deare, if euer in my dayes,
My heart ioy'd in others' praise:
If I of the world did borrow,
Other ground for ioy or sorrow:
If I better wish to be
But the better to please thee;

I say, if this false be proued,
Let me not loue, or not be louèd.
But when Reason did inuite,
All my sense to Fortune's light;
If my loue did make my reason,
To it selfe for thy selfe treason;
If when Wisdome shewed me
Time and thoughts both lost for thee;
If those losses I did glory,
For I could not more lose, sory;
Cælica then doe not scorne
Lòue, in humble humour borne.
Let not Fortune haue the power,
Cupid's godhead to deuoure
For I heare the wise-men tell,
Nature worketh oft as well,
In those men whom Chance disgraceth,
As in those she higher placeth.
Cælica, 'tis neare a god,
To make euen fortunes odd;
And of farre more estimation,
Is creator, than creation.
Then deare, though I worthlesse be,
Yet let them to you worthy be,
Whose meeke thoughts are highly graced,
By your image in them placed.
Herewithall like one opprest,

With selfe-burthens he did rest;
Like amazèd were his senses,
Both with pleasure and offences.
Cælica's cold answers show,
That which fooles feele, wise men know:
How selfe-pitties haue reflexion,
Backe into their owne infection:
And that passions onely moue
Strings tun'd to one note of Loue:
She thus answers him with reason,
Neuer to desire in season:
'Philocell, if you loue me
—For you would belouèd be,—
Your owne will must be your hire.
And desire reward desire.
Cupid is in my heart sped,
Where all desires else are dead.
Ashes o're Loue's flames are cast,
All for one is there disgrac'd.
Make not then your owne mischance,
Wake your selfe from Passion's-traunce,
And let Reason guide affection,
From despaire to new election.'
Philocell that onely felt
Destinies which Cupid dealt;
No lawes but Loue-lawes obeying,
Thought that gods were wonne with praying,

And with heart fix'd on her eyes.
Where Loue he thinks liues or dyes,
His words, his heart with them leading,
Thus vnto her dead loue pleading:
  Cælica, if euer you
Louèd haue, as others' doe;
Let my present thoughts be glassed
In the thoughts which you haue passed;
Let self-pittie, which you know,
Frame true pittie now in you;
Let your forepast woe and glorie,
Make you glad them, you make sory:
Loue reuengeth like a god,
When he beats he burnes his rod:
Who refuse almes to Desire,
Dye when drops would quench the fire.
But if you doe feele againe
What peace is in Cupid's paine,
Grant me, deare your wishèd measure,
Paines, but paines that be of pleasure;
Find not these things strange in me,
Which within your heart we see:
For true Honour never blameth
Those that Loue her seruants nameth.
But if your heart be so free;
As you would it seeme to be,
Nature hath in free hearts placed

Pitty for the poore disgraced.
His eyes great with child with teares,
Spies in her eyes many feares;
Sees, he thinks, that sweetnesse vanish
Which all feares was wont to banish.
Sees sweet Loue, there wont to play,
Arm'd and drest to runne away,
To her heart, where she alone,
Scorneth all the world but one.
Cælica with clouded face,
Giuing vnto anger grace
While she threatned him displeasure
Making anger looke like pleasure;
Thus in furie to him spake,
Words which make euen hearts to quake:
'Philocell, farre from me get you,
Men are false, we cannot let[1] you;
Humble, and yet full of pride,
Earnest, not to be denyed;
Now vs, for not louing, blaming,
Now vs, for too much, defaming:
Though I let you posies beare,
Wherein my name cyphred were,
For I bid you in the tree,
Cipher downe your name by me:

[1] Hinder. G.

For the bracelet pearle-like white,
Which you stale from me by night,
I content was you should carry
Lest that you should longer tarry;
Thinke you that you might encroach,
To set kindnesse more abroach?
Thinke you me in friendship tyed,
So that nothing be denyed?
Doe you thinke that you must liue,
Bound to that which you will giue?
Philocell, I say, depart,
Blot my love out of thy heart;
Cut my name out of the tree,
Beare not memorie of me.
My delight is all my care,
All lawes else despisèd are,
I will neuer rumour move,
At least for one I do not loue.'
Shepheardesse, if it proue,
Philocell she once did loue,
Can kind doubt of true affection,
Merit such a sharp correction?
When men see you fall away,
Must they winke to see no day?
Is it worse in him that speaketh,
Than in her that friendship breaketh?
Shepheardesse, when you change,

Is your ficklenesse so strange?
Are you thus impatient still?
Is your honour slaue to will?
They to whom you guiltie be,
Must not they your errour see?
May true martyrs at the fire
Not so much as life desire?
Shepheardesses, yet marke well,
The martyrdome of Philocell:
Rumour made his faith a scorne,
Him, example of forelorne:
Feeling he had of his woe,
Yet did loue his overthrow:
For that she knew Loue would beare,
She to wrong him did not feare;
Ielousie of riual's grace,
In his passion got a place;
'But Loue, lord of all his powers,
'Doth so rule this heart of ours,
'As for our belou'd abuses,
'It doth euer find excuses.
Loue teares Reason's law in sunder,
Loue is god, ~~let Reason~~ wonder.
For nor scornes of his affection,
Nor despaire in his election,
Nor his faith damn'd for obeying,
Nor her change, his hopes betraying

Can make Philocell remoue,
But he Cælica will loue.
Here my silly song is ended,
Faire nymphs be not you offended;
For as men that trauell'd farre,
For seene truths oft scorned are:
By their neighbours idle liues,
Who scarce know to please their wiues;
So though I haue sung you more,
Than your hearts haue felt before,
Yet that faith in men doth dwell,
Who trauells Constancy can tell.

SONNET LXXVII.

FORTUNE, art thou not forc'd sometimes to scorne,
That seest ambition striue to change our state?
As though thy scepter slaue to lust were borne,
Or wishes could procure themselues a fate?
I, when I haue shot one shaft at my mother,
That all her desires a-foote thinke all her owne;
Then straight draw vp my bow to strike another,
For gods are best by discontentment knowne.
And when I see the poore forsaken sp'rit,

Like sicke men, whom the doctor saith must dye:
Sometimes with rage and strength of passion fight,
Then languishing enquire what life might buy:
I smile to see Desire is neuer wise,
But warres with change, which is her paradise.

SONNET LXXVIII.

THE heathen gods finite in power, wit, birth,
Yet worshippèd for their good deeds to men,
At first kept stations between heauen and earth
Alike iust to the castle and the denne;[1]
Creation, merit, nature, duly weighed,
And yet, in show, no rule, but Will obeyed.
Till time and selfenesse, which turne worth to arts,
Loue into complèments, and things to thought;
Found out new circles to enthrall men's hearts
By lawes; wherein while thrones seeme ouer-wrought,
Power finely hath surpriz'd this faith of man,
And tax'd his freedome at more than he can.

[1] A cave or wild beast's dwelling, and so more strongly contrasted with 'castle' than even a 'hut' would be. G.

For to the scepters, iudges lawes reserue
As well the practicke as expounding sense;
From which no innocence can painlesse swerue,
They being engines of omnipotence:
With equall showes, then is not humble man
Here finely tax'd at much more than he can?
Our moderne tyrants, by more grosse ascent,
Although they found distinction in the State
Of Church, Law, Custome, People's gouernment,
Mediums—at least—to giue excesse a rate,
Yet fatally haue tri'd to change this frame,
And make will law, man's wholesome lawes
but name.
For when Power once hath trod this path of
Might,
And found how Place aduantagiously extended
Waines, or confoundeth all inferiors right
With thinne lines hardly seene, but neuer ended;
It straight drownes in this gulfe of vast affec-
tions,
Faith, truth, worth, law, all popular protec-
tions.

SONNET LXXIX.

THE little hearts, where light-wing'd Passion raignes,
Move[1] easily vpward, as all frailties doe
Like strawes to ieat,[2] these follow princes veines,
And so, by pleasing, doe corrupt them too.
Whence as their raising proues kings can create;
So States proue sicke, where toyes[3] beare staple-rates.
'Like atomi they neither rest, nor stand,
'Nor can erect; because they nothing be
'But baby-thoughts, fed with Time-present's hand,
'Slaues, and yet darlings of Authority;
'Eccho's of wrong; shadowes of princes might;
'Which glow-worme-like, by shining show 'tis night,
'Curious of fame, as foule is to be faire;
'Caring to seeme that which they would not be;
'Wherein Chance helpes, since praise is power's heyre,
'Honar the creature of Authoritie:
'So as borne high, in giddie[4] orbes of grace,

[1] Misprinted, 'more.' G. [2] Jet. G. [3] Trifles. G.
[4] So Milton:
"Of linckèd sweetness long drawn out

'These pictures are, which are indeed but Place.

'And as the bird in hand, with freedome lost,
'Serues for a stale,[1] his fellowes to betray:
'So do these darlings rays'd at princes' cost
'Tempt man to throw his libertie away;
'And sacrifice Law, Church, all reall things
'To soare, not in his owne, but eagle's wings.

Whereby, like Æsop's dogge, men lose their meat,
To bite at glorious shadowes, which they see;
And let fall those strengths which make all States great
By free truths chang'd to seruile flatterie.
Whence, while men gaze upon this blazing starre,
Made slaues, not subiects, they to tyrants are.

With wanton heed and *giddy* cunning."
(L. Allegro, line, 140-1)
and "*Giddy* and restless let them reel."
(Psalm lxxxiii. 51st.)
We speak of a '*giddy* height,' as in text. G.

[1] Decoy. See our Phineas Fletcher's Glossary-Index *s.v.* for full explanations. G

SONNET LXXX.

AS when men see a blazing starre appeare,
Each stirres vp other's leuitie to wonder,
In restlesse thoughts holding those visions deare,
Which threaten to rent Gouernment in sunder;
Yet be but horrors from vaine hearts sent forth,
To prophecie against annointed worth:
So likewise mankinde, when true Gouernment
Her great examples to the world brings forth,
Straight in the errors natiue Discontent,
Sees apparitions opposite to worth;
Which gathers such sense out of Enuie's beames,
As still casts imputation on Supreames.

SONNET LXXXI.

CLEARE spirits, which in images set forth
The wayes of Nature by fine imitation,
Are oft forc'd to hyperboles of worth,
As oft againe to monstrous declination;
So that their heads must lin'd be, like the skie,
For all Opinions' arts to traffike by.
Dull spirits againe, which loue all constant grounds,

As comely veyles for their vnactiuenesse,
Are oft forc'd to contract or stretch their bounds,
As actiue Power spreads her beames more or lesse:
For though in Nature's waine these guests come forth;
Can place or stampe make currant ought but worth?

SONNET LXXXII.

NDER a throne I saw a virgin sit,
The red and white rose quarter'd in her face;
Starre of the North! and for true guards to it,
Princes, Church, States, all pointing out her grace
The homage done her was not borne of Wit;
Wisdome admir'd, Zeale tooke ambition's place,
State in her eyes taught Order how to fit,
And fixe Confusion's vnobseruing race.
Fortune can here claime nothing truly great,
But that this princely creature is her seat.

SONNET LXXXIII.

YOU that seeke what life is in death,
Now find it aire that once was breath.
New names vnknowne, old names gone:
Till Time end bodies, but soules none.
Reader! then make time, while you be,
But steppes to your Eternitie.

SONNET LXXXIV.[1]

WHO grace for zenith had, from which no
shadowes grow;
Who hath seene ioy of all his hopes, and
end of all his woe;

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[1] The non-capital of the alternate line and their non-rhyming, seem to indicate that the Poet intended the present sonnet to be after the type of his lament for Sidney. (Minor Poems: Vol. II. pp 143—147). In the folio the division of the lines is several times mistaken. Dr. Hannah has admirably corrected these: but he prints as if in four- lined stanzas. We deem it preferable to re-print in the full lines. On this Sonnet see our Essay on Lord Brooke's Poetry in volume II. (pp lxxi-ii) and also Dr. Hannah's "Courtly Poems'(1870) pp 166-173 *et alibi*. I give as an Appendix to "Cælica" agreeably to promise in our Essay, Sir Edward Dyer's "Fancy" and Southwell's "Use" of it—both from Dr. Hannah's text, as *supra*. G.

Whose loue belou'd, hath beene the crowne of his
desire;
Who hath seene Sorrowe's glories burnt in sweet
Affection's fire:
If from this heauenly state, which soules with
soules vnites,
He be falne downe into the darke despairèd warre
of sp'rits,
Let him lament with me; for none doth glorie
know,
That hath not beene aboue himselfe, and thence
falne downe to woe:
But if there be one hope left in his languish'd
heart;
If feare of worse, if wish of ease, if horrour may
depart,
He plays with his complaints; he is no mate for
me,
Whose loue is lost, whose hopes are fled, whose
feares for euer be:
Yet not those happy feares which shew Desire
her death,
Teaching with vse a peace in woe, and in despaire
a faith:
No, no; my feares kill not, but make vncurèd
wounds,
Where ioy and peace do issue out, and onely
paine abounds,

'Vnpossible[1] are helpe, reward and hope to me;
'Yet while vnpossible they are, they easie seeme to be,
'Most easie seemes remorse, despaire, and deaths to me;
'Yet while they passing easie seeme, vnpossible they be.
So neither can I leaue my hopes that doe deceiue,
Nor can I trust mine owne despaire and nothing else receiue.
Thus be vnhappy men blest, to be more accurst;
Neere to the glories of the sunne, clouds with most horrour burst.
'Like ghosts raised out of graues, who liue not, though they goe;
'Whose walking, feare to others is, and to themselues a woe:
So is my life by her whose loue to me is dead,
On whose worth my despaire yet walks, and my desire is fed:
I swallow downe the baite, which carries downe my death;
I cannot put loue from my heart, while life drawes in my breath;

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[1] Transition-form of 'impossible.' G.

My Winter is within, which withereth my ioy;
My knowledge, seate of ciuill warre, where friends
and foes destroy;
And my desires are wheeles, whereon my heart
is borne,
With endlesse turning of themselues, still liuing
to be torne.
My thoughts are eagles' food, ordayned to be a
prey
To worth[1]; and being still consum'd, yet neuer
to decay.
My memorie, where once my heart laid vp the
store
Of helpe, of ioy, of spirit's wealth to multiply
them more;
Is now become the tombe wherein all these lye
slaine;
My helpe, my ioy, my spirit's wealth all sacrific'd
to paine.
In Paradise I once did liue, and taste the tree,
Which shadowed was from all the world, in ioy to
shadow me:

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[1] I regret that I cannot accept Dr. Hannah's correction of 'wrath' for 'worth.' The Poet points to his beloved and loveable, albeit to him rejecting "Cælica": and it is her *worth* that aggravates his misery. G.

The tree hath lost his fruit, or I haue lost my seate;
My soule both blacke with shadow is, and ouer-burnt with heat:
Truth here for triumph serues, to shew her power is great,
Whom no desert can ouercome, nor no distresse intreat.
Time past layes up my ioy; and time to come my griefe;
She euer must be my desire, and neuer my reliefe.
Wrong, her lieutenant is; my wounded thoughts are they,
Who haue no power to keepe the field, nor will to runne away.
O ruefull Constancy, and where is Change so base,
As it may be compar'd with thee in scorne, and in disgrace?
Like as the kings forlorne, 'depos'd from their estate;
'Yet cannot choose but loue the crowne, although new kings they hate;
'If they doe plead their right,—nay, if they only liue,—
'Offences to the crowne alike their good and ill shall giue:

So—I would I were not—because I may complaine,
And cannot choose but loue my wrongs, and ioy to wish in vaine;
This faith condemneth me; my right doth rumor moue;
I may not know the cause I fell, nor yet without cause loue.
Then, Loue, where is reward, at least where is the fame
Of them that, being, beare thy crosse, and, being not, thy name?
The World's example I, a fable euerywhere,
A well from whence the springs are dried, a tree that doth not beare:
'I, like the bird in cage, at first with cunning caught,
'And in my bondage for delight with greater cunning taught.
'Nor owner's humour dyes; I neither loued nor fed,
Nor freed am, till in the cage forgotten I be dead.
The ship of Greece,[1] the streame, and she be not the same,

[1] 'The ship of Greece' is clearly the famous ship in which Theseus returned after slaying the Minotaur. The

They were, although ship, streame, and she still
beare their antique name.
The wood which was, is worne; the waues are
runne away;
Yet still a ship, and still a streame, still running to
a sea.
She lou'd, and still she loues, but doth not still
loue me;
To all except my selfe yet is, as she was wont to
be.

Athenians professed to preserve it till the days of Demetrius Phalereus, the rotten timbers being carefully removed and renewed from time to time, so that it became a favourite question whether a ship of which every plank had been often changed could still be called the same: (Plutarch, *Thes.* p 10. edn 1620). This passage, in which Lord Brooke compares the changes of his mistress to that ship of Greece, and to the ever-flowing stream—the same yet not the same—perpetually altering, yet bearing continuously "the antique name",—is an excellent specimen of the subtle conceptions which he loved to elaborate in his poetry. But the whole poem is raised to a level of thought curiously different from that of the two pieces by Dyer and Southwell, with which it is connected". (Dr. Hannah in "Courtly Poets" as before, p 247.) G.

[1] The reading 'streame' in the singular, line 7th onward, shews that 'streames' is a misprint here, and two lines on, as silently corrected by Dr. Hannah. G.

O, my once happy thoughts! the heauen where
grace did dwell!
My saint hath turn'd away her face, and made
that heauen my hell!
A hell, for so is that from whence no soules return;
Where, while our spirits are sacrific'd, they waste
not though they burne.
Since then this is my state, and nothing worse
than this;
Behold the mappe of death-like life exil'd from
louely blisse;
Alone among the world, strange with my friends
to be,
Shewing my fall to them that scorne, see not or
will not see:
My heart a wildernesse, my studies only feare,
And as in shadowes of curst death, a prospect of
despaire.
My exercise, must be my horrours to repeat;
My peace, ioy, end, and sacrifice, her dead loue to
intreat:
My food, the time that was; the time to come,
my fast;
For drinke, the barren thirst I feele, of glories
that are past;
Sighs and salt teares my bath, Reason my looking-
glasse;

To shew me he most wretched is, that once most
happy was.
Forlone desires my clocke to tell me euery day
That Time hath stolne loue, life, and all, but my
distresse away.
For musicke, heauy sighes; my walke an inward
woe;
Which like a shadow euer shall before my body
goe:
And I my selfe am he, that doth with none com-
pare,
Except in woes and lacke of worth, whose states
more wretched are.
Let no man aske my name, nor what else I should
be;
For *Greiv-ill*, paine, forlorne estate, doe best
decipher me.[2]

SONNET LXXXV.

FAREWELL sweet boy, complaine not of
my truth;
Thy mother lou'd thee not with more de-
uotion;

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[1] Misprinted 'signes'. G.

[2] Not observing the mis-numbering of xxvii twice, this Sonnet is usually quoted as lxxxiii instead of lxxxiv. G.

For to thy boye's play I gaue all my youth:
Yong Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought honours, princes thoughts obseruing;
Many woo'd fame, the child of paine and anguish,
Others iudg'd inward good a chiefe deseruing;
I in thy wanton visions ioy'd to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,
Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformèd kindnesse;
Thy playes of hope and feare were my confession,
The spectacles to my life was thy blindnesse:
But Cupid now farewell, I will goe play me,
With thoughts that please me lesse, and lesse betray me.

SONNET LXXXVI.

OUE is the peace, whereto all thoughts do striue,
Done and begun with all our powers in one:
The first and last in vs that is aliue,
End of the good, and therewith pleas'd alone.

Perfection's spirit, goddesse of the minde,
Passèd through hope, desire, griefe and feare;
A simple goodnesse in the flesh refind,

Which of the ioyes to come doth witnesse beare.

Constant, because it sees no cause to varie,
A quintessence of passions ouerthrowne;
Rais'd aboue all that change of obiects carry,
A nature by no other nature knowne:
For Glorie's of eternitie a frame,
That by all bodies else obscures her name.

SONNET LXXXVII.

THE Earth with thunder torne, with fire blasted,
With waters drownèd, with windie palsey shaken,
Cannot for this with heauen be distasted,
Since thunder, raine and winds from Earth are taken:
Man torne with loue, with inward furies blasted,
Drown'd with despaire, with fleshly lustings shaken,
Cannot for this with heauen be distasted:
Loue, furie, lustings out of man are taken.
Then man, endure thy selfe, those clouds will vanish;
Life is a top which whipping Sorrow drieth;
Wisdome must beare what our flesh cannot banish;

The humble leade, the stubborne bootlesse striueth:
Or man, forsake thy selfe, to heauen turne thee,
Her flames enlighten Nature, neuer burne thee.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

WHEN as man's life, the light of humane lust,
In soacket of his earthly lanthorne burnes,
That all His glory vnto ashes must
And generations to corruption turnes;
Then fond desires that onely feare their end,
Doe vainely wish for life, but to amend.

But when this life is from the body fled,
To see it selfe in that eternall glasse,
Where Time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,
Where all to come is one with all that was;
Then liuing men aske how he left his breath,
That while he liuèd neuer thought of death.

SONNET LXXXIX.

MAN, dreame no more of curious mysteries:
As, what was here before the world was made,

The first man's life, the state of Paradise,
Where heauen is, or hell's eternall shade;
For God's works are like Him, all infinite;
And curious search, but craftie Sinne's delight.

The Flood that did, and dreadfull Fire that shall,
Drowne and burne vp the malice of the Earth;
The diuers tongues, and Babylon's downe-fall,
Are nothing to the man's renewèd birth;
First, let the Law plough vp thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come, and all these types depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is cleare,
When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feete,
When God's All-might doth in thy flesh appeare,
Then seas with streames aboue the skye doe meet;
For goodnesse onely doth God comprehend,
Knowes what was first, and what shall be the end.

SONNET XC.

THE Manicheans did no idols make,
Without themselues, nor worship gods of wood;
Yet idolls did in their idea's take,

And figur'd Christ as on the crosse He stood.
Thus did they when they earnestly did pray,
Till clearer faith this idoll tooke away:

We seeme more inwardly to know the Sonne,
And see our owne saluation in His blood;
When this is said, we thinke the work is done,
And with the Father hold our portion good:
'As if true life within these words were laid,
'For him that in life neuer words obey'd.

If this be safe, it is a pleasant way,
The crosse of Christ is very easily borne:
But sixe dayes labour makes the sabboth day;
The flesh is dead before grace can be borne.
The heart must first beare witnesse with the booke;
'The Earth must burne, ere we for Christ can looke.

SONNET XCI.

THE Turkish gouernment allowes no law,
Men's liues and states depend on his behest;
We thinke subiection there a seruile awe,
Where Nature finds both honour, wealth, and rest.

Our Christian freedome is, we haue a law,
Which euen the heathen thinke no power should
wrest;
Yet proues it crooked as Power lists to draw,
The rage or grace that lurkes in princes brests.
Opinion bodies may to shadowes giue,
But no burnt zone it is where people liue.

SONNET XCII.

REWARDS of Earth, nobilitie and fame,
To senses glorie, and to conscience woe,[1]
How little be you, for so great a name!
Yet lesse is he with men that thinks you so,
For earthly Power, that stands by fleshly wit,
Hath banish'd that truth which should gouerne
it.

Nobilitie, Power's golden fetter is,
Wherewith wise kings Subiection doe adorne,
To make man thinke her heauy yoke, a blisse,
Because it makes him more than he was borne.
Yet still a slaue, dimm'd by mists of a crowne,
Lest he should see, what riseth, what puls
downe.

[1] Misprinted 'wee.' G.

Fame, that is but good words of euill deeds,
Begotten by the harme we haue or doe,
Greatest farre off, least euer where it breeds,
We both with dangers and disquiet wooe.
And in our flesh—the vanitie's false glasse—
We thus deciau'd[2] adore these calues of brasse.

SONNET XCIII.

VIRGULA diuina, Sorcerers call a rod,
Gather'd with vowes and magicke sacrifice;
Which borne about, by influence doth nod,
Vnto the siluer, where it hidden lyes;
Which makes poore men to these black arts deuout,
Rich onely in the wealth which Hope findes out.

Nobilitie, this pretious treasure is,
Laid vp in secret mysteries of State,
King's creature, Subjection's gilded blisse,
Where grace, not merit, seemes to gouerne fate.
'Mankinde I thinke to be this rod diuine,
'For to the greatest euer they incline.

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[1] Sic=deceived. G.

Eloquence, that is but wisdome speaking well,
—The poets faigne—did make the sauage tame;
Of eares and hearts chain'd vnto tongues they tell
I thinke Nobilitie to be the same:
'For be they fooles, or speake they without wit,
'We hold them wise, we fooles be-wonder it.

Inuisible there is an art to goe,
—They say that studie Nature's secret works—
And art there is to make things greater show;
In Noblenesse I thinke this secret lurks,
'For place a coronet on whom you will,
'You straight see all great in him, but his ill.

SONNET XCIV.

THE augurs were of all the world admir'd,
Flatter'd by Consulls, honour'd by the State,
Because the euent of all that was desir'd,
They seem'd to know, and keepe the books of Fate:
Yet though abroad they thus did boast their wit,
Alone among themselues they scornèd it.

Mankinde, that with his wit doth gild his heart,
Strong in his passions, but in goodnesse weake;
Making great vices o're the lesse an art,
Breeds wonder, and moues Ignorance to speake,
Yet when his fame is to the highest borne,
We know enough to laugh his praise to scorne.

SONNET XCV.

WHEN, that delight to multiply desire,
Like tellers are that take coyne but to pay;
Still tempted to be false, with little hire,
Blacke hands except, which they would haue away:
For, where Power wisely audits her estate,
The Exchequer-Men's best recompense is hate.

The little maide that weareth but the day,
To gather flow'rs, still couetous of more,
At night when she with her desire would play,
And let her pleasure wanton in her store,
Discernes the first laid vnderneath the last,
Wither'd, and so is all that we haue past:

Fixe[1] then on good desire, and if you finde

[1] Misprinted 'fixt.' G.

Ambitious dreames or feares of ouer-thwart;
Changes, temptations, bloomes of earthy minde,
Yet waue not, since earthy change, hath change
of smart.
For lest man should thinke flesh a seat of blisse,
God workes that his ioy mixt with sorrow is.

SONNET XCVI.

MALICE and Loue in their waies opposite:
The one to hurt it selfe for others' good,
The other to haue good by others' spite,
Both raging most when they be most withstood:
Though enemies, yet doe in this agree,
That both still breake the hearts wherein they
be.

Malice a habit is, wrought in the spirit,
By intricate Opinion's information
Of scornefull wrong or of suppressing merit:
Which either wounds men's states or reputation;
And tyrant-like, though shew of strength it
beare,
Yet is but weaknesse growne, enrag'd by feare.

Loue is the true or false report of sense,
Who sent as spies, returning newes of worth,

With ouer-wonder breed the heart's offence,
Not bringing in, but carrying pleasure forth;
And child-like, must haue all things that they see,
So much lesse louers than things louèd be.

Malice, like ruine, with itselfe ouerthrowes
Mankinde; and therefore plaies a diuel's part:
Loue puls it selfe downe, but to build vp those
It loues; and therefore beares an angel's heart.
Tyrants through feare and malice feed on blood,
Good kings secure at home, seeke all men's good

SONNET XCVII.[1]

IN those yeeres, when our sense, desire and wit,
Combine, that Reason shall not rule the heart;
Pleasure is chosen as a goddesse fit,
The wealth of Nature freely to impart;
Who like an idoll doth apparrel'd sit;
In all the glories of Opinion's art;
'The further off, the greater beauty showing,
'Lost onely or made lesse by perfect knowing.

[1] Curiously printed, LXXXVI. G.

Which faire vsurper runnes a rebel's way,
For though elect of sense, wit, and desire,
Yet rules she none but such as will obey;
And to that end becomes what they aspire,
Making that torment which before was play:
Those dewes to kindle which did quench the fire:
'Now Honour's image, now againe like lust,
'But earthly still, and end repenting must.

While man, who satyr-like, then knowes the flame,
When kissing of her faire appearing light,
Hee feeles a scorching power hid in the same,
Which cannot be reuealèd to the sight,
Yet doth by ouer heat so shrinke this frame,
Of fiery apparitions in delight;
That as in orbes, where many passions raigne,
What one affection ioyes, the rest complaine:

In which confusèd sphere man being plac'd
With equall prospect ouer good or ill:
The one unknowne, the other in distaste,
Flesh, with her many moulds of change and will;
So his affections carries on, and casts
In declination to the errour still?
As by the truth he gets no other light,
But to see vice, a restlesse infinite.

By which true mappe of his mortality,

Man's many idols are at once defaced,
And all hypocrisies of fraile humanity,
Either exiled, wauèd, or disgraced;
Falne nature by the streames of vanity,
Forc'd vp to call for grace aboue her placed:
Whence from the depth of fatall desolation,
Springs vp the height of his regeneration.

Which light of life doth all those shadowes warre
Of woe and lust, that dazell and inthrall,
Whereby man's ioyes with goodnesse bounded are,
And to remorse his feares transformèd all;
His sixe dayes labour past, and that cleere starre,
Figure of Sabboth's rest, rais'd by this fall;
For God comes not till man be ouerthrowne;
Peace is the seed of grace in dead flesh sowne.

Flesh but the top, which onely whips make goe,
The steele whose rust is by afflictions worne,
The dust which good men from their feet must throw,
A liuing-dead thing, till it be new-borne,
A phenix-life, that from selfe-ruine growes,
Or viper rather thorough her parents torne:
A boat, to which the world it selfe is sea,
Wherein the minde sayles on her fatall way.

SONNET XCVIII.

ETERNALL Truth, almighty, infinite,
Onely exilèd from man's fleshly heart,
Where Ignorance and Disobedience fight,
In hell and sinne, which shall haue greatest part:
When thy sweet mercy opens forth the light,
Of grace, which giueth eyes vnto the blind,
And with the Law euen plowest vp our sprite
To faith, wherein flesh may saluation finde:
Thou bidst vs pray, and wee doe pray to thee,
But as to power and God without vs plac'd,
Thinking a wish may weare out vanity,
Or habits be by miracles defac'd:
One thought to God wee giue, the rest to sinne;
Quickely vnbent is all desire of good;
True words passe out, but haue no being within,
We pray to Christ, yet helpe to shed His blood;
For while we say 'beleeve,' and feele it not,
Promise amends, and yet despaire in it,
Heare Sodom iudg'd, and goe not out with Lot,
Make Law and Gospell riddles of the wit:
We with the Iewes euen Christ still crucifie,
As not yet come to our impiety.

SONNET XCIX.

RAPT vp, o Lord, in man's degeneration
The glories of Thy truth, Thy ioyes eternall,
Reflect vpon my soule darke desolation,
And vgly prospects o're the sp'rits infernall.
'Lord, I haue sinn'd, and mine iniquity,
'Deserues this Hell; yet Lord deliuer me.

Thy power and mercy neuer comprehended,
Rest lively imag'd in my conscience wounded;
Mercy to grace, and power to feare extended,
Both infinite, and I in both confounded;
'Lord, I haue sinn'd, and mine iniquity,
'Deserues this hell; yet Lord deliver me.

If from this depth of sinne, this hellish graue,
And fatall absence from my Sauiour's glory,
I could implore His mercy Who can saue,
And for my sinnes, not paines of sinne, be sorry:
Lord, from this horror of iniquity,
And hellish graue, Thou wouldst deliuer me.

SONNET C.

DOWNE in the depth of mine iniquity,
That vgly center of infernall spirits:
Where each sinne feeles her owne deformity,
In these peculiar torments she inherits;
Depriu'd of humane graces and diuine,
Euen there appeares this sauing God of mine.

And in this fatall mirrour of transgression,
Shewes man as fruit of his degeneration,
The errour's ugly infinite impression,
Which beares the faithlesse doome to desperation;
Depriu'd of humane[1] graces and diuine,
Euen there appeares this sauing God of mine.

In power and truth, Almighty and eternall,
Which on the sinne reflects strange desolation,
With glory scourging all the sp'rits infernall,
And uncreated Hell with vnpriuation:[2]
Depriu'd of humane graces and[3] diuine,
Euen there appeares this sauing God of mine.

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[1] Misprinted 'humanite': I read 'humane' on authority of next and preceding stanza. G.

[2] See Alaham, Prologus, and Glossary-index *s. v.* G.

[3] Here and in next stanza misprinted 'not.' G.

For on this sp'rituall crosse condemnèd lying,
To paines infernall by eternall doome,
I see my Sauiour for the same sinnes dying,
And from that hell I fear'd, to free me, come;
Depriu'd of humane graces and diuine,
Thus hath His death rais'd vp this soule of mine.

SONNET CI.

IN night when colours all to blacke are cast,
Distinction lost, or gone downe with the light;
The eye a watch to inward senses plac'd,
Not seeing, yet still hauing power of sight:

Giues vaine alarums to the inward sense,
Where feare stirr'd vp with witty[1] tyranny,
Confounds all powers, and thorough selfe-offence,
Doth forge and raise impossibility.

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[1] So Herbert in the well-known lines,

"Nothing is so plain,
But may be *witty* if thou had the vein."

Here = wise (in a sense) G.

Such as in thicke depriuing darkenesse,
Proper reflections of the errour be,
And images of selfe-confusednesse,
Which hurt imaginations onely see,
And from this nothing seene, tels newes of devils;
'Which but expressions be of inward euils.

SONNET CII.

MAN'S youth, it is a field of large desires,
Which pleas'd within, doth all withou them please;
For in this loue of men liue those sweet fires,
That kindle worth and kindnesse vnto praise;
And where selfe-loue most from her selfenesse giues,
Man greatest in himselfe, and others liues.

Old age againe which deemes this pleasure vaine,
Dull'd with experience of vnthankefulnesse,
Scornefull of fame, as but effects of paine,
Folds up that freedome in her narrownesse;
'And for it onely loues her owne dreames best,
'Scorn'd and contemn'd is of all the rest.

Such working youth there is againe in state,
Which at the first with iustice, piety,
Fame and reward, true instruments of fate,
Striue to improue this fraile humanity:
  By which as kings inlarge true worth in us,
  So crownes againe are well inlargèd thus.

But States grow old, when princes turne away
From honour, to take pleasure for their end;
For that a large is, this a narrow way,
That winnes a world, and this a few darke friends;
  The one improuing worthinesse spreads farre,
  Vnder the other good things prisoners are.

Thus scepters shadow-like, grow short or long,
As worthy or vnworthy princes reigne;
And must contract, cannot be large or strong,
If man's weake humours reall powers restraine;
  'So that when Power and Nature doe oppose,
  'All but the worst men are assur'd to lose.

For when respect which is the strength of States,
Grows to decline by kings' descent within,
That Powers' babie-creatures dare set rates
Of scorne upon worth, honour upon sinne;
  Then though kings, player-like, act Glorie's
    part,
  Yet all within them is but feare and art.

SONNET CIII.

THE serpent, Sinne, by shewing humane lust,
Visions and dreames, inticèd man to doe
Follies, in which exceed his God he must,
And know more than hee was created to;
A charme which made the ugly Sinne seeme good,
And is by falne spirits onely vnderstood.

Now man no sooner from his meane creation,
Trode this excesse of vncreated sinne,
But straight he chang'd his being to priuation:
Horrour and death at this gate passing in;
Whereby immortal life, made for man's good,
Is since become the hell of flesh and blood.

But grant that there were no eternity,
That life were all, and pleasure life of it;
In sinne's excesse there yet confusions be,
Which spoyle his peace, and passionate his wit;
Making his nature lesse, his reason thrall,
To tyranny of vice vnnaturall.

And as hell-fires, not wanting heat, want light;
So these strange witchcrafts which like pleasure be,
Not wanting faire inticements, want delight,

Inward being nothing but deformity;
And doe at open doores let fraile powers in
To that straight binding Little-ease of sinne.

Is there ought more wonderfull than this,
That man, euen in the state of his perfection,
All things vncurst, nothing yet done amisse,
And so in him no base of his defection;
Should fall from God and breake his Maker's will?
Which could haue no end, but to know the ill.

I aske the rather since in Paradise,
Eternity was obiect to his passion,
And hee in goodnesse like his Maker wise,
As from His spirit taking life and fashion;
What greater power there was to master this,
Or how a lesse could worke, my question is?

For Who made all, 'tis sure yet could not make,
Any aboue Himselfe, as princes can,
So as, against His will, no power could take,
A creature from Him, nor corrupt a man;
'And yet who thinks He marr'd, that made vs good,
'As well may think God lesse than flesh and blood.

Where did our being then seeke out priuation?
Aboue, within, without us, all was pure;
Onely the angels from their discreation,
By smart declar'd no being was secure,
But that transcendent Goodnesse which subsists,
By forming and reforming what it lists.

So as within the man there was no more,
But possibility to worke upon;
And in these spirits which were falne before,
An abstract curst eternity alone;
Refined by their high places in creation,
To adde more craft and malice to temptation.

Now with what force upon these middle spheares,
Of probable and possibility,
Which no one constant demonstration beares,
And so can neither binde, nor bounded be;
What those could work that hauing lost their God,
Aspire to be our tempters and our rod:

Too well is witness'd by this fall of ours;
For wee not knowing yet that there was ill,
Gaue easie credit to deceiuing powers,
Who wrought upon us onely by our will;
Perswading, like it, all was to it free,
Since where no law could be.

And as all finite things seeke infinite,
From thence deriuing what beyond them is;
So man was led by charmes of this darke sp'rit,
Which hee could not know till hee did amisse;
To trust those serpents, who learn'd since they fell,
Knew more than we did; euen their own made Hel.

Which crafty oddes made us those clouds imbrace,
Where sinne in ambush lay to overthrow
Nature;—that would presume to fadome[1] grace—
Or could beleeue what God said was not so:
'Sin, then we knew thee not and could not hate,
'And now we know thee, now it is too late.

SONNET CIV.

False and treacherous Probability,
Enemy of truth, and friend to wickednesse;
With whose bleare eyes Opinion learnes to see,
Truth's feeble party here, and barrennesse.

[1] Fathom, as before. G.

When thou hast thus misled Humanity,
And lost obedience in the pride of wit,
With reason dar'st thou iudge the Deity,
And in thy flesh make bold to fashion it.

Vaine thought, the word of Power a riddle is,
And till the vayles be rent, the flesh new-borne:
Reveales no wonders of that inward blisse,
Which but where faith is, euery where findes scorne;
' Who therefore censures God with fleshly sp'rit
' As well in time may wrap vp infinite.

SONNET CV.

TWO sects there be in this Earth opposite:
The one make Mahomet a deity,
A tyrant Tartar rais'd by warre and sleight:
Ambitious waies of infidelity:
The world their heauen is; the world is great,
And racketh those hearts, where it hath receit.

The other sect of cloystered people is,
Lesse to the world, with which they seeme to warre,
And so in lesse things drawne to doe amisse,

As all lusts, lesse than lust of conquest are :
Now if of God, both these haue but the name,
What mortall idoll then can equall Fame ?

SONNET CVI.

THREE things there be in man's opinion deare,
Fame, many friends, and Fortune's dignities :
False visions all, which in our sense appeare,
To sanctifie Desire's idolatry.

For what is Fortune but a watr'y glasse
Whose chrystall forehead wants a steely backe ?
Where raine and stormes beare all away that was,
Whose ship, alike both depths and shallowes wracke.

Fame againe, which from blinding Power takes light,
Both Cæsar's shadow is and Cato's friend ;
'The child of humour, not allyed to right;'
Liuing by oft exchange of wingèd end.

And many friends, false strength of feeble mind,
Betraying equals, as true slaues to might;

Like echoes still send voyces down the wind,
But neuer in aduersity finde right.

Then man, though Vertue of extremities,
The middle be, and so hath two to one,
By place and Nature constant enemies,
And against both these no strength but her owne,
Yet quit thou for her, friends, fame, Fortune's throne;
Diuels, there many be, and gods but One.

SONNET CVII.

HOW fals it out, the sincere magistrate,
—Who keepes the course of Iustice sacredly—
Reapes from the people reuerence, and hate,
But not the loue which followes liberty?

The cause is plaine, since taxe on People's good,
Is hardly borne; Sense hauing no foresight,
Hates Reason's workes as strange to flesh and blood:
Whence he that striues to keepe man's heart upright

Taxeth his phansies at an higher rate;
And laying lawes vpon his frailty,

Brings all his vices to a bankrupt state,
So much is true worth more refin'd than we:
Againe, who taskes[1] men's wealth, pierce but their skin,
Who roots their vice out, must pierce deeper in.

SONNET CVIII.

ISIS, in whom the poet's feigning wit,
Figures the goddesse of Authority,
And makes her on an asse in triumph sit,
As if Power's throne were man's humility,
Inspire this asse, as well becomming it,
Euen like a type of wind-blowne vanity:
With pride to beare Power's gilding scorching heat
For no hire, but opinion to be great.

So as this beast, forgetting what he beares,
Bridled and burdend by the hand of Might,
While he beholds the swarmes of hope and feares
Which wait vpon ambition infinite,
Proud of the glorious furniture hee weares,
Takes all to Isis offer'd, but his right;
Till wearinesse, the spurre, or want of food,
Makes gilded curbs of all beasts vnderstood.

[1] Taxes. G.

SONNET CIX.[1]

WHAT is the cause, why States that war and win,
Haue honour, and breed men of better fame,
Than States in peace? since war and conquest sin
In blood, wrong liberty: all trades of shame:
Force-framing instruments, which it must vse,
Proud in excesse, and glory to abuse.

The reason is; Peace is a quiet nurse
Of Idlenesse, and idlenesse the field,
Where wit and Power change all seedes to the worse,
By narrow self-wit upon which they build;
And thence bring forth captiu'd inconstant ends
Neither to princes, nor to people friends.

Besides, the sinnes of Peace on subiects feed,
And thence wound Power, which for it all things can,
With wrong to one despaires in many breed;
For while lawes, oathes—Power's creditors to man—

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[1] Mis-numbered xcix. G.

Make humble subiects dreame of natiue right,
Man's faith abus'd addes courage to despite.

Where conquest workes by strength, and stirs up
fame:
A glorious echo, pleasing doome of paine,
'Which in the sleepe of death yet keepes a name,
'And makes detracting losse speake ill in vaine.

For to great actions Time so friendly is,
As ore the meanes—albeit the meanes be ill—
It casts forgetfulnesse; vailes things amisse,
With power and honour to encourage will.

Besides things hard a reputation beare,
To dye resolu'd, though guilty, wonder breeds,[1]
Yet what strength those be which can blot out
feare,
And to selfe-ruine ioyfully proceeds,
Aske them that from the ashes of this fire,
With new liues still to such new flames aspire.

[1] = the dying resolute though guilty, breeds wonder. G.

SONNET CX.

SYON lyes waste, and Thy Ierusalem,
O Lord, is falne to vtter desolation;
Against Thy prophets and Thy holy men,
The sinne hath wrought a fatal combination;
Prophan'd Thy name, Thy worship ouerthrowne,
And made Thee liuing Lord, a God vnknowne.

Thy powerfull lawes, Thy wonders of creation,
Thy word incarnate, glorious heauen, darke hell,
Lye shadowed vnder man's degeneration;
Thy Christ still crucifi'd for doing well;
Impiety, O Lord, sits on Thy throne,
Which makes Thee liuing[1] Lord, a God vnknowne.

Man's superstition hath Thy truth entomb'd,
His atheisme againe her pomps defaceth;
That sensuall vnsatiable vaste wombe,
Of Thy seene Church, Thy vnseene Church disgraceth;
There liues no truth with them that seeme Thine own,
Which makes Thee liuing Lord, a God vnknowne.

[1] Misprinted 'light'. G.

Yet vnto Thee Lord—mirrour of transgression—
Wee who for earthly idols haue forsaken,
Thy heauenly image—sinlesse, pure impression—
And so in nets of vanity lye taken,
All desolate implore that to Thine owne,
Lord, Thou no longer liue a God vnknowne.

Yet Lord let Israel's plagues not be eternall,
Nor sinne for euer cloud Thy sacred mountaines,
Nor with false flames spirituall but infernall,
Dry up Thy Mercie's euer springing fountaines:
Rather, sweet Iesus, fill up time and come,
To yeeld the sinne her euerlasting doome.

Finis.

Appendix.

I. A FANCY.[1]

(BY SIR EDWARD DYER.)

HE that his mirth hath lost,
Whose comfort is dismayed,
Whose hope is vain, whose faith is scorned,
Whose trust is all betrayed,

If he have held them dear,
And cannot cease to moan,
Come, let him take his place by me;
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour:
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feel one lightening hour,

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[1] MS. Rawl. Poet. 85, fol. 109, signed as below; MS. Tann. 306, fol. 173, with the same signature; MS. Ashm. 781, p. 140, signed "Sr Ed. Dyer:" and Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 159. Authenticated by Dyer himself through the secret signature near the end, and ascribed to him by R. Southwell in the poem which follows in this volume. Wrongly claimed for Lord Pembroke in the "Poems of Pembroke and Rudyard," 1660, p. 29. [See Sonnet lxxxiv of Lord Brooke and the "secret signature" of "*Greiv Ill*". G.]

Then rest he by himself;
He is no mate for me,
Whose hope is fall'n, whose succour void,
Whose hap his death must be.

Yet not the wished death,
Which hath no plaint nor lack,
Which, making free the better part,
Is only nature's wrack.

O no! that were too well;
My death is of the mind,
Which always yields extremest pains,
And leaves the worst behind.

As one that lives in show,
But inwardly doth die,
Whose knowledge is a bloody field
Where all hope slain doth lie;

Whose heart the altar is;
Whose spirit, the sacrifice
Unto the powers, whom to appease
No sorrow can suffice.

My fancies are like thorns,
On which I go by night;
Mine arguments are like an host
Which force hath put to flight.

My sense is passion's spy;
My thoughts like ruins old
Of famous Carthage, or the town
Which Sinon bought and sold.

Which still before mine eyes
My mortal fall do lay,
Whom love and fortune once advanced,
And now hath cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts, but wounds,
Sometime the seat of joy,
Sometime the seat of quiet rest,
But now of all annoy.

I sowed the soil of peace;
My bliss was in the spring;
And day by day I ate the fruit
Which my life's tree did bring.

To nettles now my corn,
My field is turned to flint,
Where, sitting in the cypress shade,
I read the hyacint.

The peace, the rest, the life,
That I enjoyed before
Came to my lot, that by the loss
My smart might sting the more.

So to unhappy men
The best frames to the worst;
O time, O place, O words, O looks,
Dear then, but now accurst!

In *was* stands my delight;
In *is* and *shall*, my woe:
My horror fastens on the *yea*;
My hope hangs on the *no*.

I look for no relief;
Relief would come too late;
Too late I find, I find too well,
Too well stood my estate.

Behold, such is the end;
What thing may here be sure?
O, nothing else but plaints and moans
Do to the end endure.

Forsaken first was I,
Then utterly forgotten;
And he that came not to my faith,
Lo! my reward hath gotten.

Then, Love, where is the sauce
That makes thy torment sweet?
Where is the cause that some have thought
Their death through thee but meet?

The stately chaste disdain,
The secret shamefastness,
The grace reserved, the common light
Which shines in worthiness.

O would it were not so,
Or I it might excuse!
O would the wrath of jealousy
My judgment might abuse!

O frail inconstant kind,
O safe in trust to no man!
No women angels be, and lo!
My mistress is a woman!

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one,
Nor can I rid me of the bands
Wherein I lie alone.

Alone I lie, whose like
Was never seen as yet;
The prince, the poor, the old, the young,
The fond, the full of wit.

Hers still remain must I
By wrong, by death, by shame;
I cannot blot out of my mind
The love wrought in her name.

I cannot set at nought
That once I held so dear;
I cannot make it seem so far
That was indeed so near.

Not that I mean henceforth
This strange will to profess,
As one that would betray such troth,
And build on fickleness.

But it shall never fail
That my faith bare in hand;
I gave my word, my word gave me;
Both word and gift must stand!

Sith then it must be thus,
And thus is all-to ill,
I yield me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary woods
My city shall become;
The darkest den shall be my lodge,
Wherein I'll rest or roam.

Of heben black my board:
The worms my feast shall be,
On which my carcass shall be fed
Till they do feed on me;

My wine of Niobe,
My bed of craggy rock,
The serpent's hiss my harmony,
The shrieking owl my clock.

My exercise nought else
But raging agonies;
My books of spiteful Fortune's foils
And dreary tragedies.

My walk the paths of plaint,
My prospect into hell,
Where wretched Sisyphe and his pheres
In endless pains do dwell.

And though I seem to use
The poet's feigned style,
To figure forth my rueful plight,
My fall or my exile,

Yet is my grief not feigned,
In which I starve and pine,
Who feel it most shall find it least
If his compare with mine.

My Muse if any ask,
Whose grievous case was such?
Dy ere thou let his name be known;
His folly shows so much.

But best 'twere thee to hide,
And never come to light;
For on the earth may none but I
This action sound aright.

Miserum est fuisse.

E. DIER.

II. MASTER DYER'S FANCY TURNED TO A SINNER'S COMPLAINT.

(BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL. BORN 1540; DIED 1595.)

HE that his mirth hath lost,
Whose comfort is to rue,
Whose hope is fallen, whose faith is crazed,
Whose trust is found untrue;

If he have held them dear,
And cannot cease to moan,
Come, let him take his place by me;
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feels one lightening hour,

Then rest he with himself;
He is no mate for me,
Whose time in tears, whose race in ruth,
Whose life a death must be.

---

[1] Southwell's "Poems," edit. 1630, sign F 7, &c., with the title, "A Fancy turned to a Sinner's Complaint." The title which I have adopted is found in the MS. of Southwell's poems used in both the modern editions, of Walter, p. 84, and Turnbull, p. 81.

Yet not the wished death,
That feels no pain or lack,
That, making free the better part,
Is only nature's wrack:

O no! that were too well;
My death is of the mind,
That always yields extremest pangs,
Yet threatens worse behind.

As one that lives in show,
And inwardly doth die;
Whose knowledge is a bloody field,
Where Virtue slain doth lie;

Whose heart the altar is,
And host, a God to move;
From whom my ill doth fear revenge,
His good doth promise love.

My fancies are like thorns,
In which I go by night;
My frighted wits are like an host
That force hath put to flight.

My sense is passion's spy;
My thoughts like ruins old,
Which show how fair the building was,
While grace it did uphold.

And still before mine eyes
My mortal fall they lay:
Whom grace and virtue once advanced,
Now sin hath cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts, but wounds,
Sometime the seat of joy,
Sometime the store of quiet rest,
But now of all annoy.

I sowed the soil of peace;
My bliss was in the spring;
And day by day the fruit I ate,
That virtue's tree did bring.

To nettles now my corn,
My field is turned to flint,
Where I a heavy harvest reap
Of cares that never stint.

The peace, the rest, the life,
That I enjoyed of yore,
Were happy lot, but by their loss
My smart doth sting the more.

So to unhappy men
The best frames to the worst:
O time, O place, where thus I fell,
Dear then, but now accurst!

In *was* stands my delight;
In *is* and *shall*, my woe;
My horror fastened in the *yea*;
My hope hangs in the *no*.

Unworthy of relief,
That craved is too late,
Too late I find, I find too well,
Too well stood my estate.

Behold, such is the end
That Pleasure doth procure;
Of nothing else but care and plaint
Can she the mind assure.

Forsaken first by Grace,
By Pleasure now forgotten,
Her pain I feel, but Grace's wage
Have others from me gotten.

Then, Grace, where is the joy
That makes thy torments sweet?
Where is the cause that many thought
Their deaths through thee but meet?

Where thy disdain of sin,
Thy secret sweet delight,
Thy sparks of bliss, thy heavenly joys,
That shined erst so bright?

O that they were not lost,
Or I could it excuse!
O that a dream of feigned losse
My judgement did abuse!

O frail inconstant flesh,
Soon trapped in every gin!
Soon wrought thus to betray thy soul,
And plunge thyself in sin!

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one,
Nor can I rid from me the mate
That forceth me to moan;

To moan a sinner's case,
Than which was never worse,
In prince or poor, in young or old,
In blest or full of curse.

Yet God's must I remain,
By death, by wrong, by shame;
I cannot blot out of my heart
That Grace writ in His name.

I cannot set at nought
Whom I have held so dear;
I cannot make Him seem afar,
That is indeed so near.

Not that I look henceforth
For love that erst I found;
Sith that I brake my plighted troth
To build on fickle ground.

Yet that shall never fail
Which my faith bare in hand;
I gave my vow; my vow gave me;
Both vow and gift shall stand.

But since that I have sinned,
And scourge none is too ill,
I yield me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary wood
My city shall become;
The darkest dens shall be my lodge;
In which I rest or come;

A sandy plot my board,
The worms my feast shall be,
Wherewith my carcass shall be fed,
Until they feed on me.

My tears shall be my wine,
My bed a craggy rock.
My harmony the serpent's hiss,
The screeching owl my clock.

My exercise, remorse,
And doleful sinners' lays;
My book, remembrance of my crimes,
And faults of former days.

My walk the path of plaint;
My prospect into hell,
Where Judas and his cursed crew
In endless pains do dwell.

And though I seem to use
The feigning poet's style,
To figure forth my careful plight,
My fall and my exile;

Yet is my grief not feigned,
Wherein I starve and pine;
Who feels the most shall think it least,
If his compare with mine.

II.

Poem-Plays.

I. ALAHAM.

II. MUSTAPHA, WITH LARGE ADDITIONS AND AN APPENDIX.

I. Alaham.

Note.

'Alaham' has no separate title-page, being simply headed 'Alaham' with the "Speakers' Names" below, as with us. It occupies pp 1—79 (fresh pagination) after "Of Warres" in the folio of 1633: and as therein it precedes "Mustapha" we adhere to the arrangement.

LANGBAINE has these remarks on "Alaham": "'Tis mostly written in rhime, and is adorned with many moral sentences and political maxims. It seems an imitation of the Ancients, and the prologue is spoken by a ghost, one of the old Kings of Ormus, an island situated at the entrance of the Persian Gulph, where the scene of the drama lies. The spectre gives an account of each character, possibly in imitation of Euripides, who usually introduced one of the chief actors, as the prologue, whose business was to explain all those circumstances which preceded the opening of the stage. The Author has been so careful in observing the rules of Aristotle and Horace, (as to the number of interlocutors) that he has in no scene throughout, introduced above two speakers, except in the chorus between each act, and even there, he observes all the rules laid down by the latter of those masters in the art of poetry &c." ("Account of the English Dramatic Poets. Oxon. 1691 p 38.) G.

Alaham.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES.

The old King.
Alaham's second Sonne.
Caino, Bassha.
Priest.
Zophi, the eldest Sonne.
Hala, Alaham's wife.
Mahomet, Bassha.
Cœlica, the old King's daughter.
Nuntius.
Nutrix.

Prologus.

The Speach of a Ghost, one of the old kings of Ormus.

THOU monster horrible! vnder whose vgly doome,[1]
Downe in Eternitie's perpetuall night,
Man's temporall sinnes beare torments infinite:
For change of desolation, must I come

[1] Judgment. See Glossary-Index *s. v.* for references to other examples. G.

To tempt the Earth, and to prophane the light;
From mournefull silence, where Paine dares not rore
With libertie; to multiplie it more!
Nor from the lothsome puddle Acheron,
Made foule with common sinnes, whose filthie dampes
Feed Lethe's sinke, forgetting all but mone:
Nor from that fowle infernall shaddowed lampe,
Which lighteth Sisiphus to rowle his stone:
These be but bodies' plagues, the skirts of Hell;
I come from whence Deathe's seate doth Death excell.
A place there is vpon no centre placed,
Deepe vnder depthes, as farre as is the skie
Aboue the Earth; darke, infinitely spaced:
Pluto the king, the kingdome, miserie.
The chrystall may God's glorious seate resemble;
Horror it selfe these horrors but dissemble.[1]
Priuation would raigne there: by God not made,
But creature of vncreated Sinne;
Whose being is all beings to inuade,
To haue no ending though it did beginne:

---

1 = The 'chrystall' may present some faint figure of God's seat: but Horror itself cannot represent these horrors. G.

And so of past, things present, and to come,
To giue depriuing, not tormenting doome;
But horror, in the vnderstanding mixt,
And memorie, by Eternitie's seale wrought;
Vnto the bodies of the euill fixt,
And into reason by our passion brought;
Here rackt, torne, and exil'd from vnitie,
Though come from nothing, must for euer be.
The sinnes that enter here are capitall:
Atheisme, where creatures their Creator lose;
Vnthankfull Pride, nature and grace's fall;
Mate of mankinde, in man vnnaturall;
Hypocrites, which bodies leaue, and shadowes chose.
The persons, either kings by Fortune blest,
Or men by nature made kings of the rest.
Here tyrants that corrupt authoritie,
Councell'd out of the feares of wickednesse,
Cunning in mischiefe, prowd in crueltie,
Are furies made, to plague the weaker ghosts,
Whose soules, entising pleasure only lost;
The weaker kings, whose more vnconstant vice
Their States vnto their humors made a prey,
For suffering more then kings to tyrannise,
Are damn'd; though here to be, yet not to stay:
For backe they goe, to tempt with euery sinne,
As easiest it the world may enter in.

My selfe sometimes was such: Ormus my State.
I bare the name, yet did my Basshas raigne:
Trusts to few windowes are vnfortunate;[1]
For subiects growing full is prince's wane.
Loe! all misdeeds procure their owne misfate;
For by my trusted Basshas was I slaine:
Now sent to teare downe my posteritie,
That haue their sinnes' inheritance from me.
My first charge is, the ruine of mine owne:
Hell keeping knowledge still of earthlinesse,
None coming there but spirits ouergrowne,
And more embodied[2] into wickednesse,
The bodie by the spirit liuing euer,
The spirit in the body ioying neuer:
In heauen perchance no such affections be;
Those angell-soules in flesh imprisonèd,
Like strangers liuing in mortalitie,
Still more and more themselues enspirited,
Refining nature to Eternity;
By being maids in Earth's adulterous bed:
And idly forget all here below,
Where we our parents, but to plague them, know.

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[1] The metaphor is here obscure, probably some Eastern (recondite) usage. But see our glossarial-index under 'windows.' G.

[2] = ruled by the flesh or imbruted. G.

My next charge is, from this darke regiment[1]
With wiles to scourge this age effeminate;
Not open force, or humors' violent:
Time fashions mindes, mindes manners, manners
fate,
Here Rage giues place, Wit must rule ill intent.
Proud Honor being an ill for this State
Too strong; Sleight, must misleade the innocent;
Craft, the corrupt. For though none dare be iust,
Yet coward Ill, with care, grow wicked must.
This present king, weake both in good and ill,
Louing his trust, and trusting but his ghesse,
Shall perish in his owne faith's wantonnesse;
Betray'd by Alaham, whom he know'th ill,
Yet to beware lackes actiue constantnesse;
A destinie of well-beleeuing wit,
That hath not strength of iudgement ioyn'd with it.
Alaham his sonne: fond of the father's throne,
Desire his idoll, libertie his might,
As ouerborne with error infinite,
Shall finde that Fate all secret faults can hit:
For he, that for himselfe would ruine all,
Shall perish in his craft vnnaturall.
Hala his wife: diuerse, and strong in lust,
Liberall out of selfe-loue, of error proud;

[1] Government. G.

When shamelesse craft and rage haue seru'd her
turne,
In Pride's vainglorious martyrdome shall burne.
Zophi the eldest sonne: whose reason is
With frailty drown'd, and sillinesse confus'd;
Borne but to liue, and yet denied this,
—So well knowes Power what spirits may be
abus'd—
Becomes the prey of factious craftie wit,
Which stirres that ruine vp that ruines it.
Caine Bassha—like the clouds, who live in ayre,
Th' orbe of Nature's constant inconstancie—
Now fame, now shame shall in his fortune beare;
His vice and vertue still in infancy:
Change for his wisdome and chance for his ends,
Harm'd by his hopes, and ruin'd by his friends.
Mahomet, with honor faine would change the
tide
Of times corrupt, here stopping violence,
There contermining[1] craft, and pleading right:
But Reason sworne in generall to Sense
Makes honor, bondage; iustice, an offence:
Till Liberty, that faire deceiuing light,
Turnes mischiefe to an humor popular,
Where good men catch'd in nets of dutie are.

[1] Countermining. G.

Cælica—because in flesh no seedes are sowne
Of heauenly grace, but they must bring vp weedes—
Death in her father's murther she affects;
Seduc'd by glory; whose excesse still feedes
It selfe, vpon the barren steepes of mone:
For humane wit wants power to diuide,
Whereby affections into error slide.
Heli the priest: who teaching from without,
Corrupted faith, bound vnder lawes of might;
Not feeling God, yet blowing him about,
In euery shape, and likenesse, but the right;
Seeking the world, finds change there ioyn'd with chance,
To ruine those whom Error would advance.
Now marke your charge! Each fury worke his part,
In senselesse webs of mischiefe ouerthwart.
You are not now to worke on priuate thoughts,
One instant is your time to alter all;
Corruption vniuersall must be wrought:
Impossible to you is naturall:
Plots and effects together must be brought;
Mischiefe and shame, at once must spring and fall.
Vse more than power of man to bring forth that,
Which—it is meant—all men shall wonder at.
Craft! Go thou forth, worke Honor into Lust.
Malice! Sow in Selfe-loue vnworthinesse.

Feare! Make it safe for no man to be iust.
Wrong! Be thou clothed in Power's comelinesse.
Wit! Play with Faith; take Glory in mistrust;
Let Duty and Religion goe by ghesse.
Furies! Stirre you vp warre; which follow must,
When all things are corrupt with doublenesse.
From vice to vice let Error multiply.
With vncouth sinnes, murthers, adulteries,
Incorporate all kindes of iniquity.
Translate the State to forraigne tyrannies:
Keepe down the best, and let the worst haue power,
That Warre and Hell may all at once deuoure.

Actus 1. *Scena* 1.

ALAHAM. HELI.

ALAHAM. Thou coward soule! Why standst thou doubting now?
Why to and fro? The dice of Chance are cast:
Counsells of law, of shame, of loue, are past.
Thinke what the worst haue done; what they enioy,
That plucke downe States to put vp priuate lawes,
Whom Fame enobles while she would destroy.

Honor hath many wings: Chance hath no bookes:
Who follow, treade but where men trode before;
Who giue example still are something more.
Beare witnesse yet yee good and euill spirits!
Who in the ayre inuisibly do dwell;
That these strange pathes I walke of vglinesse,
Are forc'd by threatning gulfes of treacherie,
Nourisht by States and times iniurious.
Nor is it sinne, which men for safety choose;
Nor hath it shame, which men are forc'd to vse.
Heli. What be these agonies indefinite?
These sudden changes, secret, violent,
Both argue euill lucke and ill intent.
Alah. That which I most did hate and least did feare,
Is fall'n: Nature cares not for natiue blood,
I wickedly must doe, or mischiefe beare;
I must no more be, or no more be good.
Heli. How growes this change? Reueale this secret work:
Both cures and wounds doe oft together lurcke.
Alah. Heli! you know the time when this fraile king,
Languish'd, and wanton'd in a powerfull throne,
Sent to the gods to learne what should befall,
Hauing but peace and wealth to doubt withall.
Their answer was: My father's eldest sonne

Must be a sacrifice for this estate,
And with his blood wash out the doome of Fate.
The Basshas, swoll'n by vse of ruling kings,
Presume on God: and what by God's decree
Was death; by their's must onely exile be.
And proud againe with this vniust successe,
A second error on the first they build;
And he that liues against the heauenly doome,
Must now not liue, but raigne: yet onely raigne.
To put downe me they feare, for him they scorne:
Is innocency to no other borne?
And must my right, and royall blood abide
Traytors, to be my lords; the dead, my king?
Is honor to so many masters tied?
Shall I not liue, except I scornèd liue?
Well: where the choice is left to kill or dye,
The best estates doe but in hazard lie.

Heli. T'is rashnesse to commit our right to chance.

Alah. T'is madnesse at the worst to feare mischance..

Heli. Vnfold this factious clowdie mysterie;
What cannot help, yet will experience be.

Alah. The dayes be fresh, when all the world in hate
With Mahomet's supreme authority,
The Basshas idly liu'd; no forme of state

Obseru'd; no councells held; no maiesty;
Weake spirits did corrupt; the strong did rust;
Worth withered vp; Craft only was in trust;
The court a farme: strange, ominous, ill signe,
When publike States to priuatenesse encline.
Such was my father's frayle simplicity,
As wanting judgement how to stand alone;
He—passion-ledd—could loue and trust but one.
The world saw all was nought; yet I saw Feare
Would, while it murmur'd, Mischief's councells keepe;
So blind are men, or with respects asleep.
Enuy wrought more in me, and made me know,
This passion in the king—which did aduance
Mahomet aboue the reach of ouerthrow—
Had counter-passions, change, inconstancy,
For wit, and malice, possibility.
I stir'd the king with enuies of his slaue;
For great estates inlarge not little harts.
My charge suspitions,[1] which no answer haue;
Power still concluding all in evill part.
With kings not strong in vertue, nor in vice,
I knew Truth was like pillars built on ice.
Factions besides I in the Basshas mou'd,
And in their divers witts my malice cast,

[1] Misprinted 'suspitious'. G.

Conspiracy with good successe I prou'd:
For kings are easily ledd away with many,
That hearing all, want strength to iudge of any;
Thus we exil'd him with pretence of State,
Whom—it is true—I for myself did hate.
But now, when Mahomet was banisht hence,
His fellow Bassha's, fond of gouernment,
To rule their prince with his name they intend,
And ruine heires, yet seeme Succession's friends.
For while I by my brother's exile stood,
They hide their mindes to vndermine the more;
And much to me in pettie things they leaue,
That craft in good apparell might deceive,

Heli. Their craft and power against you thus combin'd,[1]
How could you shunne, or worke the Basshas so,
As they might leaue to seeke your ouerthrow?

Alah. I found their crafte, and made my good of all:
Some I did winne; the rest I did disgrace,
Even binding them by what they gaue to me:
So great the scopes of braue ambition be:

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[1] Misprinted 'combui'd': and here and onward, as there are lacking rhymes, I suspect corruption of the text, albeit the rhymes are not kept up throughout. Yet are the Warwick Castle MSS. as in text. G.

Nor staid I here; but as a man in doubt
To trust this tickle art of men too farre,
Where many witts to one kept subiect are:
I forthwith sought on fewer heades to lay
This wardshippe of the king effeminate.
A farre lesse seruile course for me, that meant
To steale in change into this gouernment.
This made me thinke of Caine, whose spirits I saw
Officious[1] were, already entred grace,
Pleasant, and fit to multiplie a place,
The scruple that diuided him and me,
Was feare he did too much possesse my wife:
With priuate scorne I waigh'd with publike ends;
And saw, who will not see, needs no amends.
For he, to hide his fault, straight puts on faith
And care of me; a badge of seruile lust,
Which euer iniure those it pleaseth must.
In him I did accept the sacrifice
Of ruling him, that rul'd this wauing masse:
Who cannot beare, what can be bring to passe?
Now though by him the present state I gain'd,
Yet to my after-ends this gaue no ayde:
For their foundations only were, by fame,
On people's loues and wonders to be layd.

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[1] Excessively forward. So Shakespeare and Milton. G.

How little princes' fauors helpe the same
They know, that marke what feet men goe withall,
Who while they rise in grace, in credit fall.
The people then it was that I must seeke,
A future, not a present vse of power;
Not strength establish'd, but a strength, to change;
To all, but onely those who worke it, strange.
With this Caine's place had no affinity;
It presage being of a kingdome's fall,
When kings trust any one to gouerne all.
His nature lesse, for it monarchall was,
Sharpe, narrow-humour'd, only fit to rise
By that, which people hate, crowne-flatteries.
Since Nature therefore cannot change her face,
To thinke one fit for all, were foolishnesse,
To force an instrument experience feares,
Since wit may take of each the fruit it beares.
Of Mahomet, I then bethought my selfe,
Whose absence pittie had. And as in sects,
The present errors doe prepare a place
For maskèd Change, to shew her pleasing face:
So did the hate of present gouernment
Forget his faults, as they forget their wounds.
I saw that he alone did fit my ends;
Occasion mother is of truest friends.
My ends were not to broyle the present State,
Nor leaue obedience in my father's dayes;

But after he was dead, to dispossesse
My brother, whom the heauens did depresse.
Chance wrought me good: lest it should worke me feare,
I meant to goe beyond the wayes of spite,
Both stay and winne the world, with Mahomet:
For who can stirre are fittest meanes to let.[1]
My father I did moue, remou'd and sped:
Feare made him pittifull, and Folly kinde;
In Passion's orbe most patient to be led;
Each argument begat another minde;
Doubt had no memory, Offence was dead,
Distresse seem'd safety, Likelinesse did binde:
For in these captiue wits, borne to be thrall,
Who sees one thought beyond them, seeth all.
Mahomet returnes: But whether deeply shrin'd,
Within the hollow abstracts of his heart,
His malice lay; or that ambitious kinde
Be easie, for it selfe, from all to part;
Respect to me and honour, layd behinde,
Finding this king to be but Humor's art,
He takes his soule, and miracles he showes;
Restores the lost, th' establish'd ouerthrowes.
My elder brother—whom the gods fore-spake,
Lawes had depriu'd, exil'd, and men forgot—

[1] Hinder, oppose. G.

He straight calls home; and dares to vndertake
That which Audacity beleeueth not.
Ah! Error of good meaning, apt to trust;
For want of ill enough, I perish must.
And am I borne for Dutie's sacrifice,
To watch for change of times, or God's reuenge?
Is patience scorne, and hazard yet vnwise?
No, No: Confusion raignes; Despaire is it,
That now makes change a god; and Danger, wit.
Inflam'd, distract, confus'd, put out of feare
I am. . . . . .
Visions I feele of better hopes arise.
Malice and rage, whose heats had barrennesse,
Are, with ambition of reuenge, made wise.
Birth, chance, occasion right, good fortunes be
To some: and wrong can all these be to me?
Heli. Alaham! I grant these trialls be seuere:
But know Temptation is Misfortune's spie,
To worke in resolution change or feare;
Attend[1] your father's death; still hold you there;
Before to vndermine a monarchy
Is hard. Besides, iudge you your own intent:
For such your brother is in this to you,
As you before unto your brother were;
He hath his owne, and you liue out of feare.

[1] = await. G.

Alaham. [Who measures hopes and losses by the truth,
Goes euer naked in this world of might:
Mine be the crowne; my brother's be the right.]

Heli. Will you exceed his mischiefe whom you blame?

Alah. When euill striues, the worst haue greatest name.

Heli. Goodnesse is only at the greatest, best.

Alaham. Those mischiefes prosper that exceed the rest.

Heli. Thou art but one: for all a sufferer be.

Alaham. That one is more than all the world to me.

Heli. Faults to the State all priuate faults exceed.

Alaham. My wounds then heale, when all the Earth doth bleed.

Heli. Let father moue thee: pittie thou the State.

Alaham. Father descending kindnesse signifies:
[Our State is there where our well-being lies.]

Heli. Fame euer liues and euer will defame:
The ruine of thy father; and his crowne.

Alaham. They euer prosper whom the world doth blame;
Shame sees not climbing vp, but falling downe.

Heli. Yet feare thy selfe, if Fame thou doest not feare ;
Reuenge falls heauie, when God doth forbeare.
Alaham. Men only giddie be that be aboue,
And will looke down to doubts, when they be there.
Shall name of king o'erthrow a king's estate?
Hath publike good no friend? shall priuate feare
Of one weake man make all vnfortunate?
No, no, deare Heli! I God's champion am;
And will my father for a while depose,
Lest he the kingdome, we the Church doe lose.
Heli. Alaham! if hands you on your father lay
For priuate ends, and make the Church your stayres,
By which you clime your owne ambitious way;
Your glory will be short, and full of feares:
Since nothing for the Church is done amisse;
And nothing well done that against her is.
Alaham. So be the God eternall my beleefe,
As I my father from his state depose,
Only for feare the Church should honor lose.
But Heli! iudge not things with common eyes,
The Church it is one linke of gouernment,
Of noblest kings the noblest instrument.
For while kings sacred keepe her mysteries,
She keepes the [illegible] at;

Giuing the body to obey the spirit,
So carrying power vp to infinite.
But here with vs, the discipline is stain'd:
Forme lost: Truth scandaliz'd with noueltie,
Louingnesse with craft; and Faith with atheisme.
Honor, and zeale, with curiosity;
The worst best vs'd; Shame carrying Honor's face,
And Innouation king in euery place.
Downe must these ruines to be set vpright;
Misfortuue peec'd[1] growes more vnfortunate;
And parents lawes must yeeld to lawes of State.

Heli. Then see the means: for though the end were good,
Yet for a priuate man to change a State,
With monarch's sleights to alter monarchie,
Seemes hard, if not impossible, to me.

Alahaw. Impossible is but the faith of Feare;
To make hope easie fetch beliefe elswhere.
Yet lest these sparkes rak'd vp in hollow hearts,
Should spread, and burne before their fury show;
Keepe on the course which you haue vs'd to goe.
Preach you with firie tongue, distinguish might,
Tyrants from kings; duties in question bring

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[1] =pieced, patched up. G.

Twixt God and man': where power infinite
Compar'd, makes finite power a scornfull thing.
Safely so craft may with the truth giue light,
To iudge of crownes without enammelling ;
And bring contempt vpon the monarch's State;
Where straight unhallowed power hath people's hate.
Glaunce at prerogatiues indefinite ;
Taxe customes, warres, and lawes all gathering;
Censure kings faults, their spies and fauourites;
Holinesse hath a priuiledge to sting,
Men be not wise ; bitternesse from zeale of spirit,
Is hardly iudg'd ; the enuy of a king
Makes people like reproofe of Maiesty ;
Where God seemes great in priests' audacity.
Thus keep a god ; For be he true, or no,
Mixt faith so workes on man's idolatrie,
That minds, in bonds ; bodies, delight in woe.
Religion carrying men aboue respect:
For what thing else can stand in selfe neglect?
And when men's mindes thus tun'd and tempted are
To change, with arguments 'gainst present times,
Then Hope awakes, and man's ambition climes.

Heli. What hope can blot the feare of princes' power?

Alaham. Taxes, and scornes of Basshsas gouernment,

Which vnder kings make present times still sowre;
Hope leads the ill, and they the innocent.

Heli. These hopes are poore: For feare is with them[1] mixt.

Alaham. All feares are weake, where any hope is fixt.

Heli. Dissolue—tis true—you may with enuy, feare,
Craft, treacherie, contempt, neglect,
Not build: these sands will no foundations beare:
These engines are to ruine, not erect.
Will you a father, can you a king throw downe?

Alaham. Or suffer that the Christians weare his crowne?

Heli. The Christians with what faith or policy,
Can you call in? Such remedies are ill:
For what they conquer, that enioy they will.
Besides, the force lies in Caine Basshas hands,
In Mahomet wealth, law and gouernment:
What way to them? . . . .

Alaham. My wife, their mutuall trust.
These Basshas with themselues she shall betray;
Arts of reuenge are written downe in lust.
What cannot women doe with wit and play?

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[1] Misprinted 'the'. G.

Heli. Who would bestow his wife in works of shame ?

Alaham. They that thinke ought more deare than honest name.

Good fortune doth in Humor's market sit,
And those that buy, must sell all else for it.

Heli. The shame is sure; the good in hazard lies.

Alaham. Such staires they clime, that vnto fortune rise:

Opinion raignes without, and Truth within.
Who others please, against themselues must sin.

Exit Heli.

You spirits then growne subtile by your age!
Not you that doe inhabite Paradise,
Whose constant ioyes most vnacquainted be
With all affections, that should make you wise!
No: I inuoke that blacke Eternity,
As apt to put in action, as deuise!
Helpe me, that haue to doe with princes' power,
To plucke downe king, with king's authority,
And make men slaues, with show of liberty.[1]
Free hope from euill lucke, reuenge from feare;
Ruine and change, adorne you euery where.

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[1] As the Napoleonic *Plebiscite* in France, formerly and in the present year. G.

Actus Primus: Scena secunda.

MAHOMET: ALAHAM.

Mahomet.

MY lord! So oft alone, pulls downe the heart
To thoughts, and courses far vnmeet for it.
Princes must shew themselues in open sight:
Men ioy in them that doe in men delight.
Triumphs of common peace, sacrifice, thanks, praise,
Preparèd are.....
To soleminze this vniuersall ioy,
Wherein your selfe the greatest part enioy.

Alaham. If change were currant in Eternity,
As here amongst vs in this mortall spheare,
Passion might hope for counterpassion there.
My brother's doome decreed was from aboue:
Truth varies not: God's pleasure constant is:
Time present shewes not all that is amisse.

Mahomet. Ioy opens mindes, and Enuy shuts them in:
God, by your brother's life, adiournes our sinne.

Alah. When God speaks vnto men, and they expound,
Truth easily scapes, all threatned woes seeme light;

Misprision euer giues Misfortune might:
For Power is proud till it looke downe to Feare,
Though only safe, by euer looking there.
Besides, if fates be past, what meanes this starre,
Whose glorious taile threatens vnglorious dayes,
Feare vnto kings, and to the State a warre?
What meane these bloody showers? These darkned rayes
Of sunne and moone, which still eclipsèd are?
Are all signes chance? For if the starres can worke,
These signes that threaten proue their bodies lurke.[1]
What added is in honor to the crowne,
Or what increase of empire to the king;
That exiles are call'd home to put me downe?
Strange innouation some increase should bring.
Kings fondly[2] else tempt God, and trust to Chance,
Where change and hazard nothing doe aduance.
Mahomet. Your brother's fault was only prince's feare:
One ill example hurts to many were.

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[1] Lurke=lie in wait for mischief. The *signs* are bloody showers and eclipses: the *bodies* are sun, moon and stars. G. [2]=foolishly. G.

Alaham. God's law it was, wherby he was depriu'd;
My elder brother's right was but the law.
Change in estates is like vnto a sleepe,
Which but it selfe can nothing constant keepe,
Mahomet. It is no change to giue the elder place.
Alah. The wounds are new that present right deface.
Mah. The second borne are not borne to the crowne.
Alah. Hope, which our God sets vp, dare man pull downe?
Mahomet. Alaham! Our God's decree did not exile
Thy brother: it was heauenly mystery,
Which Faction construed to impiety.
When I return'd, I saw foundations layed
In princes' faults, for Basshas tyrannie;
Who keeping both the princes' heyres aliue,
The one exil'd, the other enuious,
Would make each plague to other; both, to vs.
I wrought, and ouercame the prince's hate,
Restor'd his sonne, and in his sonne the State.
Alaham. And wast thou then call'd into grace by me,
To be the meane that I should ruin'd be?

No Mahomet: That labyrinth thy heart,
Artisan of craft, great empire of deceipt,
The plague of all inferiors, and the bait;
In prince's frailty shall not drowne this State.
Sense and thy wrongs alike be generall;
A prince's power cannot protect them all.
When flattery giues scope to tyrannize,
Extremes then from extremities doe rise.

Mahomet. The giddy head that sees with daz'led sight,
Imagines all the world to turne about:
And rage, which to yourselfe makes you seeme great,
Is lesse to me, than if you did entreat.

Alaham. Who truth doe only but to hate it know,
They nothing feare, but only to be good:
Vnthankfulnesse is euer valiant so.

Mahomet. To them God thanklesse seemes, not thanklesse is,
That sacrifice for leaue to doe amisse.[1]
If wrongfully you had not banish'd me;
To whom could my returne thank-worthy be?

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[1] God seemes but is not thankless, to them that offer sacrifice in order to get leave to doe amiss (and do not get it). G.

Alaham. Our gods seem'd wroth; and Fame
spake strangely ill:
That sure my wife did worse than dote of thee;
This was dishonour, wrong, and losse to me.
Yet I distract with good beleefe and feare,
Detest her could not: Loue forbade it me:
Loue her I did not, for mistrust was there;
While I suspected her, I hated thee.
At length—'tis true—I got Thee banishèd;
If not reuenge, at least security:
Till humorous Time, that blots to print againe,
Shew'd me in Hala's thoughts Caine Bassha's name.
I call'd thee home; and though I scorne still
beare
By Fame—who when she lies, recanteth not—
Yet I forgaue the shame, and pardoned feare;
Brought thee good lucke, where good turnes are
forgot.
And is it a returne of that you owe,
For you to worke your patrone's ouerthrow?
Mahomet. Alaham! Put off this fruitlesse
peeuishnesse
Of expectation, lost in ill desires.
For you in witnesse of my thankfull heart,
The gouernment of old Ormus I got;
And by possession man's hope loseth not.

[Alaham] besides, [iudge both your thoughts and State:
King's children are no kings; Authority
Goes not by blood; she sets another rate;
Vse, is her kinne; grace her affinity.
Then looke not in Desire's earnestnesse;
Impossible is easie there, wishes' effect;
The future great, the present ever lesse:
Comparison still carrying vp the eye
To make all that we haue but miserie.
Care, bought with blood, and feare, with treacherie;
Danger, with wrong, and shame, with venturing;
Vntertaine hopes, and certaine misery,
The fortunes be of haste to be a king.]
Alaham. O God! what's this? Mine inward spirits shake;
Senses doe leaue their worke; thoughts are confus'd;
Horror and glory now possession take;
New visions to my darknesse are infus'd;
Like Delpho's[1] mayd, I finde a mightie worke;
My heart with more than it selfe doth resolue;
What I thinke, speake, or doe, is not mine owne.
I feele what made me wish my brother's fall,
And finde what mischiefe gets, it goes withall.

[1] *Sic* = Delphos *i. e.* Delphi. G.

His safety now, I see, my safety is,
And honor you that haue procurèd this.
Mahomet. A blessed worke, if it be wrought within.
Alaham. It is no worke: it is a heauenly blisse
Which perfect be, as soone as they beginne.
Spite!—thou impostume of aspiring hearts,
Whose nature is, that if the bagge remaine,
The wicked humors straight will fill againe—
I will lay open thee, and all thy arts:
It is no shame to say we were amisse,
Since man doth take his name of that he is.
Thy life is sought: nay more, thy death is sworne.
Mahomet. By whom?
Alah. By them that hate, because they loue.
And either's kindnesse doe in mischiefe proue.
Mahomet. What is my fault?
Alah. That thou of fault are free.
Mahomet. What his reward?
Alah. Their loue that malice thee.
Mahomet. Where lies my hope?
Alah. To kill, or to be kill'd.
Mahomet A wicked choice, where mischiefe is the best:
Is their delight in shedding guiltlesse blood?
Alaham. What moues the wicked else to hate the good?
Mahomet. Who be the men?

Alah. I to my selfe am free;
But faith forbids to tell what others be.
Mahomet. Disperse these clouds: Secrecy is Euil's friend;
Neutrality hath neuer noble end.
Tell me their names, that I my foes may know,
And you with honor, from ill friendship goe.
Alaham. I witnesse take of these light-bearing starres,
Wherein the doomes are laid of man's desires;
No lacke of hope or power, to conceale:
Remorse alone doth them and me, reueale.
My wife hath compass'd Caine so cunningly
As he hath sworne, you by his hand, shall dye.
Mahomet. Vncredible it is to thinke men neuer change;
To thinke they alter easily, is as strange.
Vpon what grounds should this strange malice moue?
Alaham. Vpon what grounds doe men beginne to loue?
Mahomet. What mouèd Caine?
Alaham. That which I may not see:
For they loue well that doe in hate agree.
Mahomet. Are Truth and Friendship but ambitious traps,
To feed desire with all that she can get?
Are words and good turnes but hearts' counterfeit?

Alaham. When enemies bid enemies take heed,
They trust not them, and yet they will beware:
For disaduantage growes of little care:
Resolue to die; or else resolue to feare.

Mahomet. Good angells still protect the innocent:
Hell would haue all, if harme were ill intent.

Alah. Mischiefe still hides her selfe from them she hits,
In hopes and feares of vnresoluing wits.

Mahomet. I well know Caine: his nature to excesse
Of good or ill, is forc'd by industrie:
In others' spite lies his impietie:
Appease your wife, for that must lie in you.

Alaham. Call vp the dead, for that is lesse to doe.
A woman's hate is euer dipt in blood,
And doth exile all counsells that be good.

Mahomet. Reason and Truth shall pleade to her for me.

Alaham. The eyes of Rage it selfe doe only see:
And Truth serues vnto rage, but for a glasse
To decke herselfe in, and bring spite to passe.
Reason to Rage, is like hands to a sore,
Whose often stroking makes the anguish more.

Mahomet. Impossible, all counsell doth refuse.

Alaham. Let Caine be kill'd: and then my wife accuse.

Mahomet. My heart shall first take counsell with my fate:
If it foretell the worst, it teacheth feare;
If it diuines no ill, how can it hate?
If what shall fall it feeles not, I must beare.
The time growes on: The king—I know—makes haste
To sacrifice to God: for common ioyes
Are made much dearer by the sorrowes past.

CHORVS PRIMVS.

Of good Spirits.

WE that are made to guard good men, and binde the ill,
See both miscarried here below, against our power and will.
As if the Earth, and her's, were to the worst left free,
And we made subiect by their curse, to Death's blacke colonie,
Yet is our Maker strong, and we His first creation,
Wheras the state of that darke quire, is meerly our priuation.
Whence doth this ods then grow, which seemes to master all

Since we are more than nature is, they much lesse,
by their fall?
Are we not diligent, or is the good not wise?
Showes Truth lesse glorious in the Earth, than
her ill picture Lies?
Then audit vs in grosse; at least we equall be:
And if in minutes men seeke out true inequality,
Compare words with the life, Eternity with Time,
Insulting Pride with humble Loue, pure Inno-
cence with crime:
And if these in their natures equally be weigh'd,
The one liues euer building vp, what others haue
decay'd.
So that to make and marre, is our true difference;
To marre, expressing finite power; to make, omni-
potence.
The obiect then it is, from which these oddes doth
grow,
By which the ill o'reweighs the good in euery
thing below.
And what is that but man? a crazèd soule, vn-
fix'd;
Made good, yet fall'n, not to extremes, but to a
meane betwixt:
Where—like a cloud—with windes he toss'd is
here and there,
We kindling good hope in his flesh; they quench-
ing it with feare.

We with our abstract formes and substance bodi-
lesse,
Image by glaunces into him our glories, their dis-
tresse.
And in prospectiue maps make ill farre off appeare
Lest it should worke with too great power, when
it approacheth neare.
Beauties againe of Truth—which those ill spirits
conceale—
With optike glasses we reflect on man to kindle
zeale.
But whether idle man, exceeding Order's frame,
—As out of heauen iustly cast—must Vulcan-like
goe lame:
Or that those euill spirits so dazle humane eyes,
As they thinke foule forbidden things more beauti-
full, more wise;
Wee see, though they want power to change our
reall frame,
Yet in the world they striue to gaine, by chang-
ing of our name:
Calling the Goodnesse, weake; Patience, a lacke
of sense,
Or seeming not to feele, because it dares make no
defence.
True pietie in man, which vpward doth appeale,
They doe deride. strength,
mus[illegible]

And as the painter's art, by deeping[1] colors there,
Here sleighting o're, and finely casting shadowes euery where,
Makes from a flat, a face shew off, as if imboss'd;
In which the forme, not matter, is the summe of all his cost:
So take these fayries from, or adde vnto our meane,
With Art's fine casting shadows, till they seeme to change vs cleane;
And make a picture which they couet should excell;
And which yet, to be like, must lose the life of doing well.
This image is their wit, and so their deitie,
Which though not keeping one shape long, in all would worship'd be.
In precept, doctrine, rite, and discipline agree'd,
That, but prosperity on Earth, there is no liuing creed:
Out of which fatall guide Alaham now vndertakes
The ruine of his king and father, for ambition's sake;

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[1] = deepening. G.

Against the lawes of nations, power and natiue
blood;
As if the vttermost of ill a scepter could make
good.
But marke how Vice still makes example her owne
fate;
For with like mischiefe Hala shakes both him and
his estate.
He in his father's bowels seeks an earthly throne;
Whence she supplants his heires againe with
bastards of her owne.
He makes Wrong triumph ouer Right and Inno-
cence;
She makes her lust Religion's lord, Confusion her
defence:
Thus, as that tyrant who cut off the statue's head,
Which bare the name of Iupiter Olympian chris-
tenèd;
Euen by this scornfull act to what was god in
name,
Taught people to encroch vpon the sacred mon-
arch-frame:
So while the o'reswoll'n pride of this Mahumetan,
By wounding of his princely race, playes false with
God and man;
He in it doth disperse those clouds of reuerence,
Which betweene man and monarch's seate keep
sweet intelligence:

And while he would be lord of order, nature, right,
Brings in disorder—that deuouring enemy of Might—
Which with her many hands vnweaues what Time had wrought,
And proues, what Power obtaines by wrong, is euer dearly bought.
So that our griefe and ioy is in this tragedy,
To see the Ill, amongst her owne, act vnprosperity;
The corne fall to the ground, the chaffe in siues remaine,
Which of the corne was once, and yet cannot be corne againe,
But as their ancient mates and sudden-kindled windes,
Broken out of the watry clouds, wherein they were enshrin'd;
Afflict the sturdy oke, are heauy to the reed:
And equally spend out themselues[1] with good or euill speed:
So of these windy spirits, which wander in the ayre,
By their malignity to blast, both what is foule and faire;
Whether they prosper doe, or faile in their intent,

[1] Misprinted 'theselues'. G.

Their vglinesse disclosèd is, their violence is spent :
While we vphold the world, and were we all but one,
By legions of those angels curs'd, could not be ouerthrown[1] :
Yet among stories, as the authors' winne no praise,
Which truly write, but they who Time with flatteries doe please :
So in man's muddy soule, the meane doth not content,
Nor equally the two extremes but that which fits is bent.
This makes some soare and burne; some stoope and wet their wings ;
And some againe commit excesse, even in indifferent things.
For who maintaines one vice to multiply another,
Incestuously begets more heyres vpon his owne first mother.
And in venerian acts, as concubine and wife,
Only expresse that difference which pictures do from life ;
The act being all in one, and but the same in all,

[1] Misprinted 'ouerthrown'd.' G.

Saue that the bondage of the vice delighteth to
enthrall:
So in man's choice, suppose his ends indifferent:
The good and ill, like equall wayes; yet will the
worst content.]

Actus secundus: scena prima.

HALA alone.

HALA. I will no more smother confusedly
This inward warre, where Modesty and
Shame
Would subject Sense to Dutie's tyrannie:
Wrongèd with doubt I liue; a wife to lust,
A stranger both to honour, loue, and trust:
My friends despis'd, my seruants made my spies,
No way but by betraying me, to rise.
Is this the only right of womanhood?
Then know base men, in whom all loue is lost,
That wit moues wit; power, feare; feare, hate;
No farther bondage hath a wiue's estate.
While Mahomet, that faithlesse hypocrite,
Canker of loue, all-ill in one, that man
Shew'd loue to me: . . . . . .
Alaham was wroth, an husband's honour touch'd,
He vile, I worse: the eyes of Iealousie

Seeing her owne disease in him and me.
But since this wretch, with his aspiring craft,
To Alaham hath falsly sold my shame,
My iniuries and dishonours are his fame;
And shall this traffike of ambition thriue,
And bury vs in modesty aliue?
No Caine: for thy example I resolue
To study spite, and practise cruelty:
Scorne else will grow their sport, our falls their fame,
That glory to deceiue, and ioy in shame.
But what means this? Alaham hasts to the crowne;
He tries, moues, breakes all that will not be bowed;
These only stand which helpe his father downe.
Wife is a priuate name: Ambition's wayes
Lie not within the bounds of loue, but vse:
When things are ripe, I must be ouerthrowne,
And shall I lose my selfe in idle lust?
Each vassall is as great as queenes in it:
Princes haue strength, they erre for empire must.
What feare I then? Fame that is great, is good:
Hazard all men behold with reuerent eyes;
And must we only in remorse be wise?
No, no: my heart and state doe more embrace:
Purple shall hide my lust, a crowne my shame:
Passion with passions hath such vnity,

As one must euer be another's frame.
Beyond the truth I am in louing Caine:
The monuments of lust are secrecy,
Suspition, shame, remorse, aduersity;
If Caine be king, the way to that are change,
Wrong, hazard, care, ruine, confusion, blood:
Poore thoughts, that feare or rest haue neuer good.
My partie's strong, I build upon the vice,
Question the yoke of princes, husband, law;
My good successe breakes all the links of awe.
Then Chance! be thou my friend; Desire! my guide,
My heart extended is to great attempts,
Which, if they speed, eternize shall my fame,
If not, 'tis glory to excell in shame.
Loe where my husband comes? Now Reason must
Disguise these passions, lest I lose my end,
Who hides his minde is to himselfe a friend.

Actus secundus: Scena secunda.

HALA. ALAHAM.

HALA. King of my selfe! Redeemer of our fame!
What secret clouds doe ouercast your heart?

Counsell and Time doe both worke one effect,
And either cure or cleare what we suspect.
Alah. My wounds can haue no cure; my feares haue cast
Nature and Truth into Affliction's moulds;
The workes of Time and Counsell both are past.
When hearts once from themselues are runne astray,
Chance must their guide be, violence their way.
Hala. Chance is not cast in moulds, like other Arts;
Her counsells but the hope of rashnesse be;
Aduice did neuer any man betray:
If truth be luckie, counsell is the way.
Alaham. If counsell be the guide of vndertaking,
Our powers best with our owne wits doe agree,
Where both the meanes and ends together be.
Hala. Who trusts his passion multiplies his care;
All paines within, all cures without vs are.
Alaham. If you captiuèd be I speake withall,
Then from my passion into your's I fall.
Hala. My state of minde, good will, and homage is;
My being, reuerence; my end, your will;
Selfe-loue it selfe payes tribute vnto this.

Alah. If Loue haue power to leaue and breake her vow ;
How can I trust to that you promise now ?
If Loue change not ; how can I trust and know,
That you loue Mahomet, my ouerthrow ?

Hala. His place deseru'd respect, his virtue praise ;
Our freedome, not inhibited by you,
Found many things indifferent to doe.

Alaham. Forbidding is the prison of the thought:
A violence which on themselues they draw,
That inwardly of nothing stand in awe ;
But marke the end : he first despiseth thee,
Then triumphs in thy once forsaken loue ;
Proclaimes deceipt to be thy state of mind,
Vncompetible, vnpossible[1] to finde.
So as if I should rule this glorious throne.
You ruling me—as he assumes you doe—
The State and I at once were ouerthrowne.

Hala. Good nature then—I see—is not the art,
With which a woman's honor safe may goe
Through hollow seas of man's dissembling heart ;
His faithlesnesse yet doth this good to me,

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[1] Transition-form of 'incompatible' and 'impossible.' G.

That I may freely hate all men, but thee.
Alaham. Hate is the hand of Furie in the heart;
Without reuenge, no more but sense of smart,
Hala. Hate is the print of iniurie violent;
Only in ruine and reuenge content.
Alaham. Reuenges, in your sex, dishonor be;
And in your strength, impossibilitie.
Impatience only doth with God make warre.
Hala. Furie findes armes; Wrong hath ill destinie;
While God is, it is basenesse to despaire:
For Right more credit hath then Power there.
Alaham. Yet God and kings vse wisdome in their might,
Reward and grace doe from their owne hands part;
They others vse for the instrument of spite.
Hala. Whom can we vse? Since he we hate is great,
And we disgrac'd: who hazard will his State
With him, that for his owne good must intreat?
Alaham. Aspirers are not voyd of riuall hate:
If any enuy him, or loue our right,
Reuenge lies there; their liues desire['s] art.
Hala. Of God I aske it; and in men will moue,
As much as can be wrought with hope or loue.
But men vncertaine are, blowne here and there,

With loue, remorse, feares, which in frailtie liue;
Who need forgiuenesse, easily doe forgiue.
The heart which feeles, most liuely can expresse
Reuenge, that picture of his guiltinesse.
Alaham. Ruine, the power—not art—of princes is:
Caine is ingag'd as deep as we in this.
Hala. The wounds are mine; to me belongs reuenge;
Sense my aduiser is; you, sir, my end:
What needs a woman's passion more to friend?
Alaham. Mischiefe! now claime thy due. Malice! feare not,
To offer all thy sleights to wicked wits;
Ruine lights not amisse where ere it hits.
My engines worke, care is already past;
My hopes arise out of these Basshas' blood:
If both, my wish; if either dye, my good.
Hala! Good fortunes are together linkt;
Thy faith stirres up new light within my minde:
Behold, the throne descends to take me vp.
Antiquitie, in her vnenuied wombe,
Now offers vs the fatall president[1]
Of sixteene kings, my predecessors, all
Blinded, and then depos'd by Basshas hand:
So tickely Vnworthinesse doth stand.

[1] Precedent. G. [2] Ticklishly. G.

Doth wit, and courage only rest in slaues?
Hath hazard ought more horrible than scorne?
Haue I occasions sure, and shall I stay
To giue all, but my miserie, away?
Alaham.[1] No Hala, no: thy dowry shall be fame:
Thy stile, a crowne; thy prospect, reuerence:
The East shall doe thee honor in my name.
Out shall my father's, and my brother's eyes;
Authority is only for the wise.
But since these mighty workes haue many parts,
And I but one, which one cannot doe all:
I'le send thee Caine: keepe firme vpon your strengths.
Beauty and Honor, Nature's scepters be,
And haue on men's desires, authority. *Exit.*
Hala. Now Hala, seeke thy sex; lend Scorne thy wit,
To worke new patterns of reuenges in.
Let Rage despise to feed on priuate blood;
Her honor lies aboue, where danger is,
In thrones of kings, in vniuersall woe.
Worke that which Alaham may enuie at,
And men wish theirs, that Ill it selfe may tremble,
Monstrous, incredible, too great for words.

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[1] Left out inadvertently, as also in Warwick Castle *MS. G.*

Keepe close, and adde to furie with restraint;
Doe not breake forth vntil thou breakest all.
Is Wrong so proud? Shall man once dare to fashion
A woman's ruine in a woman's passion?
Husband! most odious name: scorne of subiection:
Is loue to women but your rage of thoughts?
Are your desires let blood by your enioying? Ah fooles!
We see your lusts relent, you see not ours;
And from that change Aduantage hath her powers.
But on: still vse thy craft: thy strength lies there.
Ignorance, that sometimes makes the hypocrite,
Wants neuer mischiefe, though it oft want feare:
For while thou thinkst Faith made to answer wit,
Obserue the iustice that doth follow it.
Caine, Mahomet, and me, thou hat'st alike,
For vnlike cause, and craftie wayes do'st take,
That each may ruin'd be for other's sake.
Shall I, for thee, hazard Caine's life I loue?
And weigh downe my affection with my hate?
Can highest thoughts haue anything aboue?
Ah! but perchance my safety in the blood
Of Mahomet doth rest, the good of Caine:
Then were it losse to make occasion vaine.
And shall I looke but only to be safe?

Can Iniurie and Malice adde no more?
Ah coward sex! faint, shallow passion
Farre from me be: a worke that no age dares
Allow, yet none conceale, I must attempt.
Furie! then spurre thyselfe, embedlam[1] wit:
Poyson my thoughts, to make my reason see
Pleasure in crueltie, glorie, in spite:
Rage to exceed examples doth delight.
Thoughts! doe you blush? To Alaham what's ill?
His death? O barren wit and sandie rage!
No marble pillars, no enamells rich,
Buried in silence, worne away with age,
Are furies that no greater plagues deuise:
Horrors they be that haue eternities.
What saith my heart? Grow millions out of one?
Doth passion leaue her infancie by vse?
And shall I, by the death of Mahomet,
More skill, at least more crueltie beget?
Then let him die. But can I venture Caine,
And leaue Misfortune power ouer loue?
Triumphs to Alaham, if both be slaine?
Ah sleepy sexe! how slow is their progression,

[1] A noticeable word which I have not met with elsewhere. G.

That would exactly measure infinite,
By tender feares or minutes of delight?
Then Hala, leaue this circle of selfe-loue:
Beginne; goe on: Hate must stride ouer Feare.
Who are secure, ...
And nothing venture, all things must endure.
For Alaham, that traitor's ouerthrow,
My rage is yet too yong to worke vpon:
What to resolue of him I dare not thinke,
Till this great frame wherein our fortunes lie,
Be surer linkt vnto Prosperitie,
Then shall Occasion horrors strange deuise;
Fooles only lose their ends to tyrannize.

Actus secundus: Scena Tertia.

CAINE BASSHA. HALA.

CAINE. Princesse of me! I finde care in your face,
Woe smothered vp; I came to know your will;
Nothing which you command me can be ill.

Hala. That which I least did feare is fall'n on me,
Wrong and mishap; which needing others' loue,
Make them vnlouely that vnhappy be.

From kings themselues when Fortune turnes her face,
Then need they most, yet least may vse their owne;
So dearly man's vnthankfulnesse is knowne.
Caine. What is the cause that makes you thus accuse
The world of faults, your selfe of inward feare?
Hala. The little faith which all the world doth vse;
The iniuries which strength of heart must beare:
Enui'd of all, if it be set aboue;
If humble, then too low for men to loue.
Caine. Doe not forsake your selfe: for they that doe
Offend, and teach the world to leaue them too.
Mortall our God shall be; The truth shall lie;
Darknesse shall see herselfe; Fame lose her voyce;
Er'e I will leaue my loue, or my loue you:
Affliction's wounds affection doe renew,
Hala. Perchance you loue both those I hate, and me;
Affections then against affection be.
Perchance a vow, good turnes, and good beleefe
Are mists betweene your loue and my releefe.
Caine. You know I loue: speake plaine, and doe not feare,

That reason other is than kindnesse there.

Hala. Then heare: and if my iudgement you disproue,

You shall haue cause to thinke, I trust and loue.
Mahomet the faultie is; his faults be these:
Enuious of thee, to my loue treacherous;
The king must lose his sight, his crowne, his sonne:
This wickednesse hath Mahomet begunne.

Caine. O Hell! and is thy seate in fleshly hearts?
Be man's ill thoughts his owne ill spirits become?
I well can thinke that Mahomet aspires;
For loue of greatnesse may with goodnesse goe:
But cannot thinke that he our death conspires.
Perchance he seekes to doe your brother right,
Which makes our owne desires to doe vs spite.

Hala. Mischiefe that may be help'd, is hard to know:
And danger going on still multiplies.

Caine. Let Care as fast then adde vnto her eyes.

Hala. Where Harme hath many wings, Care armes too late:

Caine. Hastie attempts make Chance precipitate.
What shall I doe?

Hala. Goe forward in thy feare:
Danger doth giue thee choice to doe or beare.

Caine. My loue of him and truth, doe make me loth
To thinke them wrong'd: and shall I wrong them both?

Hala. The good beleefe of mankinde is a sea
Where Honor drownes, Iniquitie goes free;
Whose thoughts—like sailes—for euery weather be.

Caine. With shaking thoughts no hands can draw aright:
True hearts, to doe vnnobly haue no sp'rit.

Hala. The feare of some is guilt[1] with honestie;
Others, with loue; thine, with false noblenesse.
Yet thinke not—Coward—wit can hide the shame
Of hearts, which while they dare not strike for feare,
Would make it virtue in them to forbeare.
No Caine: In men we women, when we loue,
Aske faith and heart. Our selues haue feare and wit.
In loue how can thy soule and mine agree?
I seeke reuenge, thou preachest pietie.

Caine. More easie motions gentle hearts receiue:
His fault was great; yet you may haue redresse
In state and honor, without such excesse.

Hala. Excesse the reason is and meane of loue;

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[1] = gilded. G.

And in the same excesse is malice ioy'd :
I would be safe, and yet haue him destroy'd.
Caine If leaue or left the fate of kindnesse be,
By his example, what becomes of me?
Hala. If blinde to all, but to it selfe, be Loue;
Whence doe your vowes, or whence this question moue?
Since the true state of true affection is
Wonder, at other's worth; Faith, without hire;
Vnwearied paine; vnrecompens'd desire.
Caine. Great hearts thus giuen away, in prison are;
Their strength, their bands; and good beleefe, their smart:
Love neuer seuers Reason from the heart.
Hala. My shame againe then unto me impart;
Restore my faith; and I doe render thee
Those faithlesse vowes, which thou hast made to me.
For since, I see, the spungie hearts of men
Their hollowes gladly fill with women's loue,
And nothing yeeld to them vncrusht againe:
What Nature workes 'tis folly to complaine.
Mahomet, that wretch, hath done me iniurie;
He left my loue, and he my life hath sought:
Caine! liue at ease; Fame is an idle breath;

My body is enough 'twixt thee and death.
Caine. Distract I am: my Reason—like a cloud,
Before a Winter's storme—rides here and there:
Like reedes, my thoughts are straight and crooked too;
With diuers breaths, which diuers passions blow.
Against the streame of truth must loue still goe?
Resolv'd I am that Mahomet shall die.
Hala. Shame spake this word: Danger appeares not yet;
Time, like a med'cine, will asswage this paine,
And Feare perchance bring backe good-will againe.
Caine. It is not I that liue in me, but you;
Whose will hath fashion'd all my thoughts anew.
Hala. Then on: When thoughts vnite, all care is ceas'd;
The heart, vnfetter'd and the hope increas'd.
Out of his death I see Occasion borne,
To greater power than needs to couer scorne.
For he the Iustice rules, you rule the Warre;
His death, diuided powers will vnite:
And in a broken course where dangers be,
Only the crowne can put off miserie.
Caine. Farre be it off, our hopes should be so vaine.
Our secret loue already tempteth God;

To warre him more with infidelity,
Would hasten vengeance, and make sharpe His rod.
Hala. God made strict lawes for Vertue's exercise;
An idle word, a wish transgresseth them:
Yet in a throne Remorse hath glorious eyes.
Alaham doth vndermine the present State:
When he corrupted hath the people's faith,
Thou hast the sword: authority makes way,
Her hand is next when crownes become a prey.
Caine. We God and man will first trie with the death
Of Mahomet: if that doe passe for good,
Hope easily makes occasion vnderstood.
Hala. The end agree'd, the meane is yet in doubt,
Caine. By sword.
Hala. That will be easie to descrie;
Danger to misse; and hard to doe without.
Caine. By poyson then; wherof though doubts may grow,
What one alone may doe, is harde to know.
Hala. It often failes: for instruments are base;
Slaues haue too slauish hearts; a Bassha's name
Is like a superstitious hallowed place.
Men must be forc'd or wise, that force the same.

Caine. By these two hands, that will not faile their heart,
It shall be wrought. . . . . .
If poyson misse, the sword shall compasse it:
When chances often scape, at last they hit.
Hala. Fortune and Loue! Both gods of humane might,
You like Aduenture, see it rightly plac'd:
You liue in kindnesse, see it not disgrac'd. *Exit.*
Caine. What I haue vow'd, both God and Nature hate;
My heart misgiues; my soule doth prophecie
That euill thoughts procure an euill fate.
But ah! my loue I gaue, and it gaue me.
The choice is past: thoughts now must thinke to doe
Not what I freely am, but forc'd vnto.

Actus secundus: *Scena quarta.*

MAHOMET. CAINE.

MAHOMET. Who euer haue obseru'd the worke of spirits
May see how easily men slide downe to ill.
The world hath strange examples, false delights,

Which make our Senses nets to catch our Will.
Who then with men for euery fault falls out,
Must hate himselfe, and all the world about.
Behold! the man I speake of doth appeare:
Retire aside, stand close, marke what succeeds:
His owne destruction, or else mine he breeds.
Caine! what is it, that thus your minde distracts?
Counsells of honour alter not the face;
Hearts only thinke with paine of doubtfull acts.

Caine. In care they liue that must for many care;
And such the best and greatest euer are.

Mah. They purchase care vnto themselues, that know
The weight of care; and yet will it imbrace.
If care be grieuous, why vsurpe you so?

Caine. I liue but to obey the prince's will.

Mahomet. That is, to cherish princes[1] in their ill:
For they must flatter good and euill too,
That vnder princes all alone will doe.

Caine. As sweetest vapors couet to the skie:
So faith and dutie after princes runne;
Ill nature neuer can indure a sunne.

Mahomet. Flatterie so like in all to dutie showe,

[1] Misprinted 'prince'. G.

But finelier drest in diligence and care;
As kings best pleas'd, that most deceiuèd are.
Caine. [The] harsh spirit[1] hates them that do not hate,
Miscensures all the world to seeme seuere;
Bindes Honestie and Truth to haue no wit;
These ill-fac'd vertues not of Nature be,
But Peeuishnesse, true Honor's enemie.
Mahomet. A iust, seuere, and vniversall care
Of people, shorne by princes' fauorites,
To spies of Tyrannie vnpleasing is;
Which euer, like ambitious adamants,[2]
So fast from people draw to princes' States,
As in the end they must draw vp their hates.
Caine! then take heed of your selfe-seeking plot,
Engrossing offices, aspiring all;
For it offends euen those it toucheth not.
Nor is it only this that hazards you;
Ill neuer goes alone, if Fame say true.
Caine. Is Fame to censure vs that liue aboue,
And must sell iustice, if we purchase loue?
Mahomet. Fame is the people's voyce, to tell their griefe,

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[1] = The harsh spirit or nature. Misprinted 'harsh spirits hates'.

[2] Loadstone. G.

Appealing from inferiors to the chiefe.
If falsely you and Hala, Fame abuse;
Infamie for nothing men vnwisely chuse:
If Fame speake truth, which you would not haue knowne,
Grieue to deserue, but not to beare your owne.
Caine. What doe I, that the world can well reproue?
Mahomet. Vniustly suffer or vniustly loue.
Caine. Suffer I doe; for infamie is there,
Where either malice, enuie is, or feare.
Loue I confesse I doe; and what is it,
But Nature's taxe layd vpon good intent,
For right and honor vnto excellent?
Mahomet. Reason must iudge of Loue, not Loue of it;
Else shall Loue ground of euery mischiefe be:
For murther, theft, adultery, and spite,
Are but loue of reuenge and others' right.
Ah Caine! my heart is rackt with inward griefe,
Iustice hath partie there, and so hath Loue:
They both haue wounds, and yet they both haue life;
The one suppressing what the other moues.
I will speake plaine: Hala, thou do'st abuse,
And stayn'st the prince's line with seruile lust:

Wherein proud Courage, match'd with Guiltinesse,
Adds wrong to wrong; and to o're-build complaint,
Affects that greatnesse which makes faults seeme-
lesse.
Caine! weigh thy course: "Ambition' gilded
spheres
Are like to painted Hells, which please the eyes,
Euen while they shew the heart where horror
lies."
Her gilded throne built on the ruine is
Of Fame, of true Religion, and of Law:
The labor's great that all the world must draw.
The second place, which with this king you hold,
Yeelds Feare vnfearefull, Greatnesse well secur'd:
Who stand, or fall with kings, stand well assur'd.
Where men that wrongfully aspire a crowne,
While they looke vpward euer tumble downe.
Besides, thy bloudy plots discouer'd be
To worke my death; did not the Powers aboue
Restraine both ill men's malice, and their loue.
Caine. Let this beare witnesse: no false prophets
know,
The time or manner of their ouerthrow.
Mahomet. Nay let thy life, in his power thou
would'st kill,
Proue, God giues seldome good successe to ill.
Behold! euen Nature's inst accusing spies

Now make thy face blush forth thy guiltinesse;
Remorse begets strange contrarieties:
Confusion's warre of good and ill, I see,
At once contending for the victorie.
But Caine! hold fast these sparks, they be of truth.
These smokes will passe, and light appeare againe;
Shame past, is honor; Error is Vertue's booke,
Where knowledge doth aboue temptation looke:
Caine. What vgly musicke inward discords make!
Thoughts layd asleepe of long doe now appeare;
Euen halfe my power coniures me for his sake.
What's this? Methinkes I feele my shame grow deare.
Hate of my selfe and desolation breed,
Where ioy and pleasure I was wont to feed.
Mahomet. Who lose their euils, lose their owne despaire;
Out of which losse new hopes of honor rise,
To show the world Desire with better eyes.
Caine. What can I hope? My fruit of better wit
Is but to know I fayl'd for lacke of it.
Shame is in that I leaue, and that I doe:
The fault is onely mine; and onely I,
As acrifice vnto you all, will die.

Mahomet. Fauour thy selfe : passions are desperate,
And tempt with vncouth woe, as well as ioy.
It euill is that glories to destroy;
Her, and her counsells kill, and I agree;
For she is foe alike to thee, and me.
Caine. That is destroy my selfe ; and I consent :
For all my thoughts to thee were euill bent.
Mahomet. Caine! credit not those visions of the ill.
Faults are in flesh, as motes are in the sunne,
Where light doth shew each little thing amisse.
Presumption and Despaire liue opposite,
As Time's false glasses, wherein frailties see,
Their faultes too great, or else too little be.
But iudge the man from whom these motions grow:
Alaham ambitious is, light, violent;
His end but to suprise his father's State :
Vnto which end, no lets[1] there are but we ;
Who wonne, remou'd, or ruinèd must be.
He first tried me with riuall Iealousie,
Shewing me Hope and Honour in the start:
Besides Reuenge, by thy death offering me,
Of our diuided powers an vnitie.
But I stood firme, while he no wit dismay'd,

[1] = obstacles. G.

Tempts thee more strongly, whom he hateth more;
Resolu'd, who euer kills, shall killèd be:
So much the faithlesse ioy in cruelty.

Caine. "Mischiefe o'reflowes my thoughts, and like a sea,
Deuours the dewes, the raine, the snow, the springs,
And all their sweetnesse to his saltnesse brings."[1]
How should I ground a faith, that faithlesse know
My selfe to be? or why should he mistrust,
On whom the worst that can befall is iust?

Mahomet. Who liue distrusting, yet haue time to friend;
But who mistrusting die, make haste to goe
To that infernal monarchie of Feare,
Where worse things come to passe, than doubted were.

Caine. Mahomet! Thou hast o'recome: I yeeld, by thee

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[1] Cf. "Humane Learning" stanza 72nd: Vol II,, pp pp 33-34.
Davies of Hereford in his unequal but thought-full "Muses Sacrifice" (1612) has put the idea well:

"All good instructions fall into my soule
as Aprill-showres *into the Sea doe falle;*
Whose swelling surges doe their drops controule;
and ever *turne their sweetenesse into gall.* (p 74)

It is possible the quotation-marks here, were intended by Lord Brooke to note a reminiscence of Davies. G·

To hold my life, as sentence of my fall;
Thy worth's example, no life naturall.
Yet grant me thus-much more—to keepe thee close,
Till I thy death to Alaham impart:
Conceit it selfe doth ease a broken heart.

Mahomet. Grant me againe, while secretly I liue,
You guard your selfe from Alaham's treacherie;
Lest you haue harme; he ioy; I infamie. *Exit.*

Caine. Behold my state! bound to my enemies,
Of friends in doubt. To me euen good and ill,
The one despayre, the other cowardize.
Hala I loue: O word beyond the right,
On which is built that false thought, libertie,
Which makes great hearts in greatest ills delight.
I sought her loue through all the arts of lust;
Where Will, is faith; and Honour, tyrannie;
Mischiefe, Affection's proofe; and Shame, her trust.
Harde, backe from ill, the way to goodnesse is,
By scorne, remorse, patience, and broken heart;
Impossible to them that doe amisse.
Then on: walke in this path of death or shame;
Alaham is false, or Mahomet, or I;
Resolu'd I am, that one of vs shall die.

Chorvs Secvndvs, of Furies:

MALICE. CRAFTE. PRIDE. CORRUPT REASON. EUILL SPIRITS.

MALICE. Whence growes this fatall stay
of our progression?
Who haue no friends are deafe to intercession?
Who can withstand our power? Our ends are euill;
And so need feare no let from any diuell.

Craft. We diuerse are in works, though not in ends;
And thereby euery furie findes some friends.
Besides, we ouer-act, and therein foyle[1]
The ruine of mankinde, wherein we toyle.

Malice. Giue me one instance: wherein doe we fayle?

Craft. In that we mankind vnto Fame entayle.

Malice. That breakes Religion's bounds, and makes him our's,
By forming his god out of his owne powers:
For if by conscience he did leaue, or take;
On that smooth face we could no wrinckle make.

Craft. Yet Fame keepes outward order and supports:

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[1] The context—line 3rd—seems to shew this to be= fail in effecting or frustrate. See Glossary-Index, *s. v.* G.

For Shame and Honour are strong humane forts.
Whereas Confusion is an engine fit
For vs, at once to swallow man with it.
Malice. Nay Craft! it is thy faint hypocrisie,
That mankinde is so long protected by:
Thy often changes many times appease
Those furies, which would else destroy at ease.
Craft. Fye Malice! It is you that vs deceiue,
Who but with violence only can bereaue.
For which you finde not many natures fit,
And so adde little to our throne by it:
Where I pass thorough all the orbes of Vice,
And forme in each mould Nature's preiudice.
The Christian Church from me is not exempt;
Lawes haue by me both honour and contempt;
By me the Warre vpholds her reputation;
And Lust, which leaues no certaine generation;
Enuy, that hates all difference of degree;
And Self-loue, which hath no affinity;
Euen you, without me, cannot prosper well:
I am the mould, and maiesty of Hell.
Pride. Craft, peace! thou cuttest euery threed so thin,
As it destroyes thy works ere they beginne:
Thy cobwebs, like th' Astrologer's thinne line,
Fit for discourse, for vse are ouer-fine:
Thy state is nothing else but change and feare,

—Weeds that no fruit but fading blossomes beare—
Cloth'd with pied colours of hypocrisie,
Which like to all is, yet can nothing be.
In you no soule findes stayres to rise withall,
Descent to craft, change, feare, being naturall.
When I propound in grosse, you minutes play,
Which is the cause our tragicke workes thus stay.
My wheeles goe on at once, thine restlesse pause;
Of little works, with much adoe, the cause.
You euen in Hala sometimes breed remorse,
At least a doubt that euill hath no force.
Thou makest Caine in vndertaking slow,
Who must, to serue thy turne, like goodnesse show:
Those scenes still tedious are, those acts too long,
Where thy vnresolute[1] images be strong.
For while you feare your true tormentor—Shame—
I swallow all at once with Honor's name.
Then glory not: since where thy links excell,
There we inlarge not, but contract our Hell.
Corrupt Reason. Peace you base Subalterns! and striue no more,
That but the carriers be of my rich store.
Perchance you thinke me th' obiect of you all,
And so no Furie, but the Furies' thrall:

[1] Transition-form of 'irresolute', G.

Where I giue forme and stuffe to make you worse,
And so become your lord, and not your nurse.
I breake the banks of dutie, honor, faith,
And subiect am to no power, but to Death:
Charge me: I grant, delayes grow out of wit:
And are not all your false webs wrought by it?
To Time I haue respect, to person, place;
I crosse my selfe to giue my owne acts grace.
I am base to you all, and so the chiefe,
Equall with Truth, where I finde good beleefe.
I beare the weight of Feare, the rage of Lust,
With Self-loue, Enuy, Malice, left in trust.
I calm man's windy pride, distempered rage,
Giuing to each a shape for euery age.
Wrong I attire in purple robes of might,
That State may helpe it to be infinite.
And who is fitter here to rule you all,
Than I, that giue you being, by my fall?
  Know therefore all you shadow-louing spirits,
Who haue no being but in man's demerits:
That infinite desires and finite power,
At once, can neuer all mankinde deuoure.
Though men be all our's, and all we but one;
The vice yet cannot build, or stand alone.
Be it man's weaknesse that doth interrupt,
Or some power else that cannot be corrupt;
Or be there what there may be else aboue,

Which may and will maintaine her owne by loue:
Yet haue we scope enough to marre this State;
And to the euer being, what is late ?[1]
As men in your names, image vglinesse,
To checke belouèd children's wantonnesse,
When they would haue them doe things or forbeare;
And call you when they know you are not there:
So I enammell your deformity,
Making all your excesses like to me.
And that you may beleeue this to be true;
We are not like: for what am I, but you?
Euill Spirits. Reason! you marre our mart, by coueting
Not to be equall with vs, but our king.
For though you now like Romane augurs be,
Who, but your staffe, haue no true mysterie;
Yet doe you striue to rule, adde, or diminish,
And idly so protract what we could finish.
Else how could Alaham or Hala stay
So long from making to our ends a way?
Lust's open face this age will easily beare,
And hope here currant is to all, but Feare.
Wrong needs no veile, where times doe tyrannize;
And what, but lacke of heart, is then vnwise;

[1] = What is late to the Eternal. G,

Age hath descri'd those toyes to be but name,
Which in the world's youth did beare reall fame;
Iustice, religion, honour, humblenesse;
Shaddowes, which not well mixt, make beauty lesse.
They helpe to smother, not inlarge our fire,
By putting painted maskes on man's desire;
And giue time to vnactiue theorie,
Which Rage it selfe would not doe, were it free.
So that we, Circe-like, change men to beasts,
Which beasts turne men againe: too base a crest
For vs, that would quite banish doing well,
And so at once change Heauen and Earth, to Hell.
In which course, who doth well obserue each part,
Shall finde mankinde to haue so strange a heart;
As being all ill, yet no one ill serues
To worke him to that mischiefe he deserues:
Feare, Hope, Desire, Loue, Courage being mixt
So nicely in him, as none can be fixt;
Which is our glorie: as for euery state
To haue a tempter fitted, and a fate.
A feare in great men still, to lose their might,
And in the meane, ambition infinite;
Truth, in the witty held as a notion;
Honor, the old man's god; the youth's promotion.
All which opposing powers, yet doe agree

To worke corruption in humanity.
Then on : this time is ours : what need we haste ?
Since till times ends, our raigne is sure to last.

Actus tertius : Scena prima.

ALAHAM alone.

ALAHAM. I march aboue the wits and hearts of men ;
Chance at my feet, and power in my hand.
Now king indeed : obedience doth become
Men, that can strength by wisdome ouercome.
It honour was, euen worthy more than crownes,
To passe the Basshas in aduenturing :
They were possest, I dispossest of all,
But libertie to liue, or dye a thrall.
Truth was in vaine ; no peecing vp with Might
For me I saw ; I had too good a cause :
Counsell is slow, each minute infinite,
When resolution to her ripenesse drawes.
I saw corruption was the way to rise,
And with that shot I pierc'd their tyrannies.
Their guard I did corrupt ; base seruile spirits,
—I knew—lackt wit to see, or heart to beare
Temptations : for desire is infinite

In them, that wanting honour cannot feare.
Trial is made: the King I doe possesse:
My right is more; why should my hope be lesse?
And am I king? and doe my foes still liue?
Can wounded Greatnesse slumber in a throne?
Or that be glory which I feele alone?
No, no: let Rigour speake, which all men heare:
Life, is the worke of Nature; death, of kings:
Ruine it is, that reputation brings.
My guard is strong; their first imployment is
The murther of those men my father trusts;
Not all; for that were cruelty, not wit:
Some simple being, some indifferent sp'rits:
Their ends and honours being but delights.
Other's ambitious, rash, and violent,
No inward strength of nature or of grace;
Of present power the noblest instruments.
Transforme and vse: wit vertue doth exceed:
For it is all or none, as men haue need.
Only my care is how the plot should proue,
Which for the Basshas now in ambush lies:
My wife hath art and rage, which ioyntly moue
Her head-strong spirits vnto cruelties.
But if her craft serue not to plucke them downe,
The sword wants not pretences for the crowne.
My friends and mates!—you! vpon whom I lay
My life, and honour, with this State, in trust—

Be resolute; for Scruple doth betray;
Since all great works haue great examples must.
Then Assem, Zeraphus, and Velladoune:
Blood asketh blood: with rauine[1] they did spoyle
The people first; and now betray the crowne.
Reuenge your parents, countrey-men, and kin:
Blood here is iust, true honor and no sinne.
The cancred Calchas,[2] scourge of tyrannies,
Great master of deceipt, artisan of spoyle,
The spie of faults, and spring of subsidies;
Naked deliuer him into the sea,
To plague those faults it cannot wash away.
The rest to bonds, who though they want no spite,
Their frailty yet for innocence shall stand:
All else exile: obey in euery thing:
They happy are that serue a rising king.

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[1] Ravening, as before. G.

[2] The reference no doubt is to the character of Calchas given by Agamemnon when he accuses him of giving evil prophecies against him. (Iliad 1, 106.)

Actus tertius: Scena secunda.

CAINE. ALAHAM.

CAINE. Plac'd in a throne? guarded? ador'd? and crown'd?
What meanes this change? These signes of maiestie?
Goodnesse gets not so soone a great estate:
Mischiefe's foule way to soueraignity:
This secret haste is sure: all is imbound.[1]
What shall I do? hold on the course I meant? Why not?
The death of Mahomet still will content.
Thy will is done; and Mahomet is slaine.
Alaham. My minde misgaue it selfe; my thoughts did feare;
Yet knew I they of nothing guilty were.
By fate or malice is the Bassha slaine?
Caine. By fate I thinke: for Iustice fatall is,
As God's bequest to them that doe amisse.
Alaham. By suddaine death, by thunder, lightning, fire,
Or by what other anger of the skie?
I pray thee shew how Mahomet did die.

---

[1] Inclosed, shut in. G.

Caine. By these hands that owe seruice to the State,
And by his blood haue made it fortunate.
Alaham. What execration did he dying vse
Against this violence of broken faith;
Which wounds good soules more than the bodie's death?
Caine. In falling downe these only words he spake:
"Helpe people! helpe: my death your bondage brings:
"Behold! these wounds receiue I for your sake;
"Reward of them that friend you vnder kings.
"Vile Caine! that—like the axe—do'st goe about
"To cut thy selfe an helve to weare thee out.
Alaham. Most wicked act! Could neither faith, nor law,
Reuerence of State, remorse of doing ill,
The paines of iustice, nor the hopes, withdraw
Thy raging hand? . . . . . .
And do'st thou thinke the world can suffer this,
That thou should'st glory to haue done amisse?
Caine. Is thy desire growne wanton in her ioy?
Or do'st thou seeme to say thy wishes nay,
More kindly in the end with them to play?
Alaham. By fires of hell, which burne and haue no light;

By those foule spirits which ill men only see;
I sweare thy death shall Mahomet's requite.
Caine. Vnto the world although I guilty be;
I did thy will: let me be cleare to thee.
Alaham. In vaine I should command his death, by sleights,
That placèd am vpon the father's seat,
Where power can easlier doe things, than intreat.
Caine. The state of kings is large; yet lacks in this,
That easie each thing, but not lawfull is.
Besides, you then a second brother were;
Nor knew I, when this plot we did deuise,
You should see clearer by your father's eyes.
Alaham. Rumor, complaints, and scornfull thoughts of power,
Are wayes of priuate hearts, that from below
Misiudge those higher powers, they doe not know.
But now borne vp into a prince's throne,
Beneath I see that world of discontent,
Where Error teacheth vse of punishment.
Away with him. Entreatie is in vaine:
Thy death to him is due, whom thou hast slaine.
Caine. "Ah fearefull friendships with superior powers!
"Whose two parts, they themselues and their estates,

" Diuide, or ioyne like nets, and be the snare,
" Where Loue and Feare to Power entrappèd are.
Alaham! aduow[1] thy deed . . . . . .
To constant wickednesse men honour beare,
Where Truth it selfe hath iniurie by feare.

Alaham. I say, let him be slaine; his fault is this,
That Mahomet most trayterously he slew.

Caine. Stay Sir! I say that he still liuing is,
And my confession of my selfe vntrue.

Alaham. Traytor vnto thy selfe! and false to me!
What riddles of contempt and wickednesse
Are these, which of thy selfe confessèd be?
If Mahomet be dead then shalt thou die:
For murther of thy friend deserues no lesse.
If Mahomet doe liue, yet shalt thou die:
For if no murther, scorne thou do'st confesse:
Away with him.

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[1] Transition-form of 'avow'. G.

Actus tertius. Scena tertia.

HALA. ALAHAM.

HALA. What tumult's this my Lord?

Alah. The play of Chance,
Which without mischiefe nothing can aduance.

Hala. Yet good Sir! tell me what this tumult is.

Alaham. The fall of him whose heart hath done amisse.

Hala. His name and crime—sweet lord—I long to know,

Alaham. Report of mischiefe doth infect the heart,
And Wisedome bids they should in silence goe:
For Nature feeleth euery bodie's smart.

Hala. Women, belike, are still in infancy,
That must not feare, or prouocation see.
The glasse of Horror is not fact but feare:
Opinion is a tyrant every where.

Alaham. If I shall tell you what you long to know,
What boots it? If you thinke it is not so.

Hala. What leades your reason, leades my reason too,
That all your words conceiue in kindnesse doe.

Alaham. The man that was, and is not now,
is he,
That neuer was the man he seem'd to be.
Caine: What need more to shew? with him are
dead
His fault, and our goodwills to him mislead.
Hala. What heare I now? O false and weake
estate
Of good beleefe! Wherin shall peace be found?
Since gods be not, and mankinde made to hate.
Caine dead? euen Caine, whom now we louèd
best,
In instants both growne wicked and opprest?
Caine slaine by you! Hath Caine deseruèd this?
O God! Like strange his crime, and killing is.
Perchance not dead my Lord! How was he slaine?
Alaham. By sword.
Hala. Wounds let forth spirits, yet liue againe.
Alaham. Nay, dead he is. These eyes did see
his breath
Beare all his spirits into the world of Death.
Hala. Necessity, that from infernall night
Fatally linkèd art vnto the skies!
Beare thee we cannot, yet we beare thee must.
Now hopes appeare: euen now my heart resolues
Reuenge; and silence is the way to it:
Did he confesse his fault? What spake he last?

Alaham. Ah Mahomet! whose hopes were on me plac'd.

Hala. Hasty beleefe—my Lord—hath hasty deeds,
And with their wounds, oft Truth and Wisdome bleeds.

Alaham. When wickednesse is ripe, a minute showes
What chance the dice of Innocency throwes.

Hala. Pardon me Lord! good thoughts doe liue aboue,
In highest region of vnfeignèd love:
Doubt and reuenge, Nature hath plac'd below
Meaning the space should make the passage slow.

Alaham. God, meaning we should rule and you obey,
Gaue men cleare sight, and women good affection:
In vs, not in your selues, lies your election.

Hala. My Lord! 'tis true: our frayle and weake estate
Doth labor in excesse: a woman's heart
Still in the feuer is of loue or hate.
Hardly the loue which I did beare to Caine,
Could thinke he err'd; much lesse approue him slaine.
But now his fall's approu'd by heauenly doome,[1]

[1] = judgement. G.

Our losse in him fortells our gaine to come.
Then Sir! take care his death be not in vaine.
Your silly Sire is blinde; if he were dead,
This reeling State by you might stand againe:
True Ioy is onely Hope put out of feare,
And Honour hideth error euerywhere.
A forme the world expects in worldly things:
Caine was a man, a Bassha, and our friend;
Sepulture, as a man; honor to his estate;
Teares doe become a guilty friendship's end:
Excesse of honour, done to them that die,
Makes liuing men see our humanity.
Besides, thought-feeding Rumor forth will goe;
And occupie vnquiet people's spirits,
While in this pile for Caine you may bestow
Their blinded weaknesse, which with-hold your right,
People doe power, not persons apprehend;
Strength showes like truth; mankinde loues policie:
Defended kings, but not reuengèd be.
Alaham. Enuy will rise, and both wayes fall on vs;
Either as hauing slaine an innocent,
Or highly err'd by burying treason thus:
In penall iustice silence best contents.
Hala. Rumor must needs be borne of doing mindes

Enuy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate.
Alaham. I feare the cariage: it hath many parts.
And Hazard's courses may finde ouerthwarts.
Hala. My shame is equally engag'd with your's
Intents ill carried are that men may know:
When things are done, let Rumor freely goe.
Alaham. Great works doe oft yeeld grievous accidents;
Which stirre vp people's rage beyond intents.
Hala. People are superstitious, caught with showes;
To Power why doe they else their freedome giue,
But that in others' pompe these shadowes liue?
Alaham. O blessed yoke! that vnder reason drawes
The pleasant load of well-vnited loue:
Thy counsell—as mine owne—I doe approue.
Hala. Then send the priest: to me bequeath the rest.
For superstition hides ill meaning best.

Actus Tertius. *Scena Quarta.*

HALA. NUTRIX.

HALA. And is he gone? Rage then vn-
prisoned be!
I like thee well! While Alaham was
there,
Thou then didst vse thy violence on me.
Now prey abroad; swell aboue all respect;
Feare nothing, if notorious thou wilt raigne:
Thy glories shine, when euery one complaine.
What now? A child? And dost thou idly walke
The beaten pathes of common cruelty?
A iudge, and no reuenger then am I,
If thou no more than his offences be.
While Caine did liue thou thought'st of more than
this:
Shall Death, Desire, Hope, Fame, and fortunes lost
Such fading trophies haue?
Can thankfulnesse abound? and shall offense
Not feele, Reuenge hath her magnificence?
Rage! now thou art aboue the orbe of doubt,
Where danger dangerlesse appeares to thee;
Diuine—I pray thee—what shall fall to me?
Must I be slaine?

Nutrix. Monstrous I know, this woman's
nature is.

The worst she still, her selfe she now exceeds,[1]
That dares scarce trust herselfe with that she breeds.

Hala. Well! now I feele thee rise, when I admire:
When hills haue clouds, let all the vallies feare.
Scorn'st thou to make examples out of him?
Hast thou found out his children? they are mine:
Proud Horrour! Do'st thou chuse the innocent?
False conqueror of nature! do'st thou moue
A woman's spite to spoyle a mother's loue?
Rage! shall we striue which shall giue other place?

Nutrix. Hala! suppresse; you need not kindle Rage.

Hala. Well! on, so that—like Ruine—I may fall,
And ruine him; take children, me, and all.

Nutrix. Hala! distract! haue senses lost their vse?

Hala. Is there a third that traffiketh abuse?

Nutrix. I bring you pietie, dutie, reason, loue;
Water, to quench these flames that passions moue.

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[1] The worst she still (i. e. constantly) exceeds; she now exceeds herself. G.

Hala. Throw on enough. No sea can quench
this flame,
And then, what cannot quench doth but inflame.
Nutrix. For whom doe you this sumptuous
storme prepare?
Hala. For whom are wiue's estates inioyn'd
to care?
Nutrix. Is malice currant where respect is due?
Hala. Power doth what likes in her inferiors
moue;
As we are ses'd[1], so pay we hate, or loue.
Nutrix. What fault in him mou'd these effects
in you?
Hala. Thoughts are too strict, much lesse can
words containe;
The venome of his malice is too deepe
For any power but Revenge to keepe.
Nutrix. Then Rage is lost: For there is
nought in man,
That equall paine with such offences can.
Hala. Be that the gage. Man's senses barren
were
If they could apprehend but what they feele.
Ills doe with place—like numbers—multiply:

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[1] Assessed. G.

The liuing, dead, malice, affection, feare :[1]
My wombe, and I doe his affliction beare.
Nutrix. Will you destroy your owne?
Hala. My owne are his.
Nutrix. Infamous act!
Hala. Rage doth but now begin.
Nutrix. Can'st thou doe worse?
Hala. Else to my selfe I sinne:
Life is too short; Horrour exceeds not Faith,
That cannot plague offences after death.
Nutrix. Ah! calme this storme; these vgly torrents shunne
Of rage, which drowne thy selfe, and all besides.
Hala. Furies! no more irregularly runne,
But arted: teach Confusion to diuide.
Nutrix. If kinde be disinherited in thee,
Yet haue compassion of this orphane State.
Hala. That is the worke which men shall wonder at:
For while his ruin'd are, yet mine shall raigne;
His heirs, but yet true issue vnto Caine.
Nutrix. These works on princes' ruines must be built.

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[1] The living and the dead fear malice and aflection. More specifically, the living fear malice ; the dead affection. G.

Hala. For my reuenge no baser blood is spilt.
Nutrix. What force can princes forces ouer-
beare?
Hala. That force, which makes their pride it
cannot feare.
Nutrix, How enters malice where there is
mistrust?
Hala. With tribute into State: to kings with
lust.
Nutrix. What way to these?
Hala. Prosperity, successe.
Nutrix. These adde more power:
Hala. So much suspects the lesse.
Nutrix. What can you adde?
Hala. Presents, obedience, praise
They need not knocke to enter in that please.
Nutrix. Flatteries are plaine.
Hala. To kings that see their ill.
Nut. Kings iealous are.
Hala Of truth, not of their will.
Nutrix. Vsurpers feare.
Hala. Worth, not humilitie.
Kings errors are our agents in their hearts;
Their priuate passions wound their publike States;
Time hath her arguments, and Place her Arts.
This day he doth consummate all his ioy:
Glory now at the full is not suspitious;

And what addes to his pompe shall him destroy.
A crowne, and mantle of most curious worke
I haue prepar'd euen with Egyption skill,
And poyson him in pleasing him I will.

Nutrix. My spirits fayle.

Hala. Till Alaham's ills doe tremble,
Horrour is faint; Rage doth but Rage resemble.
Depart; keep secret, and be not dismayd:
Vnperfect works cannot their glories show;
This goodly World did from a chaos grow.

Exit, Nutrix.

Now Caine! for whose reuenge I ouly liue,
Inspire thy ghost to multiply in me
More sense, to make my senses more enrag'd;
More loue, to make Loue's losses more in thee;
Double my wit beyond my strength engag'd;
Open all lights of possibility;
Let Griefe, which yet keepes companie with Death,
Breake forth, and poyson all things with her breath.

Actus tertius: Scena quinta.

PRIEST. HALA.

PRIEST. Madame! whom men obey, and God doth heare:
What zeale, remorse, or charity doth moue

Your heart? The King leaues all things to your
loue.

Hala. Caine, who of late did liue to both vs deare,
'Tis true, did fayle; and for his fault is slaine:
Our hearts are eas'd, as hauing lost their feare,
The rites of humane duties yet remaine.
A king's belou'd he was; sometimes[1] our friend;
Which must appeare in honour of his end.

Such royall piles, as for the princely race
Are made a sacrifice vnto the skie,
In honor of that God, which gaue them place:
Such sumptuous piles make: but more cost bestow
Because both iust reuenge and loue they show.

Summon the Mufti, and soothsayers all,
The Persian Magi, Christian Starre-Diuines;
The first, to sing alike his faith and fall,
The last, to tell how higher Power inclines.
In short; reuenge and loue shine in those fires;
Powre on all pompe that magnifies desires:
As if at once by crosse mortality,
The prince and princely line were dead in one;
Let mourning and deuotion to the skie

[1] Sometimes. It sounds oddly to read as on old title-pages of a 'painful' Pastor who lived and died in his lowly sphere of service, that he was *sometimes* preacher there, when really he was permanently there. See my edition of SIBBES. *s.v.* G.

Be offred vp in pompe and publike mone.
Magnificence is princely mystery;
All great estates by great expence are knowne,
Prepare excesse: let no cost be forgot;
It makes men wonder, though they honour not.
Musicke to fix the wandring spirit's race,
And sweeten Enuie's thoughts in vnity;
That Sorrow and Deuotion may haue place,
Remorse and Pittie flow, and multiply.
Lights of all kinds the light of day shut out;
For darknesse so enammeled is deuout. *Exit.*

Priest. Vnhappy state of priesthood here below,
Who haue to doe with curious Atheisme,
With sinne in flesh, and in the Church with schisme.
Our office is an holy mystery,
To teach kings, God; and euery subiect, king;
How one obedience doth another bring.
But what boots truth to flesh, or lawes to might?
Beleefe a wonder is, obedience woe.
And shall we priests, that vnder princes liue,
Striue in our selues with Vice, abroad with Might?
And like the hands which winnow rich men's gaine,
Grow poore in all, but only woe and paine?
No, no: the eyes of priests looke euer low,
To finde the key of Power, that is aboue;
When that is found, all faults beneath we know;

But Maiesty hides faults, as well as loue.
And though these rites of princely funerall,
By lawes diuine, should not prophanèd be,
With lesse, than with descents of Maiesty;
Yet Caine! more princely—by thy prince's grace—
Shall be thy tombe, than euer prince's was.

CHORVS TERTIVS.

A DIALOGUE OF GOOD AND EUILL SPIRITS.

THE GOOD. What is your scope vaine ghosts? would you o' rebuild the skie?
Were not men's many tongues, and minds their Babel-destinie?
Your beings discords are, and what can they create
But disproportion, which is still the fairest marke of fate?

The Ill. Are you afrayd poore soules? Else why do you descend
To question or conferre with vs, to whom you are no friends?
Who feare their owne estates doe commonly first speake,
As they againe put goodnesse on, who find their party weake.

We doe but what we did, which is increase our might;
And as on Earth, so in the ayre, cry downe your borrowed light.

The Good. What can you winne of vs, that must be as we were?
Whereas you, exiles out of heauen, can hope for nothing there.

The Ill. We, that were as you are, know well what you can be;
Where you, that neuer were like vs, what can you in vs see?

The Good. That you haue first destroyed yourselues, and are ordain'd
To scourge, curse, and corrupt that Earth, which you boast to haue gain'd.

The Ill. Why did not you defend that which was once your owne?
Betweene vs two, the odds of worth, by odds of power is knowne.
Besides, mappe clearely out your infinite extent,
Euen in the infancy of Time, when much was innocent;
Could this world then yeeld ought to enuie or desire,
Where pride of courage made men fall, and basenesse rais'd them higher?

Where they that would be great, to be so, must be least?
And where to beare and suffer wrong, was Vertue's natiue crest?
Man's skinne, was then his silke; the world's wild fruit his food;
His wisdome, poore simplicity; his trophies inward good.
No Maiesty, for power; nor glories, for man's worth;
Nor any end, but—as the plants—to bring each other forth.
Temples and vessels fit for outward sacrifice,
As they came in, so they go out with that which you count vice.
The priesthood few and poore; no throne, but open ayre:
For that which you call good, allowes of nothing that is faire.
No Pyramis[1] rais'd vp aboue the force of thunder,
Nor Babel-walles by Greatnesse built, for Littlenesse a wonder
No conquest testifying wit, with [dauntless[2]] courage mixt;

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[1] Pyramid, as before: and see relative note. G.

[2] I have supplied this word as one has been evidently dropped. G.

As wheeles whereon the world must runne, and
neuer can be fixt.
No arts or characters to read the great God in,
Nor stories of acts done; for these all entred with
the sinne.
A lasy calme, wherein each foole a pilot is:
The glory of the skilfull shines, where men may
go amisse.
Till we came in, there was no triall of your
might,
And since we were: in men, your selues presume
of little right.
Then cease to blast the Earth with your abstracted
dreames
And striue no more to carry men against Affec-
tions streames.
Nay rather tempt and proue, if long life make
them wise,
That must, to haue their beauties seene, put out
all fleshly eyes.
Or when they be no more, eternall then to be,
Neglect the ioy and glorious vse of Time's felicity.
Cast out these thinne-weau'd lines, and catch
some little flyes;
The greater spirits which are ours, feele not these
nimble tyes.
In Alaham for instance, plead your power or
right;

Entise him from a mortall crowne, with your
crown infinite.
Proue if he will forbeare vnnaturall parricide,
To see who in the sea of humors shall the scepter
guide.
Trie if proud Hala will forget the death of Caine,
And reconcil'd, in dutie, with her owne lord liue,
and raigne:
Moue Celica, that spirit reputed for your owne,
To see if she, to saue her life, would haue her
fame vnknowne.
Worke Zophi- -that poor soule—though blinde, to
leaue his breath:
We only make things cheape or deare, as lords of
life and death.
Lastly, perswade the king to liue, and saue his
crowne;
And all the world shall see we rayse, and we pull
princes downe.
So that your beings here are but a tincture cast
—Like crests vpon the Egypt Pharos[1]—to disguise
not last.
Besides, take from the world that which you
reckon sinne;
And she must be, as at the first, for euer to beginne.

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[1] Egyptian Pharaohs. G.

A glorious, spacious wombe fram'd to containe
but one;
Since he, that in it will be your's, is sure to be
alone.
Keepe therefore where you are; descend not, but
ascend:
For, vnderneath the sun, be sure no braue state
is your friend.
The Good. What haue you wonne by this, but
that curst vnder Sinne,
You make and marre; throw downe and raise; as
euer to beginne;
Like meteors in the ayre, you blaze but to burne
out;
And change your shapes—like phantom'd clouds—
to leaue weake eyes in doubt.
Not Truth but truth-like grounds is that you
worke vpon,
Varying in all but this, that you can neuer long
be one:
Then play here with your art, false miracle deuise;
Deceiue, and be deceiuèd still, be foolish, and
seeme wise;
In peace erect your thrones, your delicacie spread;
The flowers of Time corrupt, soone spring, and are
as quickly dead.
Let Warre, which—tempest-like—all with it selfe
o'rethrowes,

Make of this diuerse world a stage for blood enammeld showes.
Successiuely both these yet this fate follow will,
That all their glories be no more than change from ill to ill.
So as with Peace or Warre, if you adorne one realme.
In both, through other climes againe, you runne with barren streame.
Rest no where therefore, but still wander as you doe;
And restlesse be they, as you are, that shall receiue you too.
Giue Alaham more scope to multiply his error,
With parent's blood adorne his throne; more guilt still adds more terrour.
Let Hala's wicked heart—for all ill births a wombe—
By violence of passion, make for many vices roome.
Let ill example in to staine the Christian nation;
The same excesse destroyes at last, which first gaue reputation.
Conspire against the Truth, you haue an easie foe:
For in the world, all that are her's can neuer currant goe.
Vnder the next good, shaddow your deform'd excesse;

Yet shall your maskèd arts and hornes, your
clouen feet expresse.
Wherby your beauties be so priz'd among your
owne;
As they will blush for yours, by name, or nature
to be knowne.
Againe, take all the world, if it one soule con-
tent;
Then freely let mankinde beleeue you are omni-
potent.
But if your legions here doe in their glories raue,
Tormented while they liue on Earth, and much
more in the graue;
If to be nothing be the best that could befall;
Your subtile orbes, to reall beings, then must needs
be thrall.
And so proue to the good but like those showres
of raine.
Which, while they wet the husbandman, yet
multiply his gaine.

Actus quartus: Scena prima.

KING. CELICA.

KING. Celica! thou only child, whom I
repent
Not yet to haue begot! thy worke is
vaine:

Thou run'st against my Destinie's intent.
Feare not my fall; the steepe is fayrest plaine,
And Error safest guide vnto his end,
Who nothing but Mischance can haue to friend.
We parents are but Nature's nursery,
When our succession springs then ripe to fall;
Priuation vnto age is naturall:
Age there is also in a prince's state,
Which is contempt, growne of misgouernment;
Where loue of change begetteth prince's hate:
For hopes must wither, or grow violent,
If fortune binde desires to one estate.
Then marke: blinde, as a man: scorn'd as a king:
A father's kindnesse loath'd, and desolate:
Life without ioy or light: what can it bring,
But inward horrour vnto outward hate?
O Safety! thou art then a hatefull thing,
When children's death assures the father's State.
No; safe I am not, though my sonne were slaine,
My frailty would beget such sonnes againe.
Besides, if fatall be the heauen's will,
Repining adds more force to distinie;
Whose iron wheeles stay not on fleshly wit,
But headlong runne downe steep Necessity.
And as in danger we doe catch at it
That comes to helpe; and vnaduisedly

Oft doe our friends to our misfortune knit:
So with the harme of those who would vs good,
Is Destinie impossibly withstood.
Celica then cease: importune me no more:
My sonne, my age, the state where things are now
Require my death. Who would consent to liue,
Where Loue cannot reuenge, nor Truth forgiue?
Celica. Though Feare see nothing but extremity,
Yet Danger is no deep sea, but a ford,
Where they that yield can only drownèd be
In wrongs and wounds; Sir, you are to[o] remisse:
To thrones a passiue nature fatall is.
King. Occasion to my sonne hath turn'd her face;
My inward wants all my outward strengths betray,
And so make that impossible I may.
Celica. Yet liue: . . . . . .
Liue for the State.
King. Whose ruines glasses are,
Wherein see errors of my selfe I must,
And hold my life of danger, shame, and care.
Celica. When Feare propounds, with losse men euer choose.
King. Nothing is left me, but my selfe to lose.
Celica. And is it nothing then to lose the State?
King. Where chance is ripe, there counsell comes to late:

Celica ! by all thou ow'st the gods and me,
I doe coniure thee, leaue me to my chance.
What's past was Error's way; the truth it is,
Wherein I wretch can only goe amisse.
" If Nature saw no cause of suddaine ends,
She that but one way made to draw our breath,
Would not haue left so many doores to Death.
Celica. Yet Sir ! if weakenesse be not such a sande,
As neither wrong, or counsell can manure;
Choose, and resolue what death you will endure.
King. This sword, thy hands, may offer vp my breath,
And plague my life's remissenesse in my death.
Celica. Vnto that dutie if these hands be borne,
I must thinke God and Truth, but names of scorne.
Againe, this iustice were, if life were lou'd;
Now meerly grace; since death doth but forgiue
A life to you, which is a death to liue:
Paine must displease that satisfies offence.
King. Chance hath left Death no more to spoile but sense.
Celica. Then sword ! doe Iustice' office thorough me;
I offer more than that he hates to thee.
King. Ah ! Stay thy hand: my State no equall hath,

And much more matchlesse my strange vices be :
One kinde of death becomes not thee and me :
Kings plagues by Chance or Destinie should fall :
Headlong he perish must that ruines all.

Celica. No cliffe, or rocke is so precipitate,
But downe it eyes can leade the blinde a way ;
Without me liue, or with me dye you may.

King. Celica ! and wilt thou Alaham exceed ?
His crueltie is death, you torments vse ;
He takes my crowne, you take my selfe from me ;
A prince of this falne Empire let me be.

Celica. Then be a king, no tyrant of thy selfe :
Be, and be what you will : what Nature lent
Is still in her's, and not our gouernment.

King. If disobedience and obedience both
Still doe me hurt ; in what strange state am I ?
But hold thy course : It well becomes my blood,
To doe their parents mischiefe with their good.

Celica. Yet Sir ! harke to the poore oppressèd teares,
The iust men's moane, that suffer by your fall ;
A prince's charge is to protect them all.
And shall it nothing be that I am yours ?
The world without, my heart within doth know,
I neuer had vnkinde, vnreuerent powers.
If thus you yeeld to Alaham's treacherie ;
He ruines you ; 'tis you, Sir, ruine me.

King. Celica! Call vp the dead; awake the blinde;
Turne backe the time; bid windes tell whence they come;
As vainly strength speakes to a broken minde.
Fly from me Celica! hate all I doe:
Misfortunes haue in blood successions too.

Celica. Will you doe that which Alaham can not?
He hath no good: you haue no ill, but he:
This Marre-right yeelding's Honor's tyrany.

King. Haue I not done amisse? Am I not ill,
That ruin'd haue a king's authority?
And not one king alone, since princes all
Feele part of those scornes, whereby one doth fall.
Treason against me cannot treason be:
All lawes haue lost authority in me.

Celica. 'The lawes of power chain'd to men's humors be.
'The good haue conscience; the ill—like instruments—
'Are, in the hands of wise authority,
'Mouèd, diuided, vsèd, or layd downe;
'Still, with desire, kept subject to a crowne.
'Stirre up all States, all spirits: hope and feare,
Wrong and reuenge, are currant euerywhere.

King. Put down my sonne: for that must be the way;

A father's shame, a prince's tyrannie :
The scepter euer shall misjudgèd be.
Celica. Let them feare Rumor that doe worke amisse ;
Blood, torments, death, horrors of cruelty,
Haue time and place. Looke through these skinnes of feare,
Which still perswade the better side to beare.
And since thy sonne thus trayterously conspires,
Let him not prey on all thy race and thee :
Keepe ill example from posterity.
King. Danger is come : and must I now vnarme ?
And let in hope to weaken resolution ?
Passion ! be thou my legacie and will ;
To thee I giue my life, crowne, reputation ;
My pompes to clouds ; and—as forlorne with men—
My strength to women ; hoping this alone,
Though fear'd, sought, and a king, to liue vnknowne
Celica ! all these to thee : doe thou bestow
This liuing darknesse, wherein I doe goe.
Celica. My soule now ioyes : doing breathes horrour out ;
Absence must be our first steppe : let vs fly :
A pawse in rage makes Alaham to doubt ;
Which doubt may stirre in people hope and feare,
With loue or hate, to seeke you euerywhere.
For princes liues are Fortune's miserie ;

'As dainty sparks, which men dead doe know,
'To kindle for himselfe each man doth blow.
But harke! what's this? Malice doth neuer sleepe:
I heare the spies of Power drawing neere.
Sir! follow me: Misfortune's worst is come;
Her strength is change, and change yeelds better doome,
Choice now is past. Hard by there is a pile
Built, vnder colour of a sacrifice;
If God doe grant, it is a place to saue;
If God denies, it is a ready graue.

Actvs quartus. *Scena secunda.*

ZOPHI. CELICA.

ZOPHI. Where am I now? All things are silent here.
What shall I doe? Goe on from place to place,
Not knowing what to trust, or whom to feare?
Yet what should I not feare, that liue to know
Rights, kingdomes, parents, all, my ouerthrow?
Are these the specious hopes of princes' heires?
Is Right still subiect to aspiring wit?
Haue they that stand by princes, more despaires,
Than they that doe supplant annoynted heires?

Is Expectation nothing else in me,
But Woe's fore-runner, to make deep impression,
By these surprises of aduersity?
Are these the glorious triumphs of this day?
Absent, in presence; banisht, in recalling;
A throne, a tombe; a prince become a prey.
Ah cruell, false, ambitious thirst of State!
Bloody-like rage! but more reuengefull still,
Because their ends doe more inflame their will.
My rights and hopes I giue, and doe forguie:
Wrong! take the world; let me enioy my selfe.
Scorn'd, blind, I cannot harme. Ah! let me liue.
Let Power despise . . . . . .
My needlesse, guiltlesse blood. The strength of feare
The losse of all things, but of life, can beare.
Celica. What see I here! More spectacles of woe?
And are my kinred only made to be
Agents and patients in iniquity?
Ah forlone wretch! Ruine's example right!
Lost to thy selfe, not to thy enemie,
Whose hand, euen while thou fliest, thou fal'st into;
And with thy fall, thy father do'st vndoe.
Saue one I may: Nature would saue them both;
But Chance hath many wheels, Rage many eyes.
lon innocents?

Not helpe a helplesse brother throwne on me?
Is Nature narrow to aduersity?
No, no: Our God left duty for a law;
Pittie, at large, Loue, in authority;
Despaire, in bonds; Feare, of it selfe in awe:
That rage of Time, and Power's strange liberty,
Oppressing good men, might resistance finde:
Nor can I to a brother be lesse kinde.
Do'st thou, that can'st not see, hope to escape?
Disgrace can have no friend; contempt, no guide;
Right, is thy guilt; thy iudge, Iniquity;
Which desolation casts on them that see.

Zophi. Make calme thy rage: pittie a ghost distrest:
My right, my liberty, I freely give:
Giue him that neuer harm'd thee, leaue to liue.

Celica. Nay; God, the World, thy parents it denie;
A brother's icalous heart, vsurpèd might
Growes friendes with all the world, except thy right.

Zophi. Secure thy selfe: Exile me from this coast:
My fault, suspition is; my iudge, is Feare;
Occasion, with my selfe, away I beare.

Celica. Fly vnto God: for in humanity
Hope there is none. Reach me thy fearfull hand:

I am thy sister; neither fiend, nor spie
Of tyrants' rage; but one that feeles despaire
Of thy estate, which thou do'st only feare.
Kneele downe; embrace this holy mystery,
A refuge to the worst for rape and blood;
And yet, I feare, not hallowed for the good.

Zophi. Helpe God! defend Thine altar! since Thy might,
In Earth, leaues Innocence no other right.

Celica. Eternall God! that seest Thy selfe in vs!
If vowes be more than sacrifice of lust,
Ray'sd from the smokes of Hope and Feare in vs;
Protect this innocent; calme Alaham's rage;
By miracles faith goes from age to age.
Affection trembles, Reason is opprest;
Nature, methinkes, doth her owne entrayles teare:
In resolution ominous is Feare.

Actus quartus: Scena tertia.

ALAHAM. CELICA.

ALAHAM. Sirs! seeke the city, examine, torture, racke:
Sanctuaries none let there be: make darknesse knowne:

Pull downe the roofes, digge, burne, put all to
wracke:
And let the guiltlesse for the guilty grone.
Change, shame, misfortune in their scaping, lie:
And in their finding our prosperity.
Good fortune welcome! we haue lost our care,
And found our losse: Celica distract I see;
The king is neere: she is her father's eyes.
Behold! the forlorne wretch, halfe of my feare,
Takes sanctuary at holy altar's feet:
Lead him apart, examine, force, and try:
These binde the subiect, not the monarchy.
Celica! awake: that God of whom you craue
Is deafe, and only giues men what they haue.
Celica. Ah cruell wretch! guilty of parent's
blood!
Might I, poore innocent, my father free,
My murther yet were lesse impiety.
But on; deuoure: feare only to be good:
Let vs not scape: thy glory then doth rise,
When thou at once thy house do'st sacrifice.
Alaham. Tell me where thy father is.
Celic. O! bloody scorne!
Must he be kill'd againe that gaue thee breath?
Is duty nothing else in thee but death.
Alaham. Leaue off this maske; deceipt is neuer
wise;

Though he be blind, a king hath many eyes
Celica. O twofold scorne! God be reueng'd for me.
Yet since my father is destroy'd by thee,
Adde still more scorne, it sorrow multiplies.
Alaham. Passions are learn'd, not borne within the heart,
That method keepe: order is Quiet's art.
Tell where he is: for looke what Loue conceales,
Paine out of Nature's labyrinth reueales.
Celica. This is reward which thou do'st threaten me:
If terrour thou wilt threaten, promise ioyes.
Alah. Smart, cooles these boyling stiles of vanity.
Celica. And if my father I no more shall see,
Helpe me vnto the place where he remaines;
To Hell below, or to the skie aboue:
The way is easie, where the guide is Loue.
Alah. Confesse: where is he hid?
Celica. Racke not my woe.
Thy glorious pride of this vnglorious[1] deed
Doth mischeife, ripe; and therefore falling, show.
Alah. Bodies haue place, and blindnesee must be led:
Graues be the thrones of kings, when they be dead.

[1] Transition-form of 'inglorious'. G.

Celica. He was—Vnhappy—cause that thou
art now;
Thou art, ah wicked! cause that he is not;
And fear'st thou parricide can be forgot?
Beare witnesse, Thou Almighty God on high!
And you blacke Powers inhabiting below!
That for his life my selfe would yeeld to die.
Alah. Well Sirs! Goe seeke the darke and
secret caues,
The holy temples, sanctified cells,
All parts wherein a liuing corps may dwell.
Celica. Seeke him amongst the dead, you plac'd.
him there:
Yet lose no paines, good soules, goe not to hell;
And, but to heauen, you may goe euerywhere.
Guilty, with you, of his blood let me be,
If any more I of my father know,
Than that he is where you would haue him goe.
Alah. Teare vp the vaults: behold her agonies!
" Sorrow subtracts, and multiplies the spirits;
" Care and desire doe vnder anguish cease!
" Doubt curious is, affecting piety;
" Woe, loues it selfe; Feare from it selfe would
flie.
Doe not these trembling motions witnesse beare,
That all these protestations be of feare.

Celica. If ought be quicke in me, moue it with scorne:
Nothing can come amisse to thoughts forlorne.
Alah. Confesse in time: reuenge is mercilesse.
Celica. Reward and Paine, Feare and Desire too
Are vaine, in things impossible to doe.
Alah. Tell yet where thou thy father last didst see.
Celica. Euen where he by his losse of eyes hath wonne,
That he no more shall see his monstrous sonne.
First, in perpetuall night thou mad'st him goe;
His flesh the graue, his life the stage, where Sense
Playes all the tragedies of pain and woe.
And wouldst thou trayterously thy selfe exceed,
By seeking thus to make his ghost to bleed?
Alah. Beare her away: deuise, adde to the racke
Torments, that both call death, and turne it backe.
Celica. The flattering glasse of Power is others' paine.
Perfect thy worke, that heauen and hell may know,
To worse I cannot, going from thee, goe.
" Eternall life, that euer liu'st aboue!
" If sense there be with Thee of hate or loue;

"Reuenge my king, and father's ouerthrow.
"O father! if that name reach vp so high,
"And be more than a proper word of art,
"To teach respects in our humanity;
"Accept these paines, whereof you feele no smart.

Actus quartus: Scena quarta.

KING. ALAHAM.

KING. What sound is this of Celica's distresse?
Alaham! wrong not a silly sister's faith.
'Tis plague enough that she is innocent;
My child, thy sister; borne—by thee and me—
With shame and sinne, to haue affinity.
Breake me; I am the prison of thy thought:
Crownes deare enough, with father's blood, are bought.
Alah. Now feele thou shalt, thou ghost vnnaturall!
Those wounds which thou to my heart then did'st giue,
When, in despite of God, this State, and me,
Thou did'st from death mine elder brother free.
The smart of king's oppression doth not die:
Time, rusteth malice; rust, wounds cruelly.

King. Flatter thy wickednesse, adorne thy rage;
To weare a crowne teare vp thy father's age.
Kill not thy sister: it is lacke of wit,
To doe an ill that brings no good with it.
Alah. Goe, lead them hence. Prepare the funerall;
Hasten the sacrifice, and pompe of woe.
Where she did hide him, thither let them goe.
King. "O God! who mad'st those lawes which this wretch breaks,
"Let parents' blood this curse vpon him bring;
"That he, who of a child breakes all respect,
"May, in his children, finde the same neglect.

CHORVS QVARTVS,

Of People.

LIKE as strong windes doe worke vpon the sea,
Stirring and tossing waues to warre each other:
So princes doe with people's humors play,
As if Confusion were the scepter's mother.
But crownes! take heed: when humble things mount high,
The windes oft calme before the billowes lie.

When we are all wrong'd, had we all one minde,

Whom could you punish? what could you reserue?
Againe, as Hope and Feare distract mankinde;
Knew kings their strength, our freedome were to
serue.
But Fate doth to her selfe reserue both these,
With each to punish other, when it please.

Grant that we be the stuffe for princes' art,
By and on it, to build their thrones aboue vs:
Yet if kings be the head, we be the heart;
And know we loue no soule that doth not loue vs.
Men's many passions iudge the worst at length,
And they that doe so, easily know their strength:

With bruit and rumor, as with hope and feare,
You lay vs low, or lift vs from our earth;
You trie what nature, what our states can beare;
By law you bind the liberties of birth;
Making the people bellowes vnto Fame,
Which vshers heauy doomes with euill name.

Kings gouern people, ouer-racke them not:
Fleece vs but doe not clippe vs to the quicke:
Thinke not with good and ill, to write and blot:
The good doth vanish, where the ill doth sticke:
Hope not with trifles to grow popular;
Wounds that are heal'd for euer leaue a scarre.

To offer people showes makes vs too great:
Princes descend not, keep your selues aboue.
The sunne drawes not our browes vp, but our sweat:
Your safest racke to winde vs vp is loue.
To maske your vice in pompes is vainly done:
Motes lie not hidden in beames of a sunne.

The stampe of soueraignty makes currant
Home brasse to buy or sell, as well as gold:
Yet marke! the people's standard is the warrant
What man ought not to doe, and what he should.
Of words we are the grammar, and of deeds
The haruest both is ours, and eke the seeds.

We are the glasse of Power, and doe reflect
That image backe, which it to vs presents:
If princes flatter, straight we doe neglect;
If they be fine, we see, yet seeme content.
Nor can the throne, which monarchs doe liue in,
Shaddow kings faults, or sanctyfye their sinne.

Make not the Church to vs an instrument
Of bondage, to yourselues of libertie:
Obedience there confirmes your gouernment;
Our soueraignes, God's subalternes you be:
Else while kings fashion God in humane light,
Men see, and skorne what is not infinite.

Make not the end of iustice, checquer-gaine,[1]
It is the liberality of kings:
Oppression and Extortion euer raigne,
When lawes looke more on scepters than on things.
Make crooked that line which you measure by,
And marre the fashion straight of monarchie.

Why doe you then prophane your royall line,
Which we hold sacred, and dare not approach?
Their wounds and wrongs proue you are not diuine,
And we learne by example to encroch.
Your father's losse of eyes foretells his end:
By craft, which lets downe princes, we ascend.

How shall the people hope? how stay their feare,
When old foundations daily are made new?
Vncertaine is a heauy loade to beare;
What is not constant sure was neuer true.
Excesse in one makes all indefinite:
Where nothing is our owne, there what delight?

Kings then take heed! Men are the bookes of fate,
Wherein your vices deep engrauen lye,
To shew our God the griefe of euery State.
And though great bodies do not straightwaies die;
Yet know, your errors haue this proper doome,
Euen in our ruine to prepare your tombe.

[1] Gaine to the exchequer. G.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

ALAHAM alone.

ALAHAM. Chance now congratulates.
This is indeed
A princely worke and fashions Nature new,
To sacrifice the liuing to the dead;
And with reuenge be to a kingdome led.
My father, brother, sister, and my king;
All slaine for me! Obedience! Duty! Loue!
Your followers to such height when do you bring?
Now Hala's present, this triumphant robe
Shewes all estates, things reall, humors, lawes,
Yea wiues themselues owe homage vnto Might:
Iustice in kings cannot be definite.
Hala, who stroue, by strength of wit and passion,
To change, inforce, deceiue, or vndermine
Me, as a man; yet to a prince's place
Humbles her pride, and striues to purchase grace.
When I ordain'd this maske, and first decreed
A specious death for prince and parent too,
I felt once tendernesse—that euill weed,
Which some call Dutie, others, Nature's lawes:
Should I haue lost a crowne for such applause?
No, no: each state peculiar wisdomes hath,
The way of princes is to hide their mindes:
For else each slaue will suddenly descrie

Our inward passions, which they trafficke by.
Remisnesse did in me no sooner moue,
And only by a pawse it selfe expresse,
But straightway they diuin'd remorse, or loue.
And instantly drew arguments from both,
As if Distraction to resolue were loth.
But, like a Sultan, mixing power with art;
When I made good my will, and only said
Sirs, doe your charge: This intermittent passion
Is but the print of naturall affection;
The seat of Iustice is aboue compassion:
Straight, as if furies' breath had fild these bladders,
With cruell hearts their charge they vndertooke;
And euer after made my will their booke.
Who gouerne men, if they will stay aboue,
Must see, and scorne the downfalle of selfe-loue.
Nay, marke againe what glory Order yeelds,
Where euery spirit is fitted to his roome.
Did not distresse these weake ghosts well become?
At which fine playes of Chance and intercession
Did I relent? Or had I any sense,
But in the glories of omnipotence?
These scepter-mysteries kings must obserue,
Or not be kings. Are priuate vertues such?
"Want great estates no other strengths but those,
"Which make them, for good words, good fortune
lose?

As dogges their kennels, these their graues did frame :
'Twas crafty power that gaue such lawes to Fame.
Away they went, rich in selfe-pittie's smoke,
No hope of praise, but by their forme of death :
Nor of reuenge, but in the people's breath.
While I ascending roame to looke about,
And in the strength of confidence and power,
Behold the vnprosperities of doubt.
But harke! What mournfull harmonie is this?
In dole my triumphs are: What sounds are these?
Change! is thy nature both to grieue and please?
Confusèd echo's![1] whither doe you flye?
Or whence proceed? From grudge? or from applause?
Except my will, craues mankinde any lawes?
Solemnity inferres the worke is ended :
Yet heare I noyse that showes vnquiet motion;
As from their ashes some new worke intended.
Now shall we know: Behold! I see one come,
Whose looks bring woe, and horrour from that tombe.

[1] Note the apostrophe. G.

Actus quintus. Scena secunda.

NUNTIUS. ALAHAM.

NUNTIUS. Distract, confus'd, are all my
inward spirits:
Griefe would complaine, yet dares not
speake for feare.
Horrour the place of Wonder disinherits.
Caine's next of kinne so willingly to die,
For pompe, and honor to his funerall;
The flesh to couet that which flesh doth fly;
This wonder went I to the pile to see,
As costly glories of the vanity.
In stead of these; I saw the veyles of Power,
Practise and pompe, specious hypocrisie,
Rent from her face, euen while she did deuoure.
I saw those glorious stiles of gouernment,
God, lawes, religion,—wherein tyrants hide
The wrongs they doe, and all the woes we bide—
Wounded, prophan'd, destroy'd. Power is unwise,
That thinkes in pompe to maske her tyrannies.
Looke where he stands! a monster growne within,
Still thirsty, and yet full with parent's blood:
Both man and tyrant dearly vnderstood.

Alaham. Hath meeke Deuotion finishèd her
worke?
Tell what their manner was, and how they died,

That to the dead would thus be crucified.

Nuntius. The fire, though mercilesse, yet sometimes iust,

Hath done his part; deuourèd, but refin'd,

Perform'd thy will, and yet deceiu'd thy trust.

Alaham. Speake plaine: What threatning mysteries be these?

Nuntius. Echos they be of murmurs, which possesse

The hearts of men against Power's wickednesse.

The first which burnt, as Caine his next of kinne,

In blood your brother, and your prince in State,

Drew wonder from men's hearts, brought horror in.

This innocent, this soule too meeke for sinne,

Yet made for others to doe harme withall,

With his selfe-pitty teares, drew teares from vs;

His blood, compassion had; his wrong, stirr'd hate:

Deceipt is odious in a king's estate.

Repiningly he goes vnto his end:

Strange visions rise; strange furies haunt the flame;

People crie out, Echo repeats his name.

These words he spake, euen breathing out his breath:

"Vnhappy weaknesse! neuer innocent!

"If in a crowne, yet but an instrument.
"People! obserue; this fact may make you see:
"Excesse hath ruin'd what it selfe did build:
"But ah! the more opprest, the more you yeeld.
The next was he, whose age had reuerence;
His gesture something more than priuatenesse;
Guided by one whose stately grace did moue
Compassion, euen in hearts that could not loue.
As soone as these approchèd neare the flame,
The winde, the steame, or furies, rays'd their vayles;
And in their lookes this image did appeare:
Each, vnto other; life, to neither deare.
These words he spake: "Behold one that hath lost
"Himselfe within; and so the world without;
"A king that brings Authority in doubt:
"This is the fruit of Power's misgouernment.
"People! my fall is iust; yet strange your fate,
"That, vnder worst, will hope for better state.
Griefe roares alowd. Your sister yet remain'd,
Helping in death to him in whom she died;
Then going to her owne, as if she gain'd,
These mild words spake with lookes to heauen bent:
"O God! 'Tis Thou that suffrest here, not we:
"Wrong doth but like it selfe in working thus:

"At thy will, Lord! Reuenge Thy selfe, not vs.
The fire straight vpward beares the soules in breath:
Visions of horror circle in the flame,
With shapes and figures like to that of death;
But lighter-tongu'd and nimbler-wing'd than Fame:
Some to the Chureh, some to the People fly:
A voyce cries out, Reuenge and Liberty.
Princes! take heed; your glory is your care:
And Power's foundations, strengths, not vices, are.
Alaham. What change is this, that now I feele within?
Is it disease that workes this fall of spirits?
Or workes this fall of spirits my disease?
Things seeme not as they did; Horror appeares.
What sinne imbodied, what strange sight is this?
Doth sense bring backe but what within me is?
Or doe I see those shapes which haunt the flame?
What summons vp Remorse? Shall conscience rate
Kings' deeds, to make them lesse than their estate?
Ah silly ghost! is't you that swarme about?
Would'st thou, that art not now, a father be?
These body lawes doe with the life goe out.
What thoughts be these that doe my entrailes teare?

You wandring spirits frame in me your Hell;
I feele my brother, and my sister there.
Where is my wife? There lacks no more but shee:
Let all my owne together dwell with me.

Actus quintus: Scena tertia.

HALA. ALAHAM.

HALA. Wife! Is that name but stile of thy remorse?
Must I goe where thy silly parents be?
Thou yet but feel'st thy selfe: thou shalt feele me.
A king? And in a throne built out of blood:
The ashes of your owne must giue you power.
Glutton Ambition! now thy selfe deuoure.
Looke in thy conscience, that vnflattering glasse;
See there the wounds of Caine, thy wrongs to me:
Death triumphs now; and I doe giue it thee.
Caine here beginnes to liue, whilst thou do'st feed
Vpon the poyson that thy wife deuis'd:
Thy debter yet, but stay I will exceed.
Now warre thy selfe: a king, with kings must warre:
We are too base for friends or enemies:
For lust's vse, not for loue, we women are.

All paines of death, my selfe in Caine did feele;
And shall my rage aspire but to be iust?
What is but once, be long in doing must.
Alaham. Infernall wombe! receiue thy right:
Of old
This body was thine owne, before I was.
Obey my father, brother, sister, me:
I gaue their ghosts, they must giue mine to thee.
They call, I come. It was my sinne alone,
That gloried many ways to tyrrannize:
For all the doomes of ill let me suffice,
Hala. My griefe doth yet but roame it selfe in sense:
Hala is more: rage multiplies with vse:
These doe but mourne; I must reuenge abuse.
Euen through thy sense will I send in thine owne:
This child, that by thee liu'd shall in thee die;
In this will Caine, and I possesse thy throne.
Alaham. Ah powerfull God! why do'st thou thunders spend
—By chance or without vengeance—on the plants;
Since it is man, not trees, that doth offend?
Sirs! teare the roofe, perfect the worke of Power:
I haue no being, while she there doth sit,
Subiect in sexe, but king, in rage of wit.
Hala. Women! behold, our sex I now improue:
Malice were vaine, if kings could it subdue:

This rage reuiues the dead, restores my loue.
Alaham. Is this Ormus? or is Ormus my Hell,
Where only furies, and not men doe dwell?
The poyson works; I feele my spirits faint;
I must beseech; my power is but complaint.
Yet wit! thou know'st what euery Power can doe;
Be strength to me. Can mothers kill their owne?
Selfe-loue will spare them. Why should I request?
Words doe inflame. But ah! it Hala is:
I must intreat. Her malice keepes no fashion:
Though she haue all, that all is but one passion.
If I intreat; doth sense show where to wound?
I owe it mine; doth that giue malice power?
Ah God!
What shall I doe, that both within and out,
Authority haue lost? Vnusèd to request,
Yet must, and will: Yet, euen in doing know,
Impossible, addes but more scorne to woe.
Hala! I doe, with nature, begge for thine.
Harme me alone thy husband, and thy king.
Horror hath her degrees: there is excesse
In all reuenge, that may be done with lesse.
Hala. Beyond the rule of law, but not of loue,
This child was borne; this not in loue but law.
Before thy wrongs I had my passions free:
And in reuenge shall ought else limit me?

Alaham. Innocent, thine owne, too yong for
hate, or feare:
His death doth only execration beare.
Hala. In him thou art: in him I plague my
lust,
Where sense and law, were traytors to affection.
Beare children only but to Caine I must.
Alaham. Disease or griefe—I know not which—
or both,
Languish my powers: Hala! some respite giue;
Spare him a while: I haue not long to liue.
Hala. Hala! make haste to multiply this wretch;
I must haue both his sense and iudgement free:
'Tis horror, not disease, that honors me.
" All you superiour powers, which from aboue
" Behold this Earth; and earthly mischiefe's rod!
" Cast hence your eyes: these works are but for
two:
" For him, that suffers, and for me, that doe.
Hala! then on: that Alaham may enrage,
Errage thou first. New married now am I:
Remorse doth but for men in ambush lie.

She mistaking, kills Caine's *childe.*

Alaham. Earth! Stand'st thou fast under this
vglinesse?
And fal'st not downe to that infernal deepe

Which feares, perchance, worse than it selfe to keepe?
Eyes! close your liddes: there is no more to doe;
Yet know, you haue seene that before you die,
Which no age will beleeue—one worse than I.
Hala. Ah curst mortality! So soone put out?
And haue I lost the glory of reuenge,
If Fame find greater, as she goes about,
This blood, that bloody throte should haue deuour'd:
Rage lack'd in this. Where is the place for scorne;
Since woes be dead in him, as soone as borne?
Flesh is too brittle mould for braue excesse.
Yet let these scraps giue nourishment to Fame;
Since Loue and Rage this modell may expresse,

She findes her error.

But what is this? Wake I, or doe I dreame?
If chang'd, with whom, or into whom am I?
Doth Horror dazell sense, or multiply?
What world is this? Where's Alaham? where my sonne?
Caine! rise, and tell what furies raisèd be?
Do'st thou remaine aliue? and art thou dead?
Who did this deed? None answers. It was I.

Verses here doe lengthen.

And am I thus misled to lose child, husband, fame,
Honor, reuenge, my Caine, my harmes, and fury too?
And cannot harme my selfe, that those harmes to me doe.
Must I forgiue thee, Hala! that none else forgiue?
Scarce trembling doth my heart conceiue this hatefull deed?
Doe eyes behold this worke, and neither weepe, nor bleed?
Shall I complaine of Heauen, where fooles lay selfe-despaire?
Or Hell shall I inuoke, which ill hath euerywhere?
Shall I remaine aliue, and turn my rage to woe?
Shall I distinguish guilt, where Chance doth ouer-throw?
Is Caine no more? Is it no more to loue?
Hath Hala's hate made many heart's to bleed,
Vpon the ruines of her loue to feed?
Furie! art thou so long in getting vp
Aboue the mists of poore selfe-pittie teares?
Shall Rage be still a prisoner vnder feares?
Looke! here is death: return'st thou me

Heere my belou'd: Can sighs recall him backe?
Here him I loath: Can scorne become his wracke?
My selfe yet liue: Must Furie burne without?
These were in me: May Nature liue in one?
What's due to death? Euen rage that growes to doubt.
Come infant! here is empire: let vs liue.
This worke is mine: Hell thankes, and enuies me:
And loe! her spirits, before I come, I see,
Discord, Sedition, Rage, you Furies all!
Possesse againe the State, where you beganne:
The woman you; 'tis we deceiue the man.
Enter vpon this large infernall wombe;
Repay your selues; this mould did make you all.
Why doe you stay? leade me the way: I come.
Flesh is too weake, it hath satietie;
Lust, intermittent here; and Furie, poore;
Rage, hath respects; Desires, here weary be.
Leaue man this meane: let vs liue in excesse;
Where power is more, although the ioyes be lesse.
This child is none of mine: I had no part:
Beare him I did with loathing, not desire:
My wombe perchance did yeeld, but not my heart.

With Alaham his father he must dwell :
I will goe downe, and change this ghost with hell.

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[1] Here is added the license, as follows :

"This Tragedy, called Alaham, may bee printed, this 23. day of June, 1632.

Henry Herbert." G.

Finis.

II. Mustapha.

Note.

"Mustapha" occupies pp 81—160 of the folio of 1633, immediately after "Alaham", having like it no separate title-page, but only the running heading of "Mustapha" and the names of "the Speakers" given on page 80, on reverse of the last page of "Alaham" as follows:

The
Speakers
Names.

Soliman.	}	{ Rossa.
Mvstapha.	}	{ Zanger.
Rosten.	}	{ Camena.
Achmat.	}	{ Beglarby Nvntivs

Priest.

An anonymous and (probably) surueptitious edition was published in 1609. The title-page follows:

The
TRAGEDY
OF
MVSTAPHA
[Woodcut with initials I. W.]
London
Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1609.

It is a small 4to. extending in all to 25 leaves, unpaged. It has fetched large (comparitive) prices, as at Rhodes £2 2s. and Thorpe £5 5s. Our copy is from the Library of the Duke of Sussex and has been carefully read by a contemporary, as markings shew. Even before this early edition, JOHN DAVIES of Hereford in his "Scourge of Folly, consisting of satyricall Epigramms and others in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our Land"

(1610), wrote this: "To the immortall memory and deserued honor of the writer of the Tragedy of Mustapha—as it is written, not printed—by Sr. Fulk Greuill, Knight—

"Swell prowdly numbers on Words' windy seas
To raise this buskin-poet to the skies;
And fix him there among the Pleyades,
To light the Muse in gloomy Tragedies,
Vpon Time's scowling brow he hath indorc'd,
A Tragedy that shall that brow out-weare;
Wherein the Muse beyond the minde is forc'd
—In rarest raptures—to Art's highest spheare:
No line but reaches to the firmament
Of highest sense, from surest ground of wit;
No word but is like Phœbus luculent!
Then, all yeeld lustre well-nere infinite:
So shine bright Scanes, till on the starry stage
The gods re-act you in their equipage." (194-5.)

These lines preceded—as the title shews—the issue of 1609. In 1622 EDMUND BOLTON in his "Hypercritica or a Rule of Judgement for writing or reading our Historys" also refers to "Mustapha"—all the more noticeable that he is chary of praise: "The English poems of Sr. Walter Raleigh, of John Donn, of Hugh Holland, but especially of Sr. Foulk Grevile in his matchless Mustapha are not easily to be mended". (p 737).

Our text of "Mustapha" is (substantially) that of the folio of 1633: but throughout we have collated it with the 4to. of 1609 and with a contemporary (anonymous) Manuscript of it preserved in University Library, Cambridge, (F. f. 2. 35). The Quarto blunders and is corrupt and imperfect in a number of places and in turn gives

occasionally better readings than either the folio or the MS. and in agreement with the MS. and now and then independent additions. The MS. bears the same character with the 4to in all these respects. We have carefully given in notes and illustrations at the close the 'various readings', passing only orthographical differences and patent misprints: and in an Appendix will be found *in extenso* large additions to the text of the folio from the 4to. and MS. In the few cases where our text departs from the folio by insertions or changes, these are marked in relative notes. The student will find it deeply interesting to "weigh" the various readings, and to compare the suppressions and additions. The exhibition of these has cost us an amount of labour appreciable only by those who know practically what collation is. The Notes are so numerous that in this instance we have preferred to transfer the whole to the end rather than over-crowd the pages in the several places: the references in the Notes and Illustrations will readily guide to the particular line or word annotated or illustrated.

As promised in our Memorial-Introduction, I add here certain other tributes to our Poet. SAMUEL DANIEL dedicated his "Musophilus" to "The right worthy and judicious Favourer of vertue, Mr. Fulke Grevill." The lines are of no great value: but they may be given here as being few:

"I do not here upon this hum'rous stage
Bring my transformèd verse apparellèd
With others passions, or with others rage:
With loves, with wounds, with factions furnishèd.
But here present thee, only modellèd

In this poore frame, the form of mine own heart:
Where, to revive myself, my Muse is led
With motions of her own to act her own part,
Striving to make her owne contemnèd art
As fair t' her self as possibly she can;
Lest seeming of no force, of no desert
She might repent the course that she began
And with these times of dissolution, fall
From goodnesse, vertue, glory, fame, and all."

[Works: Vol. II., p. 367 (1718).]

DANIEL had also corresponded with our Worthy during the Campion-versification controversy. Later, RICHARD FLECKNOE—a man, spite of Dryden's satire, of brains—has an "Epigram" "On the Works of Fulke Grevil, Lord Brook." Here it is:

"Food for strong minds! whilst of your lighter stuff
The weaker find in other books enough;
Where master-strokes, great wits do look upon
With reverence and admiration,
While novices and those of meaner wit
Are not grown up to th' admiring of them yet.
Thy works shall stand to posterity,
As relicks of thy worth and excellency:
Just as I've seen some statua's busto stand,
The relick of some excellent master's hand,
Whose worth only a Michael Angelo
Or a Bernino had the skill to know,
While marble spoilers, and the common sort,
Wanted the knowledge to admire them for't."

(Epigrams: 1671, p. 10.)

Genial BISHOP CORBET in his *Iter Boreale* thus describes a visit to Warwick Castle and its lord:

" Please you walke out and see the castle? come
The owner saith it is a scholler's home;
A place of strength and health: in the same fort
You would conceive a Castle and a Court.
The orchards, gardens, rivers, and the aire
Doo with the trenches, rampires, walls, compare;
It seemes nor art nor force can intercept it,
As if a louer built, a souldier kept it.
Up to the tower, though it be steepe and high,
Wee doe not climbe but walke; and though
Seeme to be weary, yet our feet are still
In the same posture cozen'd up the hill:
And thus the workeman's art deceaves our sence,
Making these rounds of pleasure a defence.
As we descend, the lord of all this frame,
The honourable Chancellour, towards us came:
Above the hill there blew a gentle breath,
Yet now we see a gentler gale beneath.
The phrase and wellcome of this knight did make
The seat more elegant: every word he spake
Was wine and musick, which he did expose
To us if all our art could censure those." (edn. 1648.)

See Life of SIDNEY for Lord BROOKE's own account of his Poem-Plays along with his other Poetry. G.

Mvstapha.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES.

Soliman.	*Rossa.*
Mvstapha.	*Zanger.*
Rosten.	*Camena.*
Achmat.	*Beglarby Nvntivs.*

Actus primus: Scena prima.

SOLIMAN. ROSSA.

SOLIMAN. Rossa! Th' eternall Wisdome doth not couet
Of man his strength, or reason, but his loue.
And not in vaine; since Loue, of all the powres,
Is it which gouerns euery thought of ours.
I speake by Mustapha: for as a father,
How often deem'd I those light-iudging praises
Of multitudes, whom my loue taught to flatter,
Truth's oracles; and Mustapha's true stories!
So dearely Nature bidds our owne be lou'd:

So ill a iudge is Loue of things belou'd.
But is contempt the fruit of parents' care?
Doth kindnesse lessen kings' authority,
Teaching our children pride, our vassals wit,
To subiect vs, that subiect are to it?
This frailty in my selfe I conquer must,
And stay the false vntimely hopes it workes,
Threatening the father's ruine in the sonne:
Many with trust, with doubt few are vndone.
Sent for he is: nor shall the painted shewes
Of fame or kindnesse longer seele mine eyes?
For since he striues to vndermine my crowne,
I will as firmely watch to keepe him downe.

Rossa. Solyman my lord! the knowledge who was father
To Mustapha, made me—poore silly woman—
Thinke worth in blood had naturall succession:
But now, I see, Ambition's mixtures may
The gold of Nature's elements allay.
His fame vntimely borne: strength strangely gather'd,
Honor wonne with honoring, greatenesse with humblenesse:
—A monarch's heire in courses popular—
Make me diuine some strange aspiring minde:
Yet doubtfull; for it might be art or kinde.
But looke into him by his outward wayes:

Persia, our old imbruèd enemy,
Treats of peace with the sonne, without the father :
A course in all Estates to princes nice,
But here much more; where he that monarch is,
Must—like the sunne—haue no light shine, but his.
The offers, reall crownes, or hopes of kingdomes :
What suddaine knot hath bound vp our diuisions?
Made them that only fear'd our greater growing,
Offer such proiects for our greater growing?
'' 'Tis true, that priuate thoughts may easily change :
' But States, whose wayes are time, occasion, seate,
' Haue other ends, then chance, in all they treat.
Yet be it, all the world would vs obey.
And vnder our empire all empire lay :
In monarchies : which surfet, more than pine;
The king should iudge: strength knowes what strength can weld :
The best foundation, else may ouer-build.
No, no : vpon the pitch of high attemps
I see him stand, sporting with Wrong and Feare :
For Law and Duty, both are captiues there.
His hopes, the hopes of all; for all aspire :
His meanes, that proud, rebellious discontent,
Which scornes both gouernors and gouernment.

Solyman! Feare is broken loose within my spirits;
What will or may, mee-thinkes already happens;
His power thus great, well fixt, occasion ready,
Shaddowes of ruine to my heart deliuer.
Confusèd noyse within my eares doth thunder
Of multitudes, that with obeying threaten.
Solyman! while feare, to lose thee wisheth death,
My feare againe, to leaue thee, wisheth breath.

Solyman. Rossa! I scorne there should be cause of feares
In one man's rage; for hard then were our state,
That reynes of all the world desire to beare:
Yet thy disquiet shall increase my hate.
Thy wishes vaine to thee yet neuer were:
Exempt thou art from lawes of my estate,
For Loue and Empire, both alike take pleasure,
Part of themselues vpon deserts to measure.
And, but that all my ioyes haue Sorrowe's image,
I could say, I take pride in thine affection;
For Power may be fear'd; Empire ador'd;
Good fortune wooed, and followed for ambition:
Rewards may make knees bow; and selfe-loue humble:
But Loue is onely that which princes couet;
And for they haue it least, they most doe loue it.
Care therefore for thy selfe; I hold thee deare
And as for mee! . . . . . .

Though Fortune be of glasse, and apt to breake,
Kings life kept but in flesh, and easily pierc'd;
Kings crownes no higher than priuate armes may reach;
Yet these all-daring spirits are rarely knowne,
That vpon princes' graues dare rayse a throne.
Rossa. Sir! few in number are Time present's children;
Where man ends, there ends Discontentment's empire;
Nouelty in flesh hath alwaies had a dwelling;
Then tell me, lord; what man would choose his roome,
That must expect in wickednesse a meane,
Or else be sure to feele a fatall doome?
Can that stay in the midst whose center's lowest?
Old age is Nature's pouerty and scorne;
Desire's riches liue in princes' children;
Their youths are comets, within whose corruption
Men prophesie new hopes of better fortunes.
Ah Sir! Corrupt occasion still preferreth
The wisdome, that for selfe-aduantage erreth.
Solyman. Wisdome is not vnto it selfe in debt,
That leaueth nothing, but a God, aboue it.
Will he returne from death vnto the liuing?
Rossa. No Sir! but much may hap before his death;

Who thinking nothing worse, and nothing after,
Knowes thought of wrong is death, if princes liue;
Where dead, all heires their owne good doe forgiue.
Solyman. I sent, he comes; and come is in my power.
Rossa. Before he comes, who knowes your fatall hower?
The wicked wrestle both with Might and Slight:
'While princes liue, each man's life guardeth theirs;
'When they are dead, men's loues goe with their feare:
Slaine by the way lesse grudge, more safety were.
Solyman. Wrong is not princely, and much lesse is Feare.
Rossa. These glorious hazards tempt and hasten fate;
They well become a man, but not a State.
Solyman. This feare in women shewes a kindnesse too;
And is for men to thanke, but not to doe.
Rossa. Is Prouidence of no more vse to Power?
Solyman. Than to preserue the fame of Power entire,
Which often undermined is by Feare.
I doe suspect, yet is there nothing done;
I lose my fame, if I

Though I yet know not he hath done amisse,
I doubt; and heauy, princes doubting is.
Though I resolue I will not kill him there,
It mortall is if kings see cause to feare,
When Mustapha returnes, my iealous care
Will very hardly danger ouersee:
Order alone holds States in vnity.

Actus Primus: Scena Secunda.

BEGLERBIE NUNTIUS. SOLYMAN. ROSSA.

BEGLERBIE. Fond man! distract with diuers thoughts on foot,
That rack'st thy selfe and Nature's peace do'st breake;
Iudge not the gods aboue: it doth not boot,
Nor doe thou see that which thou dar'st not speake.
Power hath great scope; she walkes not in the wayes
Of private truth: vertues of common men
Are not the same which shine in kings aboue,
And doe make Feare bring forth the workes of Loue.
Admit that Mustapha not guilty bee;
Who by his prince will rise, his prince must please;
And they that please iudge with humility.
Yonder they are, whose charge must be discharged.

In Rossa's face behold Desire speaketh ;
He keepes the lawes, that all lawes for me breaketh.
Solyman. Is Mustapha in health, and coming ?
Beg. My lord ! already come : for what can stay,
Where Loue and Dutie both teach to obey ?
Sol. In what strange ballance are man's humors peised ?
Since each light change within vs or without,
Turnes Feare to Hope, and Hope againe to Doubt.
If thus it worke in man, much more in thrones,
Whose tender heights feele all thinne aires that moue,
And worke that change below they vse aboue.
For on the axis of our humours turne
Church rites and lawes, subjects' desire, and wit ;
All which, in all men, come and goe with it.
Rossa ! a king ought therefore to suspect
Feare's fearefull counsells, which incline to blood ;
Wherein, but truthe's, no influence is good,
Else will inferior practise euer cast
Such glassy shaddowes vpon all our errors,
As he that sees not ruine, shall see terrors.
Power therefore should affect the people's stampe,
' Whose good or ill thoughts, euer proue to kings,
' Like aire, which either health or sicknesse brings.
Now Rossa ; by these straight lines, if we sound
The hollow depths of Rosten's mysterie !

He will the canker of this State be found.
Long hath he wau'd betwixt my sonne and me,
Making succession sacred, whilst he felt
Practise could not diuide the barke and tree:
His end being not to finde or cherish truth,
But rather vices, where his art works ruth.
Long hath he weigh'd our humors with his ends,
To finde which nature was the fittest mould
For him, to bring to passe in, what he would.
And though his power be on my old age built,
Yet that, as slow to ruine, he dislikes:
Guilt, seeking shields for euery blow it strikes.
Now in my sonne though actiue powers he finde,
Yet what he cannot gouerne, giues offence;
From birth or worth, still fearing competence.
He grounds this worke on iealousie of kings,
'Where hopefull goodnesses oft in successors
'Seeme not strengths, as they bee, but strong oppressors.
And when this art could not procure his fall,
Nor shape our humors like Procustes' bed,
Where all that fit him not, are ruinèd:
Straight then he offers vp vnto my sonne
My life, my crowne, and all that I haue wonne:
Such slender props are princes' fauorites,
'Who like Good Fortune's children, loue their mother;

'And neuer can be true to any other.
In these nets shall he then catch him and me,
And so this high and soueraigne scepter-power
Sinke into slaues by my infirmity?
No, no: when princes' by defect of minde,
A pronesse feele, to sinke into their slaues;
Wherein they make their creatures their graues:
By Nature haue they not a phenix-fire,
From their owne ashes to reuiue againe,
And in their children's honor, liue and raigne?
Then Rossa! iudge: My loue hath made vs one;
And who can iudge these humorists, but we;
Since hope and feare below, lacke eyes to see?
Mustapha is through misprision hither come,
Brought to the practise of this crafty slaue,
Carelesse in which he make the other's tombe:
His netts are layd: our thoughts for stales pitch'd downe,
To catch our selues in, and in vs, the crowne.
But Nature's lawes haue conquered princes' doubts;
And betweene king and man, what was begonne,
Concludes betwixt a father and a sonne.

Rossa. Behold! these sandy hearts haue no foundation:
Yet hence must I, with hazard, worke my will,
That haue to doe with thought, nor good nor ill.
My lord! your doubts from arguments did rise

Of wanton pride, ambitious-seeking Loue:
'And can remissions be in Nature wise,
'While States vpon the steepe of danger moue?
No: thinke what pregnant grounds of his ambition
Resolu'd you first, his greatnesse was your danger:
And shall a father waue a king's suspition?
Since Mischiefe, whilst her head shewes in a clowd,
In Pluto's kingdome doth her body shrowd.

Solyman. Suspition may enquire but not conclude;
Both Hope and Feare doe with excesse delude.
Tell Beglerbie! how did he welcome thee?
In your accesse what found you; pompe or pride?
Was he reseru'd; or else did he descend?
Appear'd I as his soueraigne, or his friend?

Beglerbie. His court was great, and that which adds to you
Is that all princes had their agents there,
Confessing, in the sonne, the father's due:
And from them all the honnor done him such,
As if none thought the World for him too much.
Yet I no sooner to his presence came,
But he paid all their homages to me;
The rest look'd on, as when men wonders see.

Solyman. What was his cheere? Did'st thou obserue his eyes,
When thou declared'st my will to haue him come?

Beglerbie. First, at your name he bow'd in
humble wise;
The rest appear'd to be a ioyfull doome.
Onely the Persian spake—it seemes—with care:
God make these fauors good; for they be rare.
Rossa. This is the glasse which father lookes
not in;
The workman hides, the instruments discouer:
See how it fitts a king to be a louer?
Sir! marke these words: whence should their
wonder grow?
His scorne and grudge, he worshipps and obeyes:
In him or for him, what strange works are these?
Solyman. Tell me his manner. How did he
dispose
His followers and affayres till his returne?
The newes of Warre against our Persian foes,
I am sure, made not his vndertakers mourne.
Beglerbie. The Persian agent some distraction
shew'd;
All else their eys to their sunne rising turne.
Solyman. What's the discourse of Court? and
what the face?
His carriage is it royally seuere,
Reseru'd, like vs, by attributes of place,
Or popular, as power in people were?
Shapes he his course to rule, or gaine a State?

Is our course chang'd, or doth he imitate?
Beglerbie. He windes not spirits vp with Power,
or Feare:
The antient forme he keepes, where it is good:
His proiects, reformation everywhere:
His care, to haue diseases vnderstood:
Reuerend vnto your throne; more to your deeds:
It is no imitation which exceeds.
Solyman. What doth he in our Church or Law
reproue?
What error in our discipline of Warre?
Beglerbie. With zeale he doth adore the Powers
aboue;
With zeale inferior duties paid him are:
And, for his ends on publike centers moue.
His ends are seru'd with euery bodie's loue.
His Court, like your's, the image of a campe:
In your's, your power; in his, himselfe the lampe.
He sees,—men say—but only what he showes,
I meane examples both of Power and Loue:
You see againe what from within you growes,
Such humble feare, as fearefull Power moues.
His campe, in rest and action both, content;
Assiduous order workes this frame in either:
Your discipline now loose, now ouerbent;
Forc'd to use Feare in both, contents in neither.
This freedome Sir! makes them you two compare,

Of whom, both he and they, but shadowes are.
Solym. What be his troopes? an armie or a traine?
Come they to dwell, or to goe backe againe
Beglerb. His will was to depart immediately,
With no traine, but the Basha, Priest, and I.
Your honor only ministred debate;
Princes—some thought—stood fast by keeping State:
His pompe gaue lustre to your Power, some said,
For princes should be gloriously obeyed.
At this gappe entred Loue and Intercession,
The multitude all liberties approu'd,
The wise to giue them way held it discretion,
Where it gaue honor to your selfe aboue.
Thus to the coast Number and Order come,
Where Mustapha leaues all to bide your doome.
Solym. Within the port, or where doth he attend?
What's the aspect betweene his owne and ours?
Gaines he or waines he by approching Power?
Beglerb. His foot on land, straight to the Church he goes;
Applause and Wonder follow to that place;
Greater he, by your influence, still growes,
Your trophies vpon him the people place.
Vpon the State, men prophesy progression,
And see your age, 'tis true, in your succession.

Your Power and Loue both, in his pompe appeare;
For euen the Bassha's next you I did meet
Hastning to honor him, whom you hold deare.
What greater triumph to a glorious father,
Than such a sonne for age to leane vnto,
Whence Declination may more forces gather,
And Impotence retaine ability to doe?
Goodnesse exiling iealousie of State,
From him whose dutie sets his power a rate.
Now by the way a paper vp I tooke,
Spread by the Mufti, as it should appeare,
Fore-telling with authority of booke,
What those times wrap'd in clouds and these, make cleare.
Wherein these prophet-spirits did foreshow
The progress of this Empire to the heighth;
Vnder what princes' humors it should grow,
Vnder whose weakenesse fall againe by weight:
Inferring this; that where declining spirits
To gouern mighty scepters God ordaines,
Order no basis findes, Honor must fall:
Where man is nothing, Place cannot doe all.
Againe where worth and wisdome soueraigne be,
And he that's king of Place is king of men,
Change, Chance, or Ruine cannot enter then.
And such a king must sit vpon this throne;
Vnperfect times—they say—are fully runne,

And this perfection present in your sonne.
Solym. Change hath prepar'd her moulds for Innouation:
I see inferior wheeles of practice moue,
Yet they preuaile not on the Powers aboue.
His worth rests constant, and yet workes this motion,
They to him, for him, sacrifice at randome
All which they haue and haue not, in deuotion.
He is the glasse, in which their light affections
Come to behold what image they shall take:
If Libertie they finde, then Anarchie they make.
On time, place, truth, these spirits neuer rest.
His worth, thus innocent, how can I feare?
Their thoughts, thus violent, can Power digest?
Then Gouernment! thy hand must cut betweene
My fearefull dangers and his fearelesse praise.
In all States, Power, which oppresseth spirits,
Imprisons Nature, Empire disinherits.
This throne grew not by delicate alliance;
Combining State with State, all States to lawes,
Of idle princes and base subiect's cause.
We grew by curious improuing all;
Our selues to people, people vnto vs;
Worth, through our selues, in them we planted thus.
And shall I helpe to make succession lesse,

Blasting the births of Nature and Example,
In narrow feares of selfe vnworthinesse?
No, no: The art of monarchie is more:
Princes must strength by such succession gather;
With future hopes all present smarts are eased;
Age hath a veyle, and maiestie is pleased.
Who makes, can marre: Honor, reward, and feare,
Are reynes of Power: the ends inherent there.

Ross. Behold! I stand amaz'd: Sir! ease my heart.
A king lesse than a man! more than a god!
I know not where to stay, or how to part.
God hath ordain'd that wickednesse shall die:
Sir! who is guiltie? Mustapha or I?

Solym. He now is in the hands of Power and Time.
His danger is to come, and our's is past;
Let's see into what moulds our owne are cast.

Ross. Who will endure the sentence he may giue,
Betweene you two? He must be king that liues.
Your graue preparèd is among your owne:
Neighbours, Church, People, souldiers, made the stage,
Where Hope and Youth shall ruine Feare and Age.
Most wretched I, rais'd to be ouerthrowne.

If you will die, then am I lost in you;
And die you must, if you beleeue your owne.
If he shall liue; then am I prou'd vntrue,
Hated by him whom you haue plac'd aboue,
Lost vnto you, and ruin'd by my loue.
'Ah Confidence! thou glorie of the ill!
'How falsely do'st thou blinded Power assayle,
'That hauing all, yet knowes not what it will?
Solym. Rossa! you moue me; yet remoue I not.
Man comprehends a man, but not a king.
I feele my selfe—'tis true—and I feele you;
How to it selfe can Power then proue vntrue?
Succession on the present neuer winnes,
But by the death of body or of spirit:
All heires by our mortality runne in.
Let not misprison wound me in thy loue:
Great inequality of worth you yeeld
To them, you thinke can on my ruines build.

CHORVS PRIMVS.

Of Basha's or Caddies.

LIKE as mixt humors, drawne vp from the ground,
Are vnto many formes and functions bound;
Partly out of their natiue propertie,

Partly the climes, through which their iourneyes
be;
Some into meteors, that amaze below;
Others to comets, which fore-threaten woe;
Some into hailstones, that afflict the Earth;
Others to raine, which hastens euery birth;
Lightning and thunder onely made of those,
Which the cold region's double heats inclose:
So is fraile mankind, though in other fashion,
Rais'd and let fall with his owne earthly passion;
Formed, transformed, and made instruments
In many shapes to serue Power's many bents:
Feeding superiours, euen as vapors doe,
Which spending themselues, scourge their parents
too.
Some in mishapèd meteors, terrifying;
All constant spirits, vnder tyrants lying;
Others like windes, which Æolus makes blow,
To breathe themselues out, while they ouerthrow;
Some like sweet dewes, that nourish where they
touch;
Like exhalations, some inflame too much;
Bondage and ruine, only wrought by those,
That kings with seruile flattery inclose,
Hatching, in double heats of Power and Will,
Thunder and lightning to amaze and kill.
Thus tyrants deale with people's liberty,

The nether region cannot long liue free.
Thus tyrants deale with vs of higher place,
As drawne vp onely to disperse disgrace.
Ecchos of Power, that pleasingly resound
Those heauy taxes, wherewith princes wound.
Exhausters of fraile mankind by our place,
To make them poore, and consequently base;
With Colonies we eat the natiue downe,
And to increase the person, waine the crowne.
With idle visions trafficking men's mindes
To humble moderation, in all kindes,
Till vnder false stiles of obedience,
We take from mankinde all, but suffering sense;
Yet euen by these sailes, which for scepters moue,
We forcèd are with modest breath to proue,
Which way these people-tides will passe with ease;
Crownes wounding deepely when they striue to please,
Whence, as we dare not blow them vp to rage;
So againe, if we quit this people-stage,
Thrones know not where to act those fancie-playes,
Which catch the lookers on so many wayes.
For we, like dewes, drawne to be cloudes aboue,
Straight grow with that attracting sunne in loue;
Which euer raiseth light things vp to fall,
In crafty Power creation naturall.

Wrapt in which crowne-mists, men cannot discerne
How dearely they her glittering tinctures earne,
Till thorough glassie Time, these cage-birds see,
That Honor is the badge of Tyrannie.
Lawes the next pillars be, with which we deale,
As sophistries of euery Common-weale;
Or rather nets, which people doe aske leaue,
That they, to catch their freedomes in, may weaue,
And still adde more vnto the Sultan's power,
By making their owne frames themselues deuoure.
These Lesbian rules, with shew of reall grounds,
Giuing Right, narrow, Will, transcendent bounds.
The Mufti and their spirituall iurisdictions,
By course succeed these other guilt-inflictions:
Conscience annexing to our crescent-starre
All freedomes, that in man's fraile nature are;
By making doctrines large, strict, mild, seuere;
As power intends to stirre up hope or feare:
Which heauenly shaddow, with earth-centers fixt,
Racke men, by truth and vntruths, strangely mixt;
And proue to thrones such a supporting cause,
As finely giues law to all other lawes.
Thus like the wood that yeelds helues for the axe,
Vpon it selfe to lay a heauy taxe:
We silly Basshas helpe Power to confound,

With our owne strength exhausting our owne
ground.
An art of tyrannie, which workes with men,
To make them beasts, and high-rais'd thrones their
denne:
Where they, that mischiefe others, may retire
Safe with their prey, as lifting tyrants higher.
By which enthralling of our selues, with others,
Proue we not both Confusion's heires and mothers?
Farre vnlike Adam, putting ciuil names
Vpon those errors, which the whole world blames.
For if Power ruine more than is her owne;
People, we say, are chequers to a throne.
Againe, if she to rise vp, will pull downe,
Creation, we say, still inheres the crowne.
If good men chance to interrupt this way;
Too much in vertue oft there is, we say:
Since each inferior limbe must from the head
Receiue his standard and be ballancèd.
If people grudge their freedome, thus made thrall;
Power is their body, they but shaddowes all.
If God Himselfe by law or influence,
Seemes but to limit this omnipotence;
Euen as in Christian Courts of Chancerie,
Though land or titles cannot setled be;
Yet where the person dares to disobey,
Through him, his title they imprison may:

So though with tyrants God transcendent be,
Yet plague they His for too much pietie.
And, by distinctions from the pulpit's doome,
Leaue still for crowne-impiety a roome.
This is our office vnder Tyrannie,
Where Power and Passion only currant be.
But where the better rules the greater part,
And reason onely is the princes art;
There, as in margents of great volum'd bookes,
The little notes, whereon the reader lookes,
Oft aide his ouerpressèd memory,
Vnto the author's sense where he would be:
So doe true counsellors assist good kings,
And helpe their greatnesse on, with little things.
Honor, in chiefe, our oath is to vphold,
That by no trafficke it be bought or sold.
Else looke what brings that dainty throne-worke downe,
Addes not, but still takes something from a crowne.
Proffit and her true mine, Frugality,
Incident likewise to our office be:
As husbanding the scepter's spreading right,
To stretch it selfe, yet not grow infinite;
Or with prerogatiue to tyrannize,
Whose workes proue oft more absolute, than wise.
Not mastering lawes, which Freedome interrupts;
Nor moulding pulpits, which is to corrupt,

And helpe Change in; whose vanity still tends
To worke immortall things to mortall ends.
But our part is to keepe the Iustice free,
As equall peising liberality;
Which both contents the people that receiues,
And princely giuer more enabled leaues:
Likewise with forraigne States we keepe respect
By diligence, which seldome findes neglect.
In treaties still concluding mutuall good;
Since no one byas'd contract euer stood.
In complements we striue to hold such measure,
That outward forme consume not inward treasure.
For betwixt man and man, 'twixt king and kings,
Our place should offer well-digested things.
Else, as those crudities which doe remaine
Within the body, all complexions staine:
So doth aduantage betweene State and State,
Though finely got, yet proue vnfortunate:
And oft disorder-like in gouernment,
Leaue euen those that prosper, discontent.
  But is our great lord's character like these?
Are disproportion'd humors made to please?
Can parricide, euen vnto Nature treason,
Draw any true line from, man's zenith, reason?
Then how can Vice, in this confus'd estate,
Long scape the doome of neuer-sparing Fate.
For, as we see, when sicknesse deeply roots,

Meat, drinke, and drugges alike doe little boot;
Because all what should either nurse or cure,
As master'd by diseases, grow impure:
So when Excesse—the maladie of Might—
Hath—dropsy-like—drown'd all the stiles of right,
Then doth Obedience—else the food of Power—
Helpe on that dropsie canker to deuoure.
In which craz'd times, woe worth foreseeing wit,
Which marre it selfe may, cannot helpe with it.
For as those kings that conquer neighbour Nations,
First by the sword make chaos of creations;
Then, spider-like, a curious netting spinne,
Inuisible, to catch inferiors in:
So when the art of powerfull Tyrannie
Hath vndermin'd man's natiue libertie;
Then like lords absolute of words and deeds,
They soone change weeds to herbs, and herbs to weeds.
Which ouer-winding while the people feare,
Can tyrants hope of sanctuarie there?
Or, when this Feare hath tied men's mindes together,
Proues this a storme, or constant Winter-weather?
Againe, when selfenesse hath men's hearts estrang'd,
Is not one soueraigne soone to many chang'd?
Lastly, where absolute seemes only wise,

Is not one, enuious there, in many eyes?
Disease thus growne, the crisis and the doome,
Shew princes must be our's, or we their tombe.
For as the Ocean, which is euer deepe,
Vnder her smooth face, doth in secret keepe
The vast content of death's deuouring wombe,
Where those desires which venture finde a tombe;
Æolus, with sweet breath, making all things faire,
Till he hath bound Hope prentise to his aire;
Then adding more breath to that breath they spend,
Makes tide with tide, and waue with waue contend:
Enforcing men, for taxe, to throw their goods
Into his mercilesse, entising floods;
Where swallowing some in sight of those he spares,
Euen they that prosper best must swarme with cares:
So doth vast Power, at first, spread out her slights
Of grace and honor: smooth bewitching bayts;
And when men's liues, their goods, and libertie,
Are left in trust once with her tyrannie;
Then, Ocean-like, blowne vp with stormes of passion,
Which, but excesse, makes all seeme out of fashion,
It takes aduan[ta]ge to deuoure the iust,

Because to lawes, that limit thrones, they trust:
Ruines the wise, whose eye discernes too much,
And thereby brings Power's errors to the touch;
Discards the learnèd, for the difference
They make betweene the truth and princes' sense;
Staines the religious, as if they withstood
Power's will, the stampe of all that's currant good:
Yet saues it some, that they may witnesse beare,
Where Power raignes, there Worth must liue in feare.

Thus are we soothers, as all shaddowes be,
Sworne to the bodies of Authority.
Thus doe inferiors, catch'd with their owne ends,
Pay double vse for all the scepter lends;
Not seeing, while Man striues to stand by grace,
He offers Nature's freedome vp to Place;
Whose true relation, betweene men and Might,
Assures vs, thrones should not be infinite:
Lastly, thus doe we suffer God to wayne,
Vnder the humors of a Sultan's raigne.
And in the fatall ruine of his sonne,
Cut off our owne liues, on a lesse threed spunne.

Actus secundus : Scena prima.

ACHMAT *solus.*

WHO, standing in the shade of humble vallies,
Lookes vp, and wonders at the state of hils;
When he with toyle of weary limbes ascends,
And feels his spirits melt with Phœbus' glories,
Or sinewes starke with Æolus bitter breathing,
Or thunder-blasts, which comming from the skie,
Doe fall most heauy on the places high :
Then knowes—though farther seene, and farther seeing
From hills aboue, than from the humble vallies—
They multiply in woes, that adde in glories.
Who weary is of Nature's quiet plaines,
A meane estate, with poore and chast desires ;
Whose vertue longs for knees, blisse for opinion;
Who iudgeth Pleasure's paradise in purple ;
Let him see me : No gouernour of Castile,
No petty prince's choice, whose weake dominions
Make weake, vnnoble counsels to be currant :
But Bassha vnto Solyman ; whose scepter,
Nay seruants, have dominion ouer princes :
Vnder whose feete, the foure forgotten Monarches
The footstooles lie of his eternall glorie :

Euen I thus rais'd, this Solyman's belou'd,
Thus carried vp by Fortune to be tempted,
Must, for my prince's sake, destroy Succession,
Or suffer ruine to preserue Succession.
Oh happy men! that know not, or else feare
This second slippery place of Honor's steepe,
Which we with enuy get and danger keepe.
Vnhappy state of ours! wherein we liue,
Where doubts giue lawes, which neuer can forgiue:
Where rage of kings not only ruines be,
But where their very loue workes miserie.
For Prince's humors are not like the glasse,
When in it shewes what shapes without remaine,
And with the body goe and come againe:
But like the waxe, which first beares but his owne
Till it the seale in easy mould receiue,
And by th' impression onely then is knowne.
In this soft weaknesse Rossa prints her art,
And seekes to tosse the crowne from hand to hand:
Kings are not safe whom any vnderstand.
First, of her selfe, she durst send Rosten forth
To murther Mustapha, his dearest sonne:
He found him only guarded with his worth,
Suspecting nothing, and yet nothing done.
Rosten is now return'd: for wicked Feare
Did euen make him wickednesse forbeare.
A Beglerbie goes since to call him hither,

The colour, warre against the Persian king;
The truth, to suffer force of Tyrannie,
From his enforcèd father's iealousie.
Who vtters this, is to his prince a traytor:
Who keepes this, guilty is; his life is ruth,
And dying liues, euer denying truth.
Thus hath the fancy-law of Power ordain'd,
That who betrayes it most, is most esteem'd:
Who saith it is betray'd, is traytor deem'd.
I sworne am to my king, and to his humor:
His humors? No: which they that follow most,
Wade in a sea, wherein themselues are lost.
Yet Achmat stay! For who doth wrest kings' minds,
Wrestles his faith vpon the stage of Chance;
Where Vertue, to the world by Fortune knowne;
Is oft misiudg'd, because shee's ouerthrowne.
Nay Achmat stay not: For who truth enuirons
With circumstances of man's fayling wit,
By feare, by hope, by loue, by malice erreth;
Nature to Nature's banckrupts he engageth:
And while none dare shew kings they goe amisse,
Euen base Obedience their corruption is.
Then Feare! dwell with the ill; Truth is assur'd;
Opinion! be and raigne with Fortune's princes;
Policie! goe peece the faults of mortall kingdomes;
Death! threaten them that liue to die for euer.

I first am Nature's subject, then my prince's;
I will not serue to Innocencie's ruine.
Whose heauen is earth, let them beleeue in princes.
My God is not the God of subtill murther:
Solyman shall know the truth: I looke no further,
Behold! he comes like Maiesty confus'd;
Horror, reuenge, rage lighten in his eyes.
All lawes giue place, where Power is ioyn'd with these;
And he must goe beyond that will appease.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

SOLYMAN. ACHMAT.

SOLYMAN. Mercie and loue! you phrases, popular,
Which undermine and limit princes thrones,
Goe seeke the regions of Equality;
Greatnesse must keepe those arts by which it grew
And euer what it wills or feares make true.

Achmat. My lord! what moues these vndermining words,
Which shewing feare in you, stirre feare in vs?
Cruelty and Dissolution enter thus.

Solym. Doth king's restraint of wrath appeare
like Feare?
Shall our remissenesse suffer more than this?
Can Horror onely, adoration beare?
Behold the world layes homage at my feet,
To them by sworde and fire I am knowne:
Must kings that change this likenesse lose their
owne?
Two States I beare; his father and his king;
These two, being relatiues, haue mutuall bonds;
Neglect in either, all in question brings.
My sonne climes vp with wings of seeming merit;
His course, applause; and mine, the scale of order;
By dissolution, he builds vp content;
And I displease, by planting gouernment.
My age spends on the stocke of honor wonne,
Flesh hath her buds, her flowers, her fruit, her fall;
Worke hath his time, and rest is naturall:
His youth hath hope for right and fame for end;
Time for a stage; for riuall Expectation,
Ascending by the ballance we descend.
Let youth affect goodwill, praise, reputation,
Fashion it selfe to times or times to it,
Grow strong and rich in man's imagination:
But when her fame reflects scorne vpon kings,
Her glory vndermines or else confounds
Of place, time, nature, all the reuerend bounds.

These crooked shadowes no straight bodies haue;
Practise, ambition, pride, are here disguised.
And shall loue be a chaine, tyed to my crowne,
Either to helpe him vp or pull me downe?
No, no; This father-language fits not kings
'Whose publike, vniuersall prouidence
'Of things, not persons, alwayes must haue sense:
With iustice I these misty doubts will cleare,
And he that breakes diuine and humane law,
Shall no protection out of either draw.

Achm. Sir! where corrupted limbes art doth diuide.
It hath no name of torment, but of cure:
Let many perish, so the State be sure:

Solym. Then Achmat! Bid the eunuchs do their charge.
I wound my selfe in wounding of my sonne:
A king's estates hath of a father's wonne.
Aduantagious Ambition! hast thou learn't
That present gouernment still giues offenses,
And long life in the best kings discontenteth?
That Discontentment's hopes liue in succession?
Well! False desires—which in false glasses shew
'That princes' thrones are like enchanted fires,
'Mighty to see, and easie to passe ouer:—
By Mustapha's example, learne to know,
No priuate thoughts can sound Authoritie:
Achmat! I meane that Mustapha shall die.

Achmat. My lord! Good Fortune doth me witnesse beare,
That my hopes need not stand vpon Succession,
Where life is poore in all but woe and feare:
Then Sir! doubt not my faith, though I withstand
This fearefull counsell, which you haue in hand.

Solym. Resolu'd I am. The forme alone I doubt:
Enuie and Murmur I desire to shunne,
With which yet great examples must be done.

Ach. The forme of proofe preceedes the forme of death;
Kings' honors and their safeties liue in both;
Against these to giue counsell I am loth.

Solym. Thought is with God an act: kings cannot see
Th' intents of mischiefe, but with iealousie.

Ach. In what protection then liues Innocence?

Solym. Below the danger of Omnipotence.

Ach. Are thoughts and deeds confounded any where?

Solym. In princes' liues, that may not suffer feare:
Where Place vnequall equally is weigh'd,
There Power supreme is ballanc'd, not obey'd.

Ach. This is the way to make accusers proud,
And feed vp staruèd Spite with guiltlesse blood.

Solym. A iust aduantage vnto kings allow'd,
Whose safeties doe include a common good.
Ach. Sir! I confesse, when one man ruleth all,
There Feare and Care are secret keies of wit;
Where all may rise, and ~~only~~ only one must fall,
There Pride aspires and Power must master it:
For worlds repine at those, whom birth or chance,
Aboue all men, and yet but men, aduance.
I know when easie hopes doe nurse desire,
The dead men only of the wise are trusted:
And though crook'd Feare doe seldome rightly measure,
As thinking all things, but it selfe, dissembled:
Yet Solyman! let Feare awake kings counsells,
But feare not Nature's lawes, which seldome alter,
Nor rare examples of iniquity,
Which, but with age, of time deliuerèd be:
Feare false stepmother's rage, woman's ambition,
Whereof each age to other is a glasse;
Feare them that feare not, for desire, shame;
Selling their faith to bring their ends to passe.
Establish Rossa's children for your heires;
Let Mustapha's hopes fall; translate his right:
And when her proud ambitions glutted be,
Straight Enuie dies; Feare will appeare no more:
Nature takes on the shape it had before.

Solym. Shall Error scape by art? and shall a bare
Stepmother's name, in her that speaketh truth,
Disguise and shadow parricide from blame?
Intents are seeds, and actions they include.
Princes whose scepters must be fear'd of many,
Are neuer safe that liue in feare of any.

Ach. Tyrants they are that punish out of feare;
States wiser than the Truth decline and weare.

Solym. Thou art but one. The rest in whom I trust,
Discerne his fault, and vrge me to be iust.

Ach. Though Faction's strength be great, her sleight is more;
Her plots and instruments inlay'd with art:
Lesse care hath Truth than hath the euill part.

Solym. Traytor! Must I doubt all to credit thee?

Ach. No lesse is Truth where kings deceiu'd will be.

Solym. The greater number holds the safest parts.

Ach. That one is but the least of Faction's arts.

Solym. Thy counsell hazards all: their course but one.

Ach. That painted hazard is but made the gate,
For ruine of your sonne to enter at.

Truth must the measure be to slaue and king.
Solym. Shall Power then lose her oddes in any thing?
Ach. God, euen to Himselfe, hath made a law.
Solym. He doth for fame, what kings doe but for awe.
What but desert makes those that praise accuse?
Ach. The vertue they admire, and cannot vse.
Solym. Dare ought, but Truth, assaile a prince's childe?
Ach. On princes' frailties Factions euer build.
Solym. Speake plaine, and free my soul from this disease,
That with the ruine of mine owne would please.
Ach. That which you will not feele, how can you see?
For in your loue these workes were all inweau'd;
With which most worthy men are most deceiu'd.
Solym. What king or man, loues feare, wrong, treacherie?
These be the things that now in question be.
Ach. Sir! where kings doubt, Wisdome and lawes prouide
Due triall and restraint of libertie;
And vnto caution their estate is tied:
But where kings rage becomes superlatiue,

There people doe forbeare, but not forgiue.
My lord! then stay: delayes are wisedome, where
Time may more easy wayes of safetye show.
Selfe-murther is an vgly worke of Feare;
And little lesse is children's ouerthrow.
Mustapha is your's; more Sir! euen he
Is not, for whom you Mnstapha or'ethrew.
Suspitions common to successions be;
Honor and Feare together euer goe.
Who must kill all they feare, feare all they see,
Nor subiects, sonnes, nor neighbourhood can beare,
So infinite the limits be of Feare.
Solym. Well Achmat! Stay: I striue to rest my thoughts:
Words rather stirre than quiet fixt impressions.
Kings hearts must iudge what subiects' hearts haue wrought,
Not your calme heart vnthreat'ned and vpright.
Such bees fetch honie from the selfe same flower,
Whence spiders draw their deepe enuenom'd power.
No, no: Experience wounded is the Schoole,
Where man learnes piercing wisdome out of smart;
Innocence includes the serpent, not the foole.
The wager's great of being, or not being.
These crudities let me within digest;
My power shall take upon it all the rest.

Actus secundus. *Scena tertia.*

CAMENA. SOLYMAN. ACHMAT.

CAMENA. They that from youth doe sucke at Fortune's brest,
And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
'Like dropsie-fedde, their thirst doth neuer rest;
'For still, by getting, they beget desire:
'Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintaine the flame
'Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.
'But Vertue! Those that can behold thy beauties,
'Those that sucke, from their youth, thy milke of goodnesse,
'Their minds grow strong against the stormes of Fortune,
'And stand, like rockes, in Winter gusts vnshaken:
'Not with the blindnesse of Desire mistaken.
O Vertue therfore! whose thrall I thinke Fortune,
Thou who despisest not the sex of women,
Helpe me out of these riddles of my Fortune,
Wherein—meethinks—you with your selfe doe pose me:
Let fates goe on: sweet Vertue! doe not lose me.
My mother and my husband haue conspired,
For brother's good, the ruine of my brother:

My father by my mother is inspired,
For one childe to seeke ruine of another.
I that to helpe by Nature am required,
While I doe helpe, must needs still hurt a brother.
While I see who conspire, I seeme conspired
Against a husband, father, and a mother:
Truth bids me runne, by Truth I am retired;
Shame leades me both the one way, and the other.
With danger and dishonour I am hired
To doe against a husband and a mother:
In what a Labyrinth is Honor cast,
Drawne diuerse wayes with sex, with time, with State?
In all which, Error's course is infinite,
By hope, by feare, by spite, by loue, by hate;
And but one only way vnto the right:
A thorny way: where Paine must be thy guide;
Danger the light; offence of Power the praise:
Such are the golden hopes of iron dayes.
Yet Vertue, I am thine, for thy sake grieued
—Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,
In shame, in danger, death, and torment glory—
That I cannot with more paines write thy story.
Chance therfore! if thou scornest those that scorne thee;
Fame! if thou hatest those that force thy trumpet

To sound aloud, and yet despise thy sounding;
Lawes! if you loue not these that be examples
Of Nature's lawes, whence you are fall'n corrupted;
Conspire that I, against you all conspirèd,
Ioinèd with tyrant Vertue, as you call her,
That I, by your reuenges may be namèd
For Vertue, to be ruin'd and defamèd;
My mother oft and diuersly I warnèd,
What fortunes were vpon such courses buildèd:
That Fortune still must be with ill maintained,
Which at the first with any ill is gained.
I Rosten warn'd, that man's selfe-louing thought
Still creepeth to the rude embracing might
Of princes' grace: a lease of glories let,
Which shining burnes; breeds, serens when 'tis set.
And by this creature of my mother's making,
This messenger, I Mustapha haue warn'd,
That innocence is not enough to saue,
Where Good and Greatnesse, feare and enuie haue.
Till now, in reuerence I haue forborne
To aske, or to presume to ghesse, or know
My father's thoughts; whereof he might thinke scorne:
For dreadfull is that Power that all may doe;
Yet they, that all men feare, are fearefull too.
Loe where he sits! Vertue! worke thou in me,

That what thou seekest may accomplisht be.
Solym. Ah Death! is not thy selfe sufficient anguish,
But thou must borrow Feare, that threatning glasse,
Which, while it goodnesse hides and mischiefe showes,
Doth lighten wit to Honor's ouerthrowes?
But husht: Meethinkes away Camena steales:
Murther, belike, in me her selfe reueales.
Camena! Whither now? Why haste you from me?
Is it so strange a thing to be a father?
Or is it I that am so strange a father?
Camena. My lord! Meethought, nay, sure I saw you busie:
Your childe presumes, vncalled that comes vnto you.
Solym. Who may presume with fathers but their own,
Whom Nature's law hath euer in protection,
And guides in good beleefe of deare affection?
To make it greater, and the better known.
Cam. Nay, reuerence, Sir! so c hildren's worth doth hide,
As of the fathers it is least espide.

Solym. I thinke it's true: who know their children least,
Haue greatest reason to esteeme them best.
Cam. How so my lord? since loue in knowledge liues,
Which vnto strangers therefore no man giues.
Solym. The life we gaue them soone they doe forget,
While they thinke our liues doe their fortunes let.
Cam. The tendernesse of life it is so great,
As any signe of death we hate too much
Aud vnto parents, sonnes perchance, are such.
Yet Nature meant her strongest vnity,
Twixt sonnes and fathers; making parents cause
Vnto the sonnes of their humanity,
And children pledge of their eternitie;
Fathers should loue this image in their sonnes.
Solym. But streames backe to their springs doe neuer runne.
Cam. Pardon my lord! Doubt is Succession's foe:
Let not her spites poore children ouerthrow.
Though streames from springs doe seeme to runne away,
'Tis Nature leades them to their mother sea.
Solym. Doth Nature teach them, in Ambition's strife,

To seeke his death, by whom they haue their life?
Cam. Things easie to desire impossible doe seeme:
Why should Feare make impossible seeme easie?
Solym. Monsters yet be; and being are beleeued.
Cam. Incredible hath some inordinate progression;
Blood, doctrine, age, corrupting libertie,
Doe all concurre, when men such monsters be.
Pardon me Sir! if Dutie doe seeme angry:
Affection must breathe out afflicted breath,
Where imputation hath such easie faith.
Solym. Mustapha is he that hath defil'd his nest;
The wrong the greater, for I lou'd him best.
He hath devised that all at once should die,
Rosten and Rossa, Zanger, thou and I.
Cam. Fall none but angels suddainely to hell?
Are kinde and order growne precipitate?
Did euer any other man but he,
In instant lose the vse of doing well?
Sir! these be mists of greatnesse. Looke againe;
For kings that in their fearefull icie state,
Behold their children as their winding sheet,
Doe easily doubt; and what they doubt, they hate.
Solym. Camena! thy sweet youth, that knowes no ill,

Cannot beleeue thine elders, when they say,
That good beleefe is great Estates' decay.
Let it suffice, that I, and Rossa too,
Are priuy what your brother meanes to doe,
Cam. Sir! pardon me: and nobly as a father,
What shall I say, and say of holy mother,
Know I shall say it, but to right a brother.
My mother is your wife: dutie in her
Is loue: she loues; which not well gouerned, beares
The evill angell of misgiuing feares;
Whose many eyes, whilst but it selfe they see,
Still make the worst of possibility:
Vnto this feare, perchance, she ioynes the loue,
Which doth in mothers for their children moue.
Perchance, when Feare hath shew'd her your's must fall,
In loue she sees that her's must rise withall.
Sir! Feare a Frailtie is, and may haue grace,
And ouer-care of you cannot be blamed;
Care of our owne in Nature hath a place;
Passions are oft mistaken and misnamed;
Things simply good grow euill with misplacing.
Though lawes cut off, and do not care to fashion,
Humanity of error hath compassion.
Yet God forbid, that either Feare or Care,

Should ruine those that true and faultlesse are.
Solym. Is it no fault or fault I may forgiue,
For sonne to seeke the father should not liue ?
Cam. Is it a fault or fault for you to know,
My mother doubts a thing that is not so ?
These vgly workes of monstrous parricide,
Marke from what hearts they rise, and where they bide.
Violent, despayr'd, where Honor broken is ;
Feare, lord : Time, Death : where Hope is Misery
Doubt hauing stopt all honest wayes to blisse,
And Custome shut the windowes vp of shame,
That Craft may take vpon her Wisedome's name.
Compare now Mustapha with this despaire :
Sweet youth, sure hopes, honor, a father's loue,
No infamie to moue or banish feare,
Honor to stay, hazard to hasten fate :
Can horrors worke in such a childe's estate ?
Besides, the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Haue plac'd you high to rule not ouerthrow ;
For vs, not for your selues is your estate :
Mercie must hand in hand with Power goe.
Your scepter should not strike with armes of Feare,
Which fathoms all mens imbecilitie,
And mischiefe doth, lest it should mischiefe beare :
As reason deales within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,

But adds, substracts, keepes downe ambitious spirits
With hard examples: noe with truth and care;
So must Power forme, not ruine instruments:
For flesh and blood, the meanes twixt heauen and hell,
Vnto extremes extremely rackèd be;
Which kings in art of gouernment should see.
Else they, which circle in themselues with death,
Poison the aire, wherein they draw their breath.
Pardon my lord! Pittie becomes my sex:
Grace with delay growes weake, and Furie wise.
Remember Theseus' wish, and Neptune's haste,
Kild Innocence, and left Succession waste.
Solym. If what were best for them that doe offend
Lawes did inquire, the answer must be, grace:
If Mercie be so large, where's Iustice place?
Cam. Where Loue despaires, and where God's promise ends:
For mercie is the highest reach of wit,
A safety vnto them that saue with it:
Borne out of God, and vnto humane eyes,
Like God not seene till fleshly passion dies.
Solym. God may forgiue, Whose being and Whose harmes
Are farre remou'd from reach of fleshly armes:

But if God equalls, or successors had;
Euen God, of safe reuenges would be glad.
Cam. While he is yet aliue, he may be slaine.
But from the dead no flesh comes backe againe.
Solym. While he remaines aliue, I liue in feare.
Cam. Though he were dead, that doubt still liuing were.
Solym. None hath the power to end what he begunne.
Cam. The same occasion followes euery sonne.
Solym. Their greatnesse or their worth is not so much.
Cam. And shall the best be slaine, for being such?
Solym. Thy mother or thy brother are amisse:
I am betray'd; and one of them it is.
Cam. My mother, if she erres, erres vertuously,
And let her erre, ere Mustapha should die.
Kings, for their safetie, must not blame mistrust:
Nor for surmises, sacrifice the iust.
Solym. Well: deare Camena! keepe this secretly:
I will be well aduis'd before he die.
Come Achmat! to the Church: we will goe pray
God, to vnfold this probability,
Where Power and Wit so much offend Him may.

In this disease of spirits the true appeale,
Is to that Iudge that euery spirit knowes;
For we by Error else may honor lose.
His lawes, the life, the innocence, the state
Of sonne and father now in ballance stand.
Kings that haue cause to feare, take leaue to hate;
Sonnes, that aspire, as easily lift their hands.
If I fall now, I giue that scope to fate,
Our equall gage being onely Nature's bands.
Helpe comes alike to each of vs too late,
If ought betweene vs and aduantage stand.
Yet she and you, a strife within me moue,
And rest I will with counsell from aboue.

CHORUS SECVNDUS.

Of Mahometan Priests.

IF among Christians, euen the best diuines
Conclude, their Church—though thrall to humane might—
Yet to be such a faire mould, as refines
And guides kings' power, else indefinite,
That it no tyrant, or prophaner be:
Horrors too frequent in Authority:

May not our conquering true Church then assume,
By grace and dutie, to linke God to kings,

And kings to man? which what else could presume,
Since Might and Number, rule all other things?
Then crownes! what honor to our Church is due,
That fashions it selfe thus, to fashion you?

Lawes we had none, but what our priests inspir'd;
Our right was lesse; for we had nought to claime:
To propagate it selfe the Truth desir'd,
And to that end, at all mankinde did aime:
So that while soules we only sought to saue,
They are with God, and we their empires haue.

Olli, a Prophet from our Church diuided
In outward formes, not lines of inward life,
Like witty Schisme, we louingly decided,
With well-bent spirits in Opinion's strife.
Europe in chiefe our prophets then withstood,
With her three-mitred god of flesh and blood.

Her lett'red Greece the lottarie of Arts,
Since Mars forsooke her, subtle neuer wise;
Proud of her new-made gods in fleshly hearts,
As she of old was of her heathen lies;
We vndertooke with vnity of minde,
And what their wits dispute, our swords did binde.

So that ere her grosse sects could danger see,
Their thrones, schooles, miters, idols were resign'd
To vs, new trophies of our monarchie :
Thus are the Muses still by Mars refin'd :
And thus our Church, by pulling others' downe,
I feare or'ebuilt itselfe, perchance the crowne.

For, till of late, our Church and prince were one,
No latitude left either to diuide :
The Word and Sword endeuourèd not alone,
But were, like mutuall voice and eccho, tide
With one desire iointly to moue, speake, doe ;
As if Fate's oracles and actors too.

Now while the crowne and priesthood ioynèd thus
In equall ends, though dignities distinct,
As man's soule to his body linkèd is :
Crownes, by this tinçture of diuine instinct,
So aboue Nature rais'd the lawes of Might,
As made all errors of the world our right.

Vices, I grant, our martiall course then had :
For spoile, blood, lust, were therein left too free,
As raising strong idea's in the bad,
Braue instruments of soueraignty.
Like theeues, at home our iustice was seuere ;
In other princes' realmes our freedomes were.

Great the Seraglia was, I must confesse,
Yet so, as kindle did, not quench our spirits:
Our pleasures neuer made our natures lesse;
Venus was ioyn'd with Mars, to stirre vp merits.
In right or wrong our course was not precise,
Nor is in any State that multiplies.

Yet, to redeeme this discipline of Vice,
We adde to the glory of our State;
Wonne honor by them, to the preiudice
Of strangers, conquering more than we did hate:
Our emulation was with crownes, not men
Thus did our vices spread our empire then.

Where since, though we still spoyle that Christian sect,
Which by diuision fatall to their kinde,
Friends, duties, enemies, and right, neglect,
To keepe vp some selfe-humor in the winde;
Yet all we thus winne, not by force but sleight,
Poys'd with our martiall conquests, will lacke weight.

For force not right, our crescents beare in chiefe;
Campes and not courts, are mappes of our Estate,
Where Church, Law, Will, and discipline in briefe,
Establisht are to make Worth fortunate:

We scorne those arts of peace, that ciuile tether,
Which, in one bond, tye Craft and Force together.

Of cell-bred sciences we chew no cudde ;
Our food and garments ouerloade vs not ;
When one act withers, straight another buddes ;
Our rest is doing ; good successe our lot ;
Our beasts are no more delicate than we :
This odds haue Turkes of Christianitie.

Yet by your traffike with this dreaming Nation,
Their conquer'd Vice hath stain'd our conquering State,
And brought thinne cobwebs into reputation
Of tender subtilitie ; whose stepmother Fate
So inlayes courage with ill shaddowing Feare,
As makes it much more hard to doe than beare.

And as in circles, who breakes any part,
That perfect forme doth vtterly confound :
Or as amongst the feignèd lines of Art,
One onely right is, all else crooked found :
So from our Prophet's sawes when Sultans stray,
In humane wit, Power findes perplexèd way.

Hence, though we make no idols, yet we fashion

God, as if from Power's throne He tooke His being;
Our Alchoran, as warrant vnto passion;
Monarches in all lawes but their owne will seeing.
Hee whom God chooseth out of doubt doth well:
What they that choose their God do, who can tell?

Againe, when great States learne ciuility
Of petty kingdomes, learne they not to fall?
Nay monarchies, when they declining be,
Brooke they those vertues which they rose withall?
Had Mustapha beene borne in Selim's time,
What now is fearefull, then had beene sublime.

The Christian bondage is much more refin'd,
Though not in reall things, in reall names;
Lawes, doctrine, discipline, being all assign'd
To hold vpright that wittie man-built frame;
Where euery limbe, though in themselues distinct,
Yet finely are vnto the scepter linckt.

An art by which man seemes but is not free;
Crownes keeping all their specious guiding reynes,
Fast in the hand of strong Authority;
So to relax, or winde vp Passion's chaines,
As before humble people know their griefe,
Their states are vs'd to looke for no reliefe.

Yet if by parts we trauaile to compare,
What differences 'twixt these two empires are:
We build no citadells, our strengths are men,
And hold retreit to be the loser's denne:
They, by their forts, mowe their owne people downe;
A way perchance to keepe, not spread a crowne.
Of bondage we leaue our Succession free;
Office and action, are our libertie.
They may inherit land, we hope for place:
They giue the wealthy, we the actiue grace.
We heare the fault, and so demand that head,
Which hath in martiall duties beene mislead:
Their processe is to answere and appeare;
But vnder lawes, which hold the scepter deare.
Our law is martiall, suddaine and seuere;
For fact can rarely intricatenesse beare:
Their lawes take life from Soueraigntie,
Thanklesse to which, Power will not let them be.
So that the Mussel-man sends home his head;
The Christian keepes his owne till he be dead.
Our trade is taxe, comprising men and things:
And draw not they mankinde's wealth vnder kings?
Soothing the tyrant, till by his excesse,
Want makes the maiestie of thrones grow lesse,
By taxing people's vice at such a rate,
As to fill vp a siue, exhausts a State:

Lastly; so shuffling trade, law, doctrine, will,
As no soule shall finde peace in good or ill;
Both being trappes alike vs'd, to entice
The weake, and humble into preiudice.
Our Sultan's rule their charge by Prophet's sawes,
And leaue the Mufti iudge of all their lawes:
The Christians take and change faith with their kings,
Which vnder miters oft the scepter brings.
We make the Church our Sultan's instrument:
They with their kings will make their Church content.
They wrangle with themselues, and by dispute
In questions, thinke to make the one side mute:
If not, then sacrifice the weaker part;
As if, in thrones, blood were Religion's art;
Forcing the will, which is to catch the winde,
As if man's nature were more than his minde:
We in subduing Christians conquer both,
And to lose vse of either part are loth.
So that we suffer their fond zeale to pray,
That it may well our conquering armies pay.
And where we are there Christians faine would be,
If lacke of power were not their modestie.
Thus doe all Great States safely manage things,
Which danger seemes to thrones of pettie kings.
For though the sicke haue sense of euery breath,

And shunne all what they feele, for feare of death:
Yet in strong States, those stormes they feele giue health,
And by their purgings spoyle Infection's stealth;
A play of sunne-motes from man's small world come,
Vpon the great world to worke heauy doome.
For proofe: Behold in Solyman that feare,
Which torrid zones of Tyrannie must beare.
For who hath lost man's nature in his passion,
Can neuer see the world in better fashion:
But credit giues to limitlesse suspition,
Which vnto all vice giueth one condition,
Confusion's orbe; where men may hate their owne,
Nature and Reason there being ouerthrowne.
Hence goe out mandates of conspiracie
'Gainst Mustapha, who must not guiltlesse be
In such a father and a monarch's eyes,
As will see nothing, but destruction, wise.
Hence Mustapha, from like dreames of the heart,
Sees his destruction wrought by tyrants' art,
And yet yeelds things to names, his right to passion;
Which misplac'd duties helpe Power to disfashion.
Nay, hence mankinde, by crafty Power opprest,
Where it hath giuen part, still giues the rest;
And thinking thrones in all their practise true,

Dare not of their owne creatures aske their due:
But rather, like milde Earth with weedes or'e-
growne,
Yeelds to be plough'd, manur'd, and ouerthrowne.
Lastly, thus scepters fall with their owne weight,
When climing Power, once risen to her height,
Descends to make distinction in her lust,
Which grants that absolute may be vniust;
And so subiects to censure what should raigne;
Steppes to bring Power to people backe againe.
Whence I conclude: Mankinde is both the forme
And matter, wherewith Tyrannies transforme:
For Power can neither see, worke, or deuise,
Without the people's hands, hearts, wit, and eyes:
So that were man not by himselfe opprest,
Kings would not, tyrants could not make him
beast.

Actus tertius. Scena Prima.

ROSSA. ROSTEN.

ROSSA. O wearysome obedience, wax to
Power!
Shall I in vaine be Mustapha's accuser?
Shall any iustice equall him and me?
Is Loue so open-ear'd, my power so weake,

As ought against me to my lord dare speake ?
' Sands shall be numbred first and Motion fixt,
' The sea exchange her channell with the fire,
' Before my will, or reason, stand in awe
' Of God or Nature, common people's law.
Rost. Rossa! whence growes this strange vnquiet motion ?
Gouerne your thoughts. What want you to content you,
That hane the king of kings at your deuotion ?
Ross. Content ? O poore estate of woman's wit!
The latitude of princes is desire,
Which all it hath enioy'd, stills carries higher.
Say you the world is left to my deuotion
Who question'd am both in my state and fame,
Must lose my will, and cannot lose my shame ?
For Mustapha, long since condem'd to die,
Now liues againe . . . . . .
To boast of marriage then what ground haue I ?
Rost. Conclude not now : For thoughts that be offended.
Are seldome with their present visions mended.
Rage sees too much, Securitie too little ;
Affections are, like glassy metall brittle.
Ross. Ah seruile sex ! must yokes our honor be,
To make our owne loues our captiuity ?

No Rossa, no: looke not in languisht wit,
For none can stand on Fortune's steepe with it.
'Thinke Innocencie harme; Vertue dishonor;
'Wound Truth; and ouerweigh the scale of
Right;
Sexes haue wayes apart; States haue their fashions:
The vertues of Authoritie are passions.'
Rost. Rossa! Take heede . . . . . .
Your honors, like kings' humors, brittle are,
Which broken once, repayr'd can hardly be;
And these once stain'd, what is humanity?
Rossa! first iudge your ends, and then your meanes.
You seeke to vndermine a prince's State,
Deepe rooted in by time, power, reuerence;
Establish'd on succession fortunate
Of many Turks: from men that seruile be,
Vse hauing lost the vse of libertie.
I vnderstand a monarch's state too well,
To bid you purchase people's idle breath,
That haue no power of honor, life or death:
These wayes are wrong, vncertaine, fearefull too;
In absolutes, which all themselues will doe.
But turne your eyes vp to the will of one,
Know you must worke a father from his sonne.
Rossa. This parent's dotage, as it weaknesse
is,
So workes it with the vigor of disease,

Still vndermining with the things that please.
Vpon this quick-sand what can be begunne?
Rost. Sonnes loue with selfe-loue must be ouer-
throwne:
By force of Nature's law there's nothing wonne.
Strifes in the father's minde you must beget,
And him aboue his sweet affections beare,
To take impressions both of hope and feare.
Ross. Those silly natures apt to louingnesse,
Which euer must in others' power liue,
With doubt become more fond, with wrong more
thral:
Feare here wants eyes, Hate hath no sting at all.
Rost. All these false strengths of natiue con-
fidence,
With their excesse, haue their inconstancie:
The lawes of kinde, with tyrants, nothing be.
Besides, deare Rossa! Ills haue such alliance,
As in what subiect any one is growne,
The seeds of all, euen in that one are sowne.
Ross. This masse of passions who can deale
withall?
Too nice and subtile is Inconstancy:
Shall Wrong faire-written still in patience be?
Must my desire so many cautions haue,
And waite on those thoughts that haue worshipt
me?

I cannot beare this mediocrity.

Rost. Rossa! Take heed! Extreames are not the meanes
To change Estates, either in good or ill.
Therefore yeeld not; since that makes Nature lesse:
Nor yet vse rage, which vainely driueth on
The minde to working without instruments:
Besides, it doth make partiall our intents,
Discredits Truth, condemnes indifferent things.
But take vpon you quiet prouidence,
The prince's state, with his authority;
Teach Power to doubt; for doubt is her defence.
Degrees of passions, as of spirits there be;
Choose now for vse, and not for dignity.
Loue spreads the wit to play, but not to arme,
Hath many feet to walke an easie pace,
Slow to mistrust, and neuer apt to harme:
But feare of credit is within the minde,
Strength'ned by Nature with the strength of all;
In men and tyrants' states both, naturall.
The proiect of this feare must yet be made
The prince's safety, honor of the State:
Such glorious stiles may easily ouershade
The wayes of Spite; for treason is in hate.
Flattery straight speakes aloud in Power's right,
Carrying things vnder names, Truth vnder might.
'Who dare distinguish in a Tyrannie,

'Where Fraud it selfe hath Power's authority?
'Who shall correct errors, made for the king,
'But kings themselues; who actors in their feares,
'Most honor those that most suspition bring.
'Who there sees right, or dare vse Honor's name,
'Where both are sure of death and doubtfull fame?
Then Rossa! plant you here; accuse the sonne;
Although you faile his death, you need not doubt:
In tyrant's state neuer was man vndone
By miscomplaints. Besides, what comes about
In Earth, but it hath lets, and findes delayes?
Yeeld not: but multiply malice in patience:
Honor is only forme, forme tyrants' wayes.
Accuse his friendes, speake doubtfull, charge and praise.
Put Truth to silence: People dare not see
The pride of Power in formall tyrannie.
I know my time; the Basshas how they bend;
Faction still wakes, and Competence hath spite;
'Tis fault enough that Achmat is his friend
His lightnesse and his power well vnderstood.
Things may so passe as Mustapha may die,
Ere counsell or remorse put furie by.
But if extremitie chance to require
A more audacious figure; then vse Rage:
It giue[s] sometimes an honor to desire;
It shewes a plainenesse, credible to age:

While it is rul'd, it may haue time and place ;
But if it rule, it prophesieth disgrace.
Rossa. I feele my heart now rise, my spirits worke ;
Confusèd thoughts all words haue ouergrowne.
When Mustapha is dead, what starre hath motion,
But Achmat ; in whom Solyman yet trusts ?
They who their ends, by change, striue to aduance,
Must neuer doubt to goe the way of Chance.
Rosten. Achmat is wise, and Solyman's beloued :
Euen tyrants couet to vphold their fame ;
Not fearing euill deeds, but euill name.
Rossa. When children's blood the father's forehead staines,
What priuiledge for counsellors remaines ?
Rost. What arguments against him ?
Rossa. Vse of killing ;
Suspition, the favourite of tyrants ;
Delight of change ; fauours past ; and feare of greatnesse,
Sharp'ned by Achmat's harsh and open dealing :
Which mighty tyrants liberty would draw
Into the narrow scope of humane law.
Rost. Let Mustapha be dead.
Rossa. How dead while Achmat raignes ?
Downe is the idoll, but the workman liues :
His fauour, vertue, reputation, course,

To vs are still that Mustapha, or worse,
Then downe he must, and shall. My chiefest end
Is first to fix this world on my succession;
Next so to alter, plant, remoue, create,
That I, not he, may fashion this estate.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

BEGLERBIE. ROSSA. ROSTEN.

BEGLERBIE. Rossa and Rosten! while you stand debating
The ioyes or sorrowes of your priuate fortunes,
Some euill angel doth traduce you both.
Achmat is call'd for: wit, art, spite, he hath;
And while for sonnes with fathers men intreat,
Affection makes each good apparance great.

Ross. Rosten! make haste: go hence, and carry with thee
My life, fame, malice, fortune, and desire:
For which, set all establish'd things on fire.
You vgly angells of th' infernall kingdomes!
You who most brauely haue maintain'd your beings
In equall power, like riualls to the heauens!
Let me raigne, while I liue, in my desires;
Or dead, liue with you in eternall fires.

Beg. Rossa! Not words but deeds please hell
or heauen:
I feare to tell: I tremble to conceale;
Fortune, vnto the death, is then displeas'd,
When remedies doe ruine the diseas'd.

Ross. Vse not these parables of coward Feare:
Feare hurts lesse when it strikes than when it
threatens.

Beg. If Mustapha shall die, his death miscarries
Part of thy end, thy fame, thy friends, thy ioy:
Who will, to hurt his foes, himselfe destroy?

Ross. My selfe? what is it else but my desire?
My brother, father, mother, and my God,
Are but those steps which helpe me to aspire.
Mustapha had neuer truer friend than I,
That would not with him liue but with him die.
Yet tell: what is the worst.

Beg. Camena must, with him, a traytor be;
Or Mustapha, for her sake, must be free.

Rossa. O cruell fates! that doe in loue plant woe,
And in delights make our disasters grow.
But speake: what hath she done?

Beglerb. Vndone thy doing:
Discouer'd vnto Mustapha his danger:
And from these relikes I doe more than doubt,
Her confidance brings Solyman about.

Rossa. Nay, blacke, Auernus! so I doe adore thee,
As I lament my wombe, hath beene so barren,
To yeeld but one to offer vp before thee.
Who thinks the daughter's death can mother's stay
From ends whereon a woman's heart is fixt,
Weighes harmelesse nature, without passion mixt.

Beg. Is mother by the woman ouerthrowne?

Rossa. Rage knowes no kinne: Power is aboue the Law,
And must not curious be of base respect,
Which onely they command that doe neglect.

Beg. Your child's death angers him whom you must please.

Ross. My ends are great: small things are wrought with ease.

Beg. This plants confusion in the Powers aboue.

Ross. My end is not to quiet but to moue.

Beg. God plagues iniustice in so great excesse.

Ross. The doing minds feele not that idlenesse.

Beg. What if this worke proue not conspiracie,
But care, that with all duties may agree?

Ross. 'Tis priuate fortune that is built on Truth:
Iustice is but of great Estates the youth.

Beg. Yet by the loue of mothers to their children,
By all the paines of trauaile, so well knowne,

Punish, but yet spare life: it is your owne.

Ross. I doe protest no terrors, no desires,
Glories of fame, of Rumor's iniuries,
Could in a mother's heart, haue quench'd the fire
Of louing-kindnesse, to her children borne:
It conquer'd is with nothing, but with scorne.
I am resolu'd to moue the wheeles of Fate:
Her triumph shall be paine; her glorie shame:
Horror is of excesse a iust reward:
The giuers of example haue regard.

CHORVS TERTIVS.

OF TIME: ETERNITIE.

Time.

WHAT meane these mortall children of mine owne,
Vngratefully against me to complaine,
That all I build is by me ouerthrowne?
Vices put vnder to rise vp againe?
That on my wheeles both Good and Ill doe moue;
The one beneath, while th' other is aboue?

Day, night, houres, arts, all, God or men create,
The world doth charge me that I restlesse change,

Suffer no being in a constant state:
Alas! Why are my reuolutions strange
Vnto these natures, made to fall or clime,
With that sweet genius, euer-mouing Time?

What wearinesse; what lothsome desolations
Would plague these life and death-begetting creatures?
Nay what absurdity in my creations
Were it, if Time-borne had eternall features;
This nether orbe, which is Corruption's sphere,
Not being able long one shape to beare.

Could Pleasure liue? Could Worth haue reuerence?
Lawes, Arts, and Sects—meere probabilities—
Keepe vp their reputation in man's sense,
If Noueltie did not renew his eyes?
Or Time take mildly from him what he knew,
Making both me and mine, to each still new?

Daughter of heauen am I, but God, none greater;
Pure like my parents; life and death of action;
Author of ill successe to euery creature;
Whose pride against my periods makes a faction:
With me who goe along, rise while they be;
Nothing of mine respects Eternitie.

Kings! why do you then blame me whom I choose,

As my annointed, from the potter's oare;
And to aduance you made the people lose,
While you to me acknowledgèd your power?
Be confident all thrones subsist in me:
I am the measure of felicitie.

Mahomet in vaine—one trophee of my might,
Rais'd by my chang'd aspect to other Nations—
Striues to make his succession infinite,
And robbe my wheeles of growth, state, declination.
But he and all else, that would master Time,
In mortall spheres, shall finde my power sublime.

I bring the truth to light, detect the ill;
My natiue greatnesse scorneth bounded wayes;
Vntimely Power a few dayes ruine will;
Yea, Worth it selfe falls, till I list to raise.
The Earth is mine: of earthly things the care
I leaue to men, that like them, earthly are.

Ripe I yet am not to destroy Succession;
The Vice of other kingdomes giue him time.
The Fates, without me, can make no progression;
By me alone, euen Truth doth fall or clime:
The instant pettie webs, without me spunne,
Vntimely ended be, as they begunne.

Not kings, but I, can Nemesis send forth,
The iudgments of Reuenge and Wrong, are mine:

My stampes alone doe warrant reall worth;
How doe vntimely vertues else decline?
For sonne or father, to destroy each other,
Are bastard deeds, where Time is not the mother.

Such is the worke this State hath vndertaken,
And keepes in clouds; with purpose to aduance
False counsells; in their selfe-craft iustly shaken,
As grounded on my slaue and shaddow, Chance.
Nay more; my childe Occasion is not free
To bring forth good or euill, without me.

And shall I for reuealing this misdeed,
By tying future to the present ill,
Which keepes Disorder's wayes from happie speed;
Be guiltie made of man's still-erring will?
Shall I, that in my selfe still golden am,
By their grosse metall, beare an iron name?

No; let man draw, by his owne cursed square,
Such crooked lines, as his fraile thoughts affect:
And, like things that of nothing framèd are,
Decline vnto that centre of defect:
I will disclaime his downfall, and stand free,
As natiue riuall to Eternitie.

Eternitie.

What meanes this new-borne childe of planets'
motion?

This finite elfe of man's vaine acts and errors ?
Whose changing wheeles in all thoughts stirre commotion ?
And in her owne face onely, beares the mirror .
A mirror in which, since Time tooke her fall,
Mankinde sees ill increase, no good at all.

Because in your vast mouth you hold your tayle,
As coupling ages past with times to come ;
Doe you presume your trophees shall not fayle,
As both Creation's cradle and her tombe ?
Or for beyond your selfe you cannot see,
By dayes and houres ; would you eternall be ?

Time is the weakest worke of my creation,
And, if not still repayr'd, must straight decay :
The mortall take not my true constellation,
And so are daz'led, by her nimble sway,
To thinke her course long, which if measur'd right,
Is but a minute of my Infinite.

A minute which doth her subsistence tye :
Subsistencies which, in not being, be :
Shall is to come ; and *was* is passèd by ;
Time present cements this duplicitie :
And if one must, of force, be like the other,
Of nothing is not Nothing made the mother ?

Why striues Time then to parallell with me?
What be her types of longest lasting glory?
Arts, miters, lawes, moments, supremacie,
Of Nature's erring alchymie the storie:
From nothing sprang this point, and must, by course,
To that confusion turne againe, or worse.

For she, and all her mortall off-springs, build
Vpon the mouing base of selfe-conceipt;
Which constant forme can neither take, nor yeeld;
But still change shapes, to multiply deceipt:
Like playing atomi, in vaine contending,
Though they beginning had, to haue no ending.

I, that at once see Time's distinct progression;
I, in whose bosome *was* and *shall*, still be;
I, that in causes worke th'effects succession,
Giuing both good and ill, their destinie;
Though I bind all, yet can receiue no bound;
But see the finite still it selfe confound.

Time! therfore know thy limits, and striue not
To make thy selfe or thy works infinite,
Whose essence only is to write and blot:
Thy changes proue thou hast no stablish't right.
Gouerne thy mortall sphere, deale not with mine:
Time but the seruant is of Power diuine.

Blame thou this present state, that will blame thee,
Brick-wall your errors from one to another;
Both faile alike vnto Eternitie,
Goodnesse of no mixt course can be the mother.
Both you and your's doe couet states Eternall;
Whence, though pride end, your pains yet be Infernall.

Ruine this masse; worke change in all estates,
Which, when they serue not me, are in your power:
Giue vnto their corruption doomes of Fate:
Let your vast wombe your Cadmus-men deuoure.
The vice yeelds scope enough for you and hell,
To compasse ill ends by not doing well.

Let Mustapha by your course be destroy'd,
Let your wheeles, made to winde vp and vntwine,
Leaue nothing constantly to be enioy'd,
For your scithe mortall must to harme incline,
Which, as this world, your maker, doth grow old,
Doomes her, for your toyes, to be bought and sold.

Crosse your owne steps; hasten to make and marre;
With your vicissitudes please, displease your owne:

Your three light wheeles of sundry fashions are,
And each, by other's motion, ouerthrowne,
Doe what you can: mine shall subsist by me:
I am the measure of felicitie.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

SOLYMAN. ACHMAT.

SOLYMAN. Achmat! Goe, charge the Bassha's to assemble:
God onely is aboue me and consulted.
Take freedome; not, as oft kings' seruants doe,
To binde Church, State, and all power vnder you.
Visions are these, or bodies which appeared?
Rays'd from within or from aboue descending?
Did vowes lift vp my soule, or bring downe these?
God's not pleas'd with vs till our hearts finde ease.
What horror's this? Safetie, right, and a crowne,
Thrones must neglect that will adore God's light.
His will, our good: Suppose it plucke vs downe;
Reuenge is his? Against the ill what right?
What meanes that glasse, borne on those glorious wings,
Whose piercing shaddowes on my selfe reflect
Staines, which my vowes against my children bring?
My wrongs and doubts, seeme there despayres of Vice;

My power a turret built against my Maker;
My danger but Disorder's preiudice.
This glasse, true mirror of the Infinite,
Shews all; yet can I nothing comprehend.
This empire, nay the world, seemes shaddowes there;
Which mysteries dissolue me into feare.
I that without feele no superior power,
And feele within but what I will conceiue,
Distract; know neither what to take, nor leaue.
I, that was free before, am now captiu'd;
This sacrifice hath rais'd me from my Earth,
By that I should from that I am depriu'd.
In my affections man, in knowledge more,
Protected no where, farre more disunited;
Still king of men, but of myselfe no more.
In my sonne's death, it shewes this empire's fall;
And in his life, my danger still included:
To die or kill, alike vnnaturall..
No powers and spirits, with prayer thus confused,
Nor iudge, nor rest, nor yeeld, nor raigne I can:
No God, no diuell, no constant king, nor man;
The Earth drawes one way, and the skie another.
If God worke thus, kings must looke upwards still,
And from these powers they know not, choose a will.

Or else beleeue themselues, their strength, occasion ;
Make wisdome conscience ; and the world their skie :
So haue all tyrants done ; and so must I.

Actus quartus : Scena secunda.

BEGLERBIE. SOLYMAN.

BEGLERBIE. Solyman ! If Rossa you will see aliue,
You must make haste : for her despaire is such,
As she thinks all things but her rage, too much.
Solym. Fortune ! hast thou not moulds enough of sorrow,
But thou must those of Loue and Kindnesse borrow ?
Tell me : out of what ground growes Rossa's passion ?
Beg. When hither I from Mustapha return'd,
And had made you accompt of my commission ;
Rossa, whose heart in care for your health burn'd,
Curiously after Mustapha inquiring,
A token spies, which I from hence did beare,
For Mustapha by sweet Camena wrought ;
Yet gaue it not ; for I beganne to feare,
And something in it more than kindnesse thought.

No sooner she espi'd this pretious gift,
But, as enrag'd, hands on her selfe she layes;
From me, as one that from her selfe would shift,
She runnes; nor till she found Camena stayes.
I follow, and finde both their voices high,
The one as doing, th' other suffring paine:
But whether your Camena liue or die,
Or dead, if she by rage or guilt be slaine;
If she made Rossa mad, or Rossa mad
To hurt things dearest to her selfe be glad,
I know not. But O Solyman! make haste;
For Man's despayre is but occasion past.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

ROSSA. SOLYMAN. BEGLERBIE.

ROSSA. What! Am I not mine owne? Who dare vsurpe
To take this kingdome of my selfe from me?
Nature hath lied. She saith, Life vnto many
May be denied, but not death vnto any.
O Solyman! I haue at once transgress'd
The lawes of Nature, and thy lawes of State:
I wretched am, and you vnfortunate.

Solym. Declare what storme is this? What accident?
Thy selfe-accusing doth excuse intent.
Rossa. Sir, odious is the fact on euery side:
The remedie is more then you can beare;
And more must fall vpon you than you feare.
Solym. What threatning's this? what horror? what despite?
Kings thoughts to iealousie are ouer-tender.
Rossa. And any weaknesse many doth engender.
Solym. Rossa! what meanes this venome of thy death?
Rossa. Reuenge and Iustice both require my breath.
Solym. Then tell.
Rossa. And lose the priuiledge of death.
Solym. Then tell and die.
Rossa. Nay tell, and liue a worthy death.
Rippe not my wounds, dear lord! silence is fit:
My life hath shame, and death must couer it.
Solym. What should be secret vnto thoughts that loue?
Rossa. All imperfections that offence do moue.
Solym. What guiltinesse cannot Goodwill forgiue?
Rossa. These horrors which in stainèd soules doe liue.

Solym. Are thy faults to thy selfe, or vnto me?
Rossa. To both alike, remedilesse they be.
Solym. Yet shew me trust; it proues your heart is pure
To me, and all crimes elſe kings can endure.
Rossa. Imagine all the depths of wickednesse:
My wombe as hell, my soule the world of sinne;
Confusion in my thoughts, feare mercilesse;
Without me shame, impenitence within.
Solym. These words are not of charge, but intercession,
As arguing not your guilt but your oppression:
Yet least I faile, and error multiply,
Declare what's done? what moues this agonie?
Ross. Thy childe is slaine. These hands imbrued are.
Euen in her bowells, whom I nurs'd with care.
Solym. So strange a death includes some odious crime.
Ross. She did conspire: Silence deuoures the rest.
Solym. Horror I apprehend, danger, despaire:
All these lie hidden, in this word, 'Conspire.'
Ross. This wretch conspir'd the ruine of this State.
Sir! aske no more: for ills goe in a blood;
You heare already more than doth you good.

Solym. But tell: what made Camena thinke this thought?
Or by whom could she thinke to haue it wrought?
Ross. Mischiefe it selfe is cause of mischiefe done.
What should she feare; since with her is combin'd
Mustapha, this State's successor, and your sonne?
Solym. Can this be true? Is humane nature such,
As in the worst part none can thinke too much?
Ross. The ruines of my owne may show my faith:
For I can see no comforts after you;
Yet to your Basshas know I not what's true.
Solym. Discouer how these treasons came to light.
Ross. Call Achmat first: for Truth is but a blast,
Till it his censure's oracle hath past.
Solym. What scornes be these? how am I thus possest?
Hath Achmat other greatnesse than by me?
Ross. If greater by you than your selfe he be.
Solym. In kings the secrets of creation rest.
Ross. Sir! you created him: he all the rest.
Solym. I gaue that to his worth, faith, industrie.
Ross. And so these gifts tyed to your children be.
Solym. What can his age expect by innouation?
Ross. Ambition gets by doing, estimation.
Solym. His power hath no true basis, but my grace.

Ross. Sir! Strength, like number, multiplies by place.

Solym. Decrepit slaue, vile creature of mine;
Lies it in his base thoughts and shaking hands,
To moue the props whereon my Empire stands?

Ross. The name of Power is your's, the being his,
By whom creation, hope, reward, and feare
Spread, and disposèd still are, euerywhere.
Besides, there is no age in man's desire,
Which still is actiue, yong, and cannot rest;
For Achmat knowes you will not what you can:
Since crownes do change a State, but not the man.

Solym. His life and fortune stand vpon my breath,

Ross. Contempt deposeth kings, as well as death.

Solym. But tell: how doth their treacherie appeare?
Hath she confest? or who doth them accuse?

Ross. This Guidon, with her owne hand wrought and sent,
Beares perfect record what was their intent.

Solym. Expound: what is the meaning of this worke,
Vnder whose art the arts of Mischiefe lurke?

Ross. These clouds, they be the house of Iealousie,

Which fire and water both, within them beare,
Where good shewes lesse, ills greater than they be:
Saturne here feeds on children that be his,
His word:
'A fatall winding sheet succession is.'
This pretious hill, where dayntynesse seemes wast,
By Nature's art, that all art will exceed,
In carelesse finesse shewes the sweet estate,
Of strength and prouidence together plac'd:
Two intercessors reconciling Hate,
And giuing Feare euen of it selfe a taste.
Those waues, which beate vpon the cliffes, doe show,
The cruell stormes, which Enuie hath below.
The border round about in characts hath
Tne minde of all; which in it selfe is this:
'Tis hard to know, as hard and harder too,
When men doe know, to bring their hearts to doe.

Solym. What said she, when you shewed her this worke?

Ross. Like them that are descried, and faine would lurke;
For while she would haue made her selfe seeme cleare,
She made her fault still more and more appeare.

Solym. How brook'd she that, the wicked only feare?

Her death—I meane—with what heart did she
beare?
Ross. She neither stubburne was, nor ouer-
throwne;
And, but for Mustapha, made no request:
As if his harmes had only beene her owne,
Solyman! Take heed:
'Malice, like clockes woond vp to watch the sunne,
'Hasting a headlong course on many wheeles,
'Haue neuer done, vntill they be vndone.
I slew my childe, my childe would haue slaine
thee:
All bloody Fates in my blood written be.
Solym. I sweare by Mahomet, my sonne shall
die!
Reuenge is iustice, and no crueltie.
Beglerbie! attend. This glorious Phaëton here,
That would at once subuert this State and me,
Safe to the eunuchs carried let him be.
These spirits of practise, that contend with fate,
Must, by their deaths, doe honor to a State.

Actus Quartus; Scena Quarta.

BEGLERBIE. PRIEST. MUSTAPHA.

BEGLERBIE. Ah humorous kings? how
are you tossed, like waues
With breaths, that from the Earth be-
neath you moue;
'Obseruèd and betray'd, knowne and vndone,
'By being nothing, vnto all things wonne.
'Frayle man! that mould'st misfortune in thy wit,
'By giuing thy made idoll leaue to fashion
'Thy ends to his. For marke; what comes of it?
'Nature is lost, our being onely chance,
'Where grace alone, not merit, must aduance.
The one my image: Solyman's the other:
He, with himselfe, is wrought to spoyle his owne:
I, with my selfe, am made the instrument,
That Courts should haue no great hearts innocent:
But stay: why wander I thus from my ends?
New counsells must be had when planets fall:
Change hath her periods, and is naturall.
The saint we worship is Authoritie;
Which liues in kings, and cannot with them die.
True faith makes martyrs vnto God alone:
Misfortune hath no such oddes in a throne.
But see! this foot-ball to the starres is come:
Mustapha I meane, in innocence secure,

Which, for it will not giue fate, must endure.
Heli distract, fixt, and agast, I see,
And will goe nearer to obserue the rest,
That wit may take occasion at the best.
For if they feele their state, and know their strength,
How prone this masse is for another head;
Did euer hazard finde Occasion dead?
Whether he get the crowne, or lose his blood,
The one is ill to him; to me both good.

Priest, False Mahomet! thy lawes monarchall are,
Vniust, ambitious; full of spoyle, and blood,
Hauing not of the best, but greatest, care,
To whom still thou dost sacrifice the good.
Must life yeeld vp it selfe to be put out,
Before this frame of Nature be decaied?
Must blood the tribute be of tyrants' doubt?
O wretched flesh! in which must be obeyed
God's law, that wills impossibilitie;
And princes wills, the gulfes of tyrannie.
We priests, euen with the mysterie of words,
First binde our selues, and with our selues the rest
To seruitude, the sheath of tyrant's sword;
Each worst vnto himselfe, approuing best.

People! Beleeue in God: we are vntrue,
And spirituall forges under tyrants' might:

God only doth command what's good for you:
Where we doe preach your bodies to the warre;
Your goods to taxe; your freedome vnto bands;
Duties, by which you own'd of others are;
And feare, which to your harmes doth lend your hands.
Ah forlorne wretch! with my hypocrisie,
I Mustapha haue ruin'd, and this State.
I am the diuill's friend, Hell's mediator,
A furie vnto man, a man to furies.
Must. Whence growes this sudden rage thy gesture vtters?
These agonies and furious blasphemings?
Man then doth shew his reason is defaced,
When rage thus shewes it selfe with reason graced.
Priest. If thou haue felt the selfe-accusing warre,
Weere knowledge is the endlesse hell of thought,
The ruines of my soule there figurèd are,
My state of minde is by thy feeling taught.
For where despaire the conscience doth feare
My wounds bleed out that horror which they beare.
Must. Horror, and pride, in nature opposite;
The one makes Error great, the other small:
Where rooted habits haue no sense at all.
Heli! iudge not thy selfe with troubled minde,
But shew thy heart: when Passion's steames breath forth,

Euen woes we wondred at are nothing worth.
Priest. I haue offended Nature, God, and thee:
To each a sinne, to all impietie.
Must. The faults of man are finite, like his merits:
His mercies infinite that iudgeth spirits.
Tell me thy errors, teach me to forgiue,
Which he that cannot doe, knowes not to liue.
Priest. Canst thou forgiue? Rather auoyd the cause
Which else makes mercie more seuere than lawes.
Must From man to man duties are but respects,
The grounds whereof are meere humanitie:
Can Iustice other there than Mercie be?
Priest. Thought is an act. Who can forgiue remorse.
Where Nature, by her owne law, suffers force?
Must. What shall I doe? Tell me, I doe not feare.
Priest. Preserue thy father, with thy selfe, and me:
Else guilty of each other's death we be.
Must. Tell how.
Priest. Thy father purposeth thy death:
I did aduise: thou offerest vp thy breath.
Must. What haue I to my father done amisse?
Priest. That wicked Rossa thy stepmother is:

Must. Wherein haue I of Rossa ill deserued?
Priest. In that the Empire is for thee reserued.
Must. Is it a fault to be my father's sonne?
'Ah foule Ambition! which, like water-flouds
'Not channell-bound, do'st neighbors ouer-runne,
'And growest nothing when thy rage is done.
Must Rossa's heires out of my ashes rise?
Yet Zanger! I acquit thee of my bloud;
For, I beleeue thy heart hath no impression
To ruine Mustapha for his succession.
But tell what colours they against me vse;
And how my father's loue they first did wound.
Priest. Of treason towards him they thee accuse:
Thy fame and greatnesse, giues their malice ground.
Must. Good world, where it is danger to be good.
Yet grudge I not power of my selfe to Power:
This basenesse in mankinde I blame,
That Indignation should giue lawes to fame.
Shew me the truth. To what rules am I bound?
Priest. No man commanded is by God to die,
As long as he may persecution flie.
Must. To flie hath scorne; it argues guiltinesse,
Inherits feare, weakely abandons friends,
Giues tyrants fame, takes honor from distresse.

Death! doe thy worst: thy greatest paines haue end.

Priest. Mischiefe is like the cockatrice's eyes:
Sees first, and kills; is seene first and dies.
Flie to thy strength. which makes misfortune vaine:
Rossa intends thy ruine: What is she?
Seeke in her bowels for thy father lost:
Who can redeeme a king with viler cost?

Must. O false, and wicked colours of Desire!
Eternall bondage, vnto him that seekes
To be possest of all things that he likes!
Shall I a sonne and subiect seeme to dare,
With any selfenesse, to set realmes on fire,
Which golden titles to rebellions are?
Heli! euen you haue told me, wealth was giuen
The wicked, to corrupt themselues and others:
Greatnesse and health, to make flesh proud and cruell:
Where, in the good, Sicknesse mowes downe desire;
Death glorifies; Misfortune humbles.
Since therefore life is but the throne of Woe,
Which sicknesse, paine, desire, and feare inherit,
Euer most worth to men of weakest spirit:
Shall we, to languish in this brittle iayle,
Seeke, by ill deeds, to shunne ill destinie?

And so, for toyes, lose immortalitie ?

Priest. Fatall necessitie is neuer knowne
Vntill it strike: and till that blow be come,
Who fals, is by false visions ouerthrowne.

Must. Blasphemous loue! safe conduct of the ill!
What power hath giuen man's wickednesse such skill?

Priest. Ah seruile men! how are your thoughts bewitch'd
With hopes and feares, the price of your subjection,
That neither sense, nor time can make you see,
The art of Power will leaue you nothing free?

Must. Is it in vs to rule a Sultan's will?

Priest. We made them first for good and not for ill.

Must. Our gods they are, their God remaines aboue.
To thinke against annoynted Power is death.

Priest. To worship tyrants is no worke of faith.

Must. 'Tis rage of folly that contends with Fate.

Priest. Yet hazard something to preserue the State.

Must Sedition wounds what should preseruèd be.

Priest. To wound Power's humors, keepes their honors free.

Must. Admit this true: What sacrifice preuailes?

Priest. Force the petition is that neuer fayles.

Must. Where then is Nature's place for Innocence?

Priest. Prosperitie, that neuer makes offence.

Must. Hath Destinie no wheeles but meere Occasion?

Priest. Could East vpon the West else make inuasion?

Must. Confusion followes where Obedience leaues.

Priest. The tyrant only that euent deceaues.

Must. And are the wayes of Truth and Honor such?

Priest. Weakenesse doth euer thinke it owes too much.

Must. Hath Fame her glorious colours out of feare?

Priest. What is the world to him that is not there?

Must. Tempt me no more. Goodwill is then a paine,
When her words beat the heart, and cannot enter.
I constant in my counsell doe remaine,

And more liues, for my owne life, will not ven-
ture.
My fellowes! rest. Our Alcoran doth binde,
That I alone should first my father finde.
Beg. Sir! by our lord's commandement, here I
wayt,
To guide you to his presence:
Where, like a king, and father, he intends
To honor and acquaint you with his ends.
Must. Heli! farewell. All fates are from
aboue
Chain'd vnto humors that must rise or fall,
Thinke what we will: men doe but what they
shall.
Priest. Are men no more? are kings' annoynted
blood
Prophane to them and sacred vnto vs?
Playes Power with lawes of God and Nature thus?
Shall Sorrow write this storie of Oppression
Onely in idle teares, and not in blood?
Where is man's zeale to God, his loue to men?
Shall that false labyrinth of humane feare
Keepe Honor and Reuenge still captiue there?
No: let the spirit of Wrong stirre vp affection,
By smart to make both men and tyrants know,
There is in each, of each, the ouerthrow.
Are Hell, and Heauen Peopled out of vs?

Keepe we the keyes of conscience and of passion,
And can no iust reuenge in either fashion?
Was euer change vnwelcome vnto man?
Restlesse mortalitie still hates the present:
No one rule please the vniuersall can.
This empire's constitution martiall is,
Where hopes and feares must neuer be vnbent:
Anarchie is call'd for here by discontent.
To Mustapha I know the world's affection;
To Solyman feare only drawes regard,
And men stirre easily where the reyne is hard.
Then let them stirre and teare away this veyle
Of Pride from Power; that our great lord may see
Vnmiracled his owne humanitie.
People! looke vp aboue this Diuan's name;
This rent of Error, snare of Libertie;
Where punishment is tyrant's taxe and fame.
Abolish these false oracles of might,
Courts subalterne, which bearing tyrant's seale,
Oppresse the people, and make vaine, appeale.
Ruine these spetious maskes of tyrannie,
These crowne-payd caddies of their maker's fashions
Which, power-like, for right distribute passion.
Confound degrees, the artifice of thrones
To beare downe Nature; while they raise vp art,
With gilded titles to deceiue the heart.

The Church absolues you: Truth approues your worke:
Craft and oppression euery where God hates.
Besides, where Order is not, Change is free,
And giues all rights to popularitie.

CHORVS QVARTVS.

Of Conuerts to Mahometisme.

ANGELS fell first from God,
Man was the next that fell:
Both being made by Him for heau'n,
haue for themselues made Hell.
Defection had, for ground
an essence which might fall;
Growne proud with glories of that God,
like Whom they would be all.
Hence each thing, but Himselfe,
these fall'n powers comprehend;
Nor can beyond depriuing ill
their knowledges extend.
But in that darkned orbe,
through mists which Vice creates,
Ioylesse, enioy a wofull glimpse
of their once happy states.
And serpent-like, with curst
eternitie of euill;

Actiue in mischiefe many wayes
to adde more to the diuell,
They take on euery shape
Of Vice that may delight:
Striuing to make Creation lesse,
Priuation infinite.
Whence man from goodnes stray'd,
and Wisedome's innocence:
Yea subiect made to graue and hell,
by Error's impotence;
Labors, with shaddowed light
of imbecilitie,
To raise more towers of Babel vp,
aboue the Truth to be.
Among which phantasms, mounts
that roofe of tyrant's power,
The outward Church, whose nature is
her founders to deuoure.
And through an hollow charme
of life-forsaken words,
Entangle reall things, to raigne
on all the Earth affords:
By irreligious rites,
helping Religion's name
To blemish Truth, with gilded lies
cast in Opinion's frame.
Whence she that erst rais'd kings,

by pulling Freedome downe,
Now seekes to free inferior powers,
and only binde the crowne.
In which aspiring pride,
where wit encountreth wit,
The power of the thrones vnequall is,
and turnes the scale with it:
Mastering those greedy swarmes
of superstitious rites,
Which by the sinner's feare, not faith,
makes her scope infinite.
Hence growes it that our priests,
erst oracles of State,
Against whose doome our Sultans dinst
durst trust nothing vnto fate;
At once were censur'd all,
in one house to the fire,
As guiltie in their idle soules,
of Icarus' desire.
So free, and easie is it
to cast downe againe
The creature's pride, which his
Creator couets to restraine:
Againe, so easie is it
to bring States to death,
By vrging those powers to oppose,
whose union gaue them breath.

Thus from the liues of priests,
kings first their doctrine staine,
And then let Sect, Schisme, Question in,
to qualifie their raigne.
Nor can this swolne excesse be well
reform'd in either,
While both stand mixt of good and ill,
which ioyne not well together.
Kings seeking from the Church
the rights of deitie;
The Church from kings, not nursing helpe,
but God's supremacie.
A strife wherein they both find losse,
instead of gaine;
Since neither State can stand alone,
much lesse diuided raigne.
The strife and peace of which,
like Ocean ebbs and flouds;
Successiuely, doe here contract,
and there disperse our goods.
And by this mutuall spleene
amongst these soueraigne parts
While each seeks gaine by others losse,
the vniuersall smarts.
For as soules, made to raigne,
when they let downe their state
Into the bodie's humors, straight

those humors giue them fate:
So, when the Church and crowne
—the soules of empire—fall
Into contempt, which humane power
cannot subsist withall,
They striue, turne, and descend,
feele Error's destinie,
Which in a well-form'd Empire is,
a vagabond to be.
Thus, in Disorder's chayne,
while each linke wresteth other,
Incestuous Error, to her owne,
is made both child and mother.
So as their doing is
vndoings still to breed,
And fatally entombe againe
each other, in each deed.
Hence humane lawes appeal'd,
as moderators come,
Who, vnder shew of compremise, [*sic*]
take on them soueraigne doome;
Entring in at the first,
like Wisdome, with applause,
And though propounded from our faults,
yet by consent made lawes;
Or rather scales to weigh
Opinion with the Truth,

Which, like stepmothers, often bring
the better side to ruth.
And as of actiue ill
—from whence they tooke their root—
Guiltie, and so not strong to stand,
vpon a constant foot;
They waue, striue, and aspire,
can beare no weight aboue,
But, as with soueraigne Power it selfe,
and nothing else in loue,
That riuall spleene, which
Equalls still to equalls beare,
Forgotten, or a-sleepe, as if Desire,
had conquer'd Feare,
They factiously a peace
with their chiefe riuall make,
And let in Warres, which,
like a flood, all sea-banks ouer-rake.
In which one act lawes proue,
though Nature gaue them ground,
That they both mould and practise
tooke from Warre, that hath no bound;
Because, like Mars, his seed,
they feed vpon their owne;
And by the spoyle of crownes and men,
take glorie to be knowne.
In which deare enterchange

betweene Church, Lawes, and Might,
While all their counsells are allayed,
by oueracting, Right;
They leaue their supreme pitch
to seruile Craft impawn'd,
Descending each to traffike there,
Where he ought to command.
Till fondly thus engag'd
into a Ciuil Warre,
They casting off all publike ends,
doe only make to marre.
Yet keepe a scope in shew
to counterpoise each other,
And saue the health, and honor vp
of Monarchy their mother.
'But as in man, whose frame is
chiefly foure complexions,
'Really ioyn'd, dispersèd, mixt
with opposite connexions,
'When any of these fourefold,
or distract too farre,
'Diseases raigne, which but Disorder's
natiue children are;
'From which contention stirr'd
'twixt Nature and her foes,
While humor weaken humor doth,
to health the bodie growes:

So in these diuerse powers,
excesse of opposition,
'Oft, by begetting strange diseases,
proues the State's physitian.
Mauors, that monster, borne
of many-headed Passion,
While it seemes to destroy al moulds,
to each mould giuing fashion.
'Yet as these elements,
thus opposite in kinde,
While, ballanc'd by superior ties,
they liue, as if combinde
'To make their discords base
vnto that harmonie,
'In whose sweet vnion mildely
linkt all powers concurre to be;
'When any breakes too much
that poyse wherein they stood,
'To make his own subsistence firme,
with shew of common good:
'By oueracting, straight it breaks
that well-built frame,
'Wherin their being stood entire,
although they lost their name:
'So in that noble worke
of publike gouernment,

'When crownes, church, souldiers or the
lawes,
'doe ouermuch dissent,
'That frame, wherein they liu'd,
'is fatally dissolu'd;
'And each in gulfes of selfe-conceipt,
as fatally, inuolu'd.
Thus reeles our present State,
and her foundation waues,
By making trophees of times' past,
of present times the graues.
Lawes striue to curbe the Church,
the Church wounds lawes againe;
The souldier would haue Church, throne,
lawes
kept low, that he might raigne.
And as before, while they ioyn'd
to make empire large,
All vnto greatnesse raysèd were,
by doing well their charge:
So now, by pulling quils
each from the other's wings,
They iointly all are cried downe,
by letting fall their kings.
A fate prepar'd to shake
that Ottoman succession,
Which erst remouèd from men's eyes,

wrought reuerend impression.
Where now, this Sultan's line
prophan'd when men shall see,
They soone will scorne Grace, Hope, and
Feare;
the scepter's mysterie,
Nor will they more by faith,
or zeale, in Warre be led
To sacrifice their liues to Power,
for fame when they be dead.
Or, to shunne mortall paines,
prouoke the Infinite;
Wrong in man's nature stirring sparks,
that giue both heat and light,
To gather in againe those strengths
they gaue away;
And so plucke downe that Sampson's post,
on which our Sultans stay.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

ZANGER *solus.*

NOURISHT in Court, where no thoughts
peace is nourisht;
Vs'd to behold the tragedies of ruine;
Ruine from whence all Monarchies haue flourisht:

Brought vp with feares that follow princes fortunes:
Yet am I like him that hath lost his knowledge,
Or neuer heard one storie of Misfortune.
My heart doth fall away: feare falls vpon me.
Tame rumor, that hath beene mine old acquaintance
Is to me now—like monsters—fear'd and wondred.
My loue beginnes to plague me with suspitions:
My first delights beare likenes of displeasure:
My mother's promises of my aduancement;
The name of Mustapha so often murmur'd,
With whose name euer I haue beene reioyced,
Now makes my heart misgiue, my spirits languish.
Man then is augur of his owne misfortune,
When his ioy yeelds him arguments of anguish.

Actus quintus: Scena secunda.

ACHMAT. ZANGER.

ACHM. Tyrants! Why swell you thus against your makers?
Is rays'd Equalitie so soone growne wilde;
Dare you depriue your people of Succession,
Which thrones and scepters, on their freedomes build?
Haue feare or loue, in greatnesse no impression?

Since people, who did rayse you to the crowne,
Are ladders standing still to let you downe.
Zang. Achmat! what strange euents beget these passions?
Achm. Nature is ruin'd; Humanitie fall'n a sunder;
'Our Alcoran prophan'd; Empire defac'd;
'Ruine is broken loose; Truth dead; Hope banisht.
My heart is full; my voyce and spirits tremble.
Zang. Yet tell the worst:
By counsell, or comparison things lessen.
Achm. No counsell or comparison can lessen
The losse of Mustapha, so vily murth'red.
Zang. How? dead? what chance or malice hath preuented
Mankinde's good fortune?
Achmat. Fathers' vnkindely doubts.
Zang. Tell, how?
Achmat. When Solyman, by cunning spite
Of Rossa's witchcrafts, from his heart had banisht
Iustice of kings and louingnesse of fathers,
To wage and lodge such campes of heady passions,
As that sect's cunning practices could gather;
Enuie tooke hold of Worth: Doubt did misconster:
Renowne was made a lie, and yet a terror:

Nothing could calme his rage, or moue compassion:
Mustapha must die. To which end mou'd he was,
Laden with hopes and promises of fauour:
So vile a thing is craft in euery heart,
As it makes Power it selfe descend to art.
While Mustapha, that neither hop'd nor fear'd,
Seeing the stormes of rage and danger comming,
Yet came; and came accompanied with power.
But neither Power, which warranted his safetie;
Nor safetie that makes Violence a iustice;
Could hold him from obedience to this throne:
A gulfe which had deuourèd many a one.
Zang. Alas! could neither truth appease his furie?
Nor his vnlookd humilitie of comming?
Nor any secret witnessing remorses?
Can Nature from herselfe make such diuorces?
Tell on; that all the world may rue and wonder.
Achm. There is a place enuironèd with trees,
Vpon whose shaddowed center there is pitched
A large, embrodered, sumptuous pauilion;
The stately throne of Tyrannie and Murther.
Where mightie men are slaine, before they know
That they to other than to Honor goe.
Mustapha no sooner to the port did come.
But thither he is sent for and conducted
By six slaue eunuchs, either taught to colour

Mischiefe with reuerence, or forc'd, by Nature,
To reuerence true Vertue in misfortune.
While Mustapha, whose heart is now resolued,
Not fearing death, which he might haue preuented,
If he to disobedience had consented:
Nor crauing life, which he might well haue gotten,
If he would other duties haue forgotten;
Yet glad to speake his last thoughts to his father,
Desired the eunuchs to intreat it for him.
They did; they wept, and kneelèd to his father.
But bloodie Rage, that glories to be cruell,
And Iealousie, that feares she is not fearefull;
Made Solyman refuse to heare or pittie.
He bids them haste their charge: and bloody-ey'd
Beholds his sonne, whilst he obeying died.
Zan. How did that doing heart endure to suffer?
Tell on . . . . . ,
Quicken my powers hardned and dull to good,
Which, yet vnmou'd, heare tell of brother's blood.
Achm. While these six eunuchs to this charge appointed
—Whose hearts had neuer vs'd their hands to pittie,
Whose hands, now onely trembled to do murther—
With reuerence and feare, stood still amazèd;
Loth to cut off such worth, afraid to saue it:

Mustapha with thoughts resoluèd and vnited,
Bids them fulfill their charge, and looke no further.
Their hearts afraid to let their hands be doing,
The cord, that hatefull instrument of murther,
They lifting vp let fall, and falling lift it:
Each sought to helpe, and helping hindred other:
Till Mustapha, in haste to be an angell,
With heauenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshowes
The ioy and peace of those soules where he goes.
His last words were; 'O Father! now forgiue me
Forgiue them too, that wrought my ouerthrow:
Let my graue neuer minister offences.
For, since my father coueteth my death,
Behold, with ioy, I offer him my breath.
The eunuchs rore: Solyman his rage is glutted:
His thoughts diuine of vengeance for this murther:
Rumor flies vp and downe: the people murmur:
Sorrow giues lawes, before men know the truth;
Feare prophecieth aloud, and threatens ruth.
Zang. Remisse and languisht are men's coward spirits,
Where gods forbid reuenge and patience too:
Yet to the dead Nature ordaineth rites,
Which idle Loue, I feele, hath power to doe.
I will goe hence, and shew to them that liue,
The gods almightie cannot all forgiue.

Actus Quintus: *Scena Tertia.*

ROSTEN. ACHMAT.

ROST. Helpe Achmat! helpe: Furies runne ouer all.
Pittie my state, that with the empire fall.
Achm. What sound is this of ruine and confusion?
Terror afraid? Crueltie come for pittie?
Seditious Rosten, running from sedition?
And Malice forc'd to enemies for succour?
Rost. Achmat! The mysteries of empire are dissolued.
Furie hath made the people know their forces.
Maiestie—as but a myst—they breed and spread.
Nothing but things impossible will please,
When Furye is into revenge resolued:
Mustapha must liue againe, or Rosten perish.
Oh wretchednese! which I cannot deny;
I am asham'd to liue, and loth to die.
Achm. Tell on the dangers which concerne the State:
For thee! thou rod ordain'd vnto the fire;
Thy other doomes let Acheron enquire.
Rost. When Mustapha was by the eunuchs strangled,
Forthwith his campe grew doubtfull of his absence:

The guard of Solyman himselfe did murmur :
People beganne to search their prince's counsells :
Furie gaue lawes : the lawes of dutie vanisht :
Kinde feare of him they lou'd, selfe-feare had banisht.
The headlong spirits were the heads that guided :
He that most disobeyed, was most obeyed :
Furie so suddenly became vnited,
As while her forces nourishèd Confusion,
Confusion seem'd with discipline delighted.
Towards Solyman they runne : and as the waters,
' That meet with banks of snow, make snow grow water.
So, euen those guards that stood to interrupt them,
Giue easie passage, and passe on amongst them.
Solyman, who saw this storme of mischiefe comming,
Thinks absence his best argument vnto them :
Retires himselfe, and sends me to demand,
What they demanded, or what meant their comming ?
I spake : they cried for Mustapha and Achmat.
Some bid away, some kill, some saue, some hearken.
Those that cried, ' saue,' were those that sought to kill me :

Who cried, 'Hearke,' were those that first brake silence;
They held that bade me 'goe,' Humilite was guiltie;
Words were reproch; silence in me was scornfull;
They answer'd ere they ask'd; assur'd and doubted.
I fled; their furie followed to destroy me:
Fury made haste; haste multiplied their furie;
Each would doe all; none would giue place to other:
The hindmost strake; and while the formost lifted,
Their armes to strike, each weapon hindred other:
Their running let their strokes, strokes let their running.
Desire: mortall enemy to desire;
Made them, that sought my life, giue life vnto me.
Now Achmat! Though blood-thirst deserue no pittie,
Malice no loue; though iust reuenge be mercie;
Yet saue me. For, although my death be lawfull,
The iudges, and the manner are vnlawfull.
If I die; what hath Solyman for warrant?
Mischiefe is still the gouernesse of mischiefe.
If Solyman be slaine; where will they stay,
That thorough God and maiestie make way?

Achm. Rosten! dar'st thou name dutie, lawes, or mercie?

Owe not thyselfe to him thou would'st destroy:
Make good thy loue of murther; die with ioy.
Rest. If Solyman, who hath beene thy best
fortune,
Safe thou wilt see, or safe his state preserue,
Make haste. The State did neuer ill deserue. *Exit.*
Achm. Occasion! when art thou more glorious,
Than euen now, when thou requir'st of me,
To fall with States in common destinie?
States trespasse not: tyrants they be that swarue,
And bring vpon all Empires, age or death.
By making truth but only princes breath,
This monarchie first rose by industrie;
Honor held vp by vniuersall fame,
Stirring men's mindes to strange audacitie:
Great ends procur'd our armies greater name:
To enemies no iniurie had blame:
Worth was not proud: authoritie was wise;
And did not on her owne then tyrannize.
Now own'd by humour of this dotard king
—Who, swolne with practise of long gouernment,
Doth staine the publike with ill managing—
Honor is layd a-sleepe: Fame is vnbent:
His will, his end; and Power's right euerywhere:
Now, what can this, but dissolution, beare?
Whether our choyce, or Nature gaue vs kings,
The end of either was the good of all:

Where many strengths make this omnipotence,
The good of many there is naturall.
One drawes from all; can that be fortunate?
All leaue this one: can this be iniurie?
And shall I helpe to stay the people's rage
From this estate, thus ruinèd with age?
No people, no. Question these thrones of tyrants;
Reuiue your old equalities of Nature;
Authority is more than that she maketh.
Lend not your strengths to keepe your owne strengths vnder.
Proceed in furie: furie hath law and reason,
When it doth plague the wickednesse of treason.
For when all kingdomes surfet and must fall,
Iustice diuides not there, but ruines all.
Besides of duties 'twixt the earth and skie,
He can obserue no one that cannot die.
But stay! Shall man the damme and graue of crownes,
With mutinie, pull sacred scepters downe?
People of wisdome voide, with passion filld,
While they keepe names, still presse to ruine things:
Freedome dissolues them: order they refuse:
Worth, freedome, power and right, while they destroy,
Worth, freedome, power and right, they would enioy.

What soule then louing Nature, dutie, order,
Would hold a life of such a statelesse State,
As, made of Humors, must giue Honor fate?
No Achmat! rather, with thy hazard, striue
To saue this high rais'd Soueraigntie,
Vnder whose wings there was prosperitie.
I yeeld. But how? . . . . . .
Force is impossible; for that is theirs:
Counsell shewes, like their enemie, delay:
Order turnes all desires into feares:
Their art is violence: and chance their end:
What, but Occasion there can be my friend?
Behold where Rossa comes, in her lookes varying,
Like rage, that with it selfe, still feares miscarying.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

ROSSA. ACHMAT.

ROSSA. Who euer thinkes by vertue to aspire,
And goodnesse dreames to be but Fortune's starre,
Or who by Mischiefe's wit seekes his desire,
And thinkes, no conscience, wayes to Honor are:
He, Mustapha! here seeing thee and me;

Sees no man's good or ill rules Destinie.
Then ah! woe worth them that with God contend,
And would exchange the course of Fate by wit,
Which gods make worke, to bring their works to
end,
And with it selfe euen oft, doth ruine it.
Ah tyrant Fate! to them that doe amisse:
For nothing left me, but my error, is.
Achm. What glorie's this that with it selfe is
sad?
Good lucke makes all hearts but the guiltie, glad.
Ross. Zanger, for whom then Mustapha was
slaine,
And vnto whom Camena's blood was shed;
Zanger, for whom all worlds on me complaine,
Hath done that which nor law, nor Truth could
doe:
—Horror and doubt in my desires breed—
Murther'd himselfe and ouerthrowne me too.
Achm. Tell why? And how he so vnthankfull
died?
Ross. In euery creature's heart there liues desire,
Which men doe hallow as appearing good:
For greatnesse they esteeme it to aspire,
Although it weaknesse be, well vnderstood.
This vnbound, raging, infinite thought-fire
I tooke; nay it tooke me, and plac'd my heart

On hopes to alter Empire and Succession.
Chance was my faith, and Order my despayre:
Sect, innouation, change of princes' right,
My studies were: I thought Hope had no end,
In her that hath an emperor to friend.
Whence, like the stormes—that then like stormes doe blow,
When all things, but themselues, they ouerthrow—
I ventur'd, first to make the father feare,
Then hate, then kill, his most belouèd childe;
My daughter did discouer him my way,
To Mustapha she openèd mine intent:
For she had tried, but could not turne my heart.
Yet no hurt to me she in telling meant,
Though hurt she did me to disclose my art.
I sought reuenge: reuenge it could not be;
For, I confesse, she neuer wrongèd me.
Remorse, that hath a faction in each heart,
Womanish shame, which is Compassion's friend,
Conspir'd with Truth to haue restraynèd me;
Yet kil'd I her whom I did dearely loue;
Furies of choyce, what arguments can moue?
I kill'd her: for I thought her death would proue
That truth not hate, made Mustapha suspected:
The more it seem'd against a mother's loue,
The more it shew'd, I Solyman affected:
Thus, vnderneath seuere and vpright dealing,

A mischieuous stepmother's malice stealing,
It tooke effect: for few meane ill in vaine.
Which wicked art although the father knew,
Yet his affection turn'd my ill to good:
Vice, but of her's, being only vnderstood.
Feare grew discreet, and would not speake in vaine;
Courage turn'd all the strengths of heart to beare;
Iustice it selfe durst murmur, not complaine:
So little care the Fates for vs below:
So little men feare God, they doe not know.
But ah! Woe worth each false preposterous way,
Which promiseth good lucke to euill deeds:
Since Mustapha, whose death I made my glorie,
Hath left me no power now, but to be sorie.
For Zanger, when he saw his brother dead,
Confusedly with diuerse shapes distract,
Hee silent stood, with horrors compassèd:
His dutie mixt with woe; kindnesse with rage;
Reuerence, reuenge, both representing shame,
Equally against, and with a mother's name.
But as these shaddowes vanisht from his minde,
The globes of his enragèd eyes he threw
On me, like Nature iustly made vnkinde:
And for this hatefull fault my loue did make,
From pittie, woe, and anger, thus he spake:
'Mother! Is this the way of woman's heart?
'Haue you no law, or God but will, to friend?

'Can neither power, nor goodnesse scape your art?
'Be these the counsells by which you ascend?
'Is there no Hell? Or doe the diuells loue fire?
'If neither God, Heauen, Hell, or diuell be,
''Tis plague enough that I am borne of thee.
'Mother! O monstrous name! shall it be said,
'That thou hast done this fact for Zanger's sake?
'Honor and life, shall they to one vpbrayd,
'That from thy mischiefe, they their honor take?
'O wretched men! which vnder shame are layd,
'For faults which we and which our parents make.
'Yet Rossa! to be thine, in this I glorie,
'That being thine, giues power to make thee sorie.
He wounds his heart; and falling downe with death
On Mustapha, who there for his sake died;
These words he spake:
'Ah base Ambition! mould of Crueltie,
'In thy vast narrow bosome euer breed
'These hideous counsells, light-abhorring deeds.
'Yet you pure soules that Mahomet adore!
'Reade in these wounds my horror of his death,
'And to the Christians cary thou it, breath.
He dies! Woes me! When in my heart I looke,
Horror I see: all there lost but despayre:
My loue and ioy become Affliction's booke,
Eternity of shame is printed there.

To thinke of God! Alas that so I may:
Yet Power and Goodnesse can but shew me Feare:
Mercie I cannot craue, that cannot trust:
Nor die I will; for death concludeth paines:
Nor anguish in conceipt; for then I must
Abhorre my soule, in which all mischiefes raigne.
I will beare with me, in this bodie's dust,
What curse soeuer to the Earth remaines.
I will beare with me Enuie, Rage, Desire,
To set all hearts, all times, all worlds on fire.
You weake soules! whose true loue hath made you base,
And fixt your quiets vpon others' will:
You humble hearts! which vnto Power giue place,
For conscience bearing yokes of tyrants' skill:
You poore religious! who in hope of grace,
Beare many sore temptations of the ill,
Reioyce: Vnkindnesse, Crueltie, Disgrace,
Vengeance and Wrong beare hence with me I will.
Rather take heede: where can more danger be,
Than where these powers may be dispos'd by me?

CHORVS QVINTVS

TARTARORUM.

VAST Superstition! Glorious stile of weaknesse?
Sprunge from the deepe disquiet of man's passion,
To disolution and despaire of Nature:
Thy texts bring princes titles into question:
Thy prophets set on worke the sword of tyrants:
They manacle sweet Truth with their distinctions:
Let Vertue blood: teach Crueltie for God's sake;
Fashioning one God; yet Him of many fashions,
Like many-headed Error, in their passions,
Mankinde! Trust not these superstitious dreames
Feare's idoles, Pleasure's relikes, Sorrowes pleasures,
They make the willfull hearts their holy temples:
The rebells vnto gouernment their martyrs,
No: Thou childe of false miracles begotten!
False miracles, which are but ignorance of cause,
Lift vp the hopes of thy abiected prophets:
Courage and Worth abiure thy painted heauens.
Sicknesse, thy blessings are; Miserie thy triall;
Nothing, thy way vnto eternall being;
Death, to saluation; and the graue to heauen.
So blest be they, so angel'd, so eterniz'd

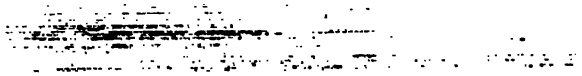
That tie their senses to thy senselesse glories,
And die, to cloy the after-age with stories.
Man should make much of life, as Nature's table,
Wherein she writes the cypher of her glorie.
Forsake not Nature, nor misunderstand her:
Her mysteries are read without Faith's eye-sight:
She speaketh in our flesh; and from our senses,
Deliuers downe her wisdomes to our reason.
If any man would breake her lawes to kill,
Nature doth, for defence allow offences.
She neither taught the father to destroy:
Nor promis'd any man, by dying, ioy.

CHORVS SACERDOTVM.

'OH wearisome condition of Humanity!
'Borne vnder one law, to another, bound:
'Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
'Created sicke, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diuerse lawes?
Passion and reason, selfe-diuision cause:
Is it the marke, or maiestie of Power
To make offences that it may forgiue?
Nature herselfe, doth her owne selfe defloure,
To hate those errors, she herselfe doth giue.
For how should man thinke that he may not doe

If Nature did not faile and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to her selfe vniust,
Onely commands things difficult and hard.
Forbids vs all things, which it knowes we lust,
Makes easie pains, vnpossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would haue made more easie waies to good.
We that are bound by vowes, and by promotion,
With pompe of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach beleefe in God and stirre deuotion,
To preach of Heauen's wonders and delights:
Yet when each of vs in his owne heart lookes,
He findes the God there, farre vnlike his bookes.

Finis.



Appendix to Mustapha.

As explained in the Introductory Note, I give in this Appendix the portions in the 4to edition of "Mustapha" 1609 and in the MS, that either do not appear at all in the folio of 1633, or imperfectly or differently. The figures No. 1, 2 &c., refer to the places in our text to which the successive additions or variations belong, as severally pointed out in the relative Notes and Illustrations. G.

[No. 1.] page 296 : note 5.

"But let vs see, if loue should not be blind,
Forgetting selfe-respects to foster kind :
The praisèd phœnix—neuer more then one—
Burneth t'is true, that she her like may breed,
But neuer till she feele all life is gone,
Except the life that life hath in her seed ;
Then death, which kindnesse is by estimation,
In her is but delight of procreation.
But be it loue, man hath another guide,
The orbe of his affection reason is,
But his loue center's in his priuate brest,

And louing his, himselfe still loueth best.
Since Mustapha will therefore die or kill;
I gaue him life, and giue him death I will.
Rossa. Solyman &c."

[No. 2.] page 296: note 11.

"And pardon Lo: if you were out of danger,
And all these stormes blowne vp, to blow me ouer,
Feare first should fall, threates strike, life perish,
Fortune about her wheele, should turne my for-
tune,
Ere I would doubt the child, and know the father.
But you Sir, now that you are brought in question,
You, vpon whome the world's wel-being resteth,
Much better were it, I were in the center,
A ghost among the dead, aire neuer bodied,
Then my selfe-pitty, womanish compassion,
My loue vnto the children for the father
Should giue the children leaue to kill their father;
His fame &c.

[No. 3.] page 297: note 28.

"And as kings ruling, must vse payne and law,
So those that rise, must make the people see
With present bondage, future libertie.
Loue therefore stand aside. and farewell Pitty:
Mustapha be cleare of fault, for kingdoms' wrong

Turnes all the powers of Nature into fury,
Mercy ioyes to be cruell, Truth is a tyrant,
Loue hates, Hate in reuenge doth glory,
The fall of angels made not Heauen sorie.
Solyman, feare &c.

[No. 4.] page 300: note 55.

"*Rossa.* We call them great hearts, which God hartens so
That Feare shall not fore-see their ouerthrow.
Solym. Those are weake hearts, that while their feares they see
Would ruine all men, lest they ruinde be:
I do suspect; yet there is nothing done,
I loose my fame, if so I kill my sonne.
Rossa. The gods when they leaue men to beasts a pray,
His reason with his pride they do betray.
Solym. Gods medle not where power and will agree,
But when at once, men good and euill be,
Though &c."

[No. 5.] page 301: note 63.

"Knowledge a burden is, obedience ease;
Who loues good name is free to follow it,
Who seekes kings' loues, he must their humors fit;
When owners doe resolue to ouerthrow,
The stately oke for gaine, or clearer sight,

Who loues the shadow, with the fall seekes wo;
When others gather wood, and go vpright;
Like wheeles of wood, or rather like dead loggs,
With others sinnowes[1] drawne and lead about:
Admit kings be, yet all men see not at all;
Who rockes will moue with chaines from whence they sit,
Must spend their force to draw themselues to it.
Yonder they are, whose charge must be discharged:
In Rossae's face me thinkes Desire speaketh;
He keepes the law that[2] all lawes' forme breaketh.

Solym. Rossa! you now shall know Feare is a coward,
Sworne to mistrust her selfe, to worship Power;
Tyrant to man that should rule, and obeyeth,
And tyrant-like betrayèd or betrayeth.
Is Mustapha in health and comming?

Belyar. My lord already come: for what can stay,
Where loue and duty both teach to obey.

Solym. Go rest, hereafter you shall know our pleasure.
Rossa, our patriarke saw the heauens open,
And in their throne this vision there appear'd,
A virgin, by Eternitie's hand sitting,
In beauties of the Earth and heauen clothed,

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[1] Sinews. G. [2] Query—but? G.

Containing in her shape, all shapes and fauours;
And in her life, the life of liuing creatures,
Still one, and neuer one, mortall and yet immortall:
A chaos both of Reason, Sense, and Passion,
Working in plants onely to grow and fade,
To pleasure others both with fruit and shade;
In beasts both life and sense created she,
And but desire to no law bound they be;
When men she made, and this same sparke diuine,
Reason, infus'd in him, that onely he
In time might diuers from the angels be.
Then least this spright, free-denizened on Earth
Should of the world take pride, and so forget
That vnto vs it but in lease is let:
She doth within the body where it liues
Affections place, and sence drawn from beasts and plants,
To warre with Reason, and shew what it wants.
And if beliefe, the life of true Religion,
Could not giue credite to this Reuelation,
Euen feeling, which giues life to good beliefe,
Within my selfe makes my selfe my example.
Mustapha is come, and by his comming
Hath glutted my desire of his comminge,
And made me doubt: my doubts suspect my malice;
Nature against my ielousie ariseth:

Feare of ill doing, threatens feare of suffering:
Who assures greatnes, greatnes brings worth in question.
Truth me thinkes speakes both with him and against him;
And as for Reason, that should rule these passions,
I finde her so effeminate a power,
As she bids kill to saue; bids saue, and doubt not;
Keeping my loue and feare in equall ballance,
That I with Reason may thinke Reason is
A glasse to shew, not helpe what is amisse:
Thus like the corne, vpon my weake stalke growing
I bow my head, with euery breath of wether:
And Mustapha, that now I would haue slaine,
I now resolue to giue him life againe.

Ross. Sir, Nature doth not disclaime her right in monsters,
Which are but errors in her expectation;
'Nature with loue doth steale the hearts of fathers;
'Her end is to make all her makings perfect;
'But steele hath rust, Time change, and Nature error.
No maruel then, though Mustapha in Nature
Be found as well as Lucifer in heauen.
But let not these children's sticks, gilt to the show

Make you forget that wormes in them may grow.
Remember, what true grounds of his ambition,
Made you resolue, his greatnes was your danger:
And shall selfe-fondnesse put out iust suspition?
Conceit must not be guide of loue or anger;
For Mischiefe while her head shewes in the clouds,
In Plutoe's kingdome she her body shrowds:
Lay hands on him, your feare may worke your woe,
From wrong there is no other way to goe.

Solym. Ah should I thinke my sonne doth seek my blood?

Rossa. By being safe, doubt onely is withstood.

Soly. Can kings be safe from wrongs, that wrongs shal doe?

And wrong it is, in things not knowne, or done,
For any father to destroy his sonne.

Rossa. Kings loose their crownes that oughte doe loue or feare,
More then the crownes, whiche they themselues doe weare.
What kings doe thinke another man may doe,
An other man may thinke, and doe it too.

Solym. Power headlong is, king's wrath like thunder blasts,
Doth feare the world, and that it hits, it wasts;
It cannot touch but it must ouerthrow.

Where kings doe let their Power rule their wit,
Better vnmade than doe amisse with it.
Rossa. But he that with his wit can rule his wit,
Doth iudge and measure where his power shall light.
Soly. Thunder, because it ruin's if it hit,
The gods themselues haue power alone of it.
Soe for that kings haue power of all below,
Their wrath must not before their knowledge goe.
Rossa. Heauen may be slow where all at once is knowne,
In man, where, till they fall, faults be not found,
While doubt is curious, helpe is ouerthrowne.
Solym. They doubte against themselues, that doubt and doe.
Rossa. Who doubt against themselues doe dangers wooe.
Solym. Arguments of doubt, accusèd him to mee;
And arguments of loue againe doe set him free.
Rossa. My lord, from doubt your arguments did rise
Of wanton greatnesse, ambitious-seeking loue:
Good nature is not natured to be wise,
If doubt with cause, without cause it remoue.
Solym. Suspition is but onely tryal's ground,

'Fame is like breath breath'd from the inward part.

Rossa. Where it is death to thinke or to conspire,

'There kings may kill before they doe enquire.

Solym. Where kings but onely for themselues doe feare,

Both strength and honor is it to forbeare;
I am no more, vntill I more doe heare."

[The MS corrects the 4to as follows: line 8th 'fieldes' for 'wheeles', and 'winde' for 'wood', and 'woode' for 'loggs' (not adopted): line 9th 'others' for 'other', and 'ledde' for 'drawne', and 'drawen' for 'lead' (the first only adopted): line 10th 'Be itt greate Turkes' for 'Admit kings be' (not adopted): line 11th for 'with chaines will moue' (adopted): line 15th 'lawe' for 'lawes': line 25th 'vision' for 'wisdome' (adopted): line 31st 'to' for 'from' (not adopted): line 43rd for 'Place, life, and senses', (adopted): but the remainder in MS 'drawen from the beasts' is evidently wrong, and so in next line 'reason still refininge it': line 48th 'my' for 'an': line 50th 'and' misplaced in 4to before 'of' belonging to commencement of next line, as in MS: line 54th for 'truthe is (methinkes)' line 60th 'is amisse' for 'reason is' repeated from previous line: line 61st 'my' for 'the': line 72nd 'But' not in 4to: line 82nd 'Ah' for 'How': line 87th given to Rossa in MS, and 'oughte' for 'oft': line 88th 'whiche' for 'that': line 89th to 97th not in MS. line 99th 'alone of it' for 'ouer it': line 103rd 'the' for

'they' (not adopted),and 'be not' for 'may be' (adopted): line 105th 'doubte' for 'doe': line 108th 'agayne' supplied: line 109th for 'your doubt from'. G.]

[No. 6.] page 352: note 183.

"*Rossa.* O werisome obedience, I despise thee,
Must I in vaine be Mustapha's accuser?
Sands shalbe mumbred first, Time shalbe constant,
The Sea shall yeeld his channel to the fire,
The Earth shall beare the heauen within his center,
Eternitie shall die, Nature be idle;
Ere my delights or will shall stand in awe
Of God or Nature, common people's lawe.
Rosten. Rossa, what meaneth this vnquiet motion?
Gouerne your thoughts: what want you to content you
That haue the king of kings at your deuotion?
Rossa. Content? poore wit and poore promotion,
The helme of princes greatnesse is their will,
Say you that I haue all at my deuotion,
That for my feare of prince and princes ill,
Am brought in question both of state and fame,
Must loose my will, and cannot lose my shame?
What night? what cloudes? what shades of soules condemned?
What darknes in the verie gulph of darkenes,
So darke as father's thoughts, with kindnes blinded?

What lightnings flash from cloudes, with child with fire ?
What thunder so vncertayne or so suddayne,
As thoughts possest alike with feare and kindnes ?
Mustapha long since condemn'd to die,
Now liues againe : . . . . . .
To boast of marriage, what true ground haue I ?
The streames are choakt of Solyman's affection,
Where Fortune did of old, make her election.
Rosten. Thinke not too much, for thoughts that be offended
Are seldome with their present counsailes mended.
Rossa. From Heauen to the Earth I will leaue nothing
Vnthought, vnsought for, or not vndertaken :
Vertue, nor vice shall in themselues haue nothing ;
Auernus' bottoms shall not be forsaken,
Rather then my lord's loue shall growe to nothing:
Vertue is cold, not fit to be beloued,
That with the losse of fortune is not moued.
Rosten. Vertue leaves not herselfe for hope or feare,
Vnquiet rage doth misaduenture fashion,
Nothing at all, it weakeness is to beare ;
Passion shall multiply more cause of passion :
Rossa, take heed, Honour is very brittle,

And broken once, neuer to be repaired,
And Honour lost, mankind hath lost his fashion;
Honour and shame are slaues to them that prosper.
Ross. One signe that humane worth with power is raised,
Is, that kings doe make their doings praised.
Rosten. Who forceth man is fear'd, but not beloued,
Praises of feare are tyranous dispraises.
Rossa. Praises for feare do shew that we are great,
Who seeke for loue, and may commaund a feare,
Are fitter to climbe vp, then to tarry there.
I whome most men haue thought haue ruled all,
And with my lord, his ruine vndertaken,
Now liue in his life, to behold my fall:
Our credit with our soueraigne is our honor,
And ere thou suffer that to haue despight,
Thinke Innocencie harme, Vertue dishonour:
Wound Truth, and ouerthrow the state of right.
Sexes haue vertues apart, States haue their fashions;
The vertues of authority are passions,
But stay; looke where our messenger returneth."

[The MS has these various readings: line 3rd 'Time firste': line 7th 'delighte': line 15th 'euill': line 16th 'in state' line 19th 'verie', which I have inserted: line

20th 'as' for 'are' also accepted: line 22nd from MS: line 31st 'the' inserted: line 38th the 4to misprints 'leades' line 34th 'still multiplyes': line 38th begins Rossa's words: line 40th reads 'is this that kings doe mock": line 42nd 'tyrannyes': line 45th inserts 'to' which I accept: line 46th 'euen I whom men....ruled': line 48th 'his' for 'this' and accepted: line 52nd 'wounds .. ouerwayes the scale: line 55th 'Beliarde comethe'. G.]

[No. 7.] page 361: note 199.

"*Beg.* Rossa is rage so mad, as to imagine
It masters heauen?
Ross. Is rage so mad,
As it will stay reuenge to hope for heauen,
Where ages are but houres?
Beg. Is wrath so cruell?
Are Nature's lawes of loue so soone forgotten?
Is mercy dead?
Ross. Would you haue wrath so foolish
As it should stay vntill it be abused?
Is Nature vnder such fond lawes begotten,
As Loue must giue itselfe to be abused?
Beg. Yet by the loue of mothers to their children,
By all the paines of trauell with your children,
Punish, but spare the life of faulty children.
Life may amend and well deserve a mother,
Death doth but cut off one to warne an other.

Ross. I doe protest before you spirits infernall,
That gouerne in your darknes vniform'd,
By all your plagues and miseries eternall,
By all the vgly shapes of soules transform'd,
Neither to haue bin made a heauenly angell,
Honour'd aliue, and after this life famous,
Would I loue of my children haue disclaymèd:
But since by her my life is brought in question,
Since she is out of daughter's duty gotten,
My mother's tender care shall be forgotten.
They kill that haue good will to kill or perish,
And they do erre that others errour cherish;
Camena, then, since thy desires would make
Thy mother's harme example of thy glory,
Since thou do'st leaue me for thy brother's sake,
Since thy heart feeles not what makes others sorry,
Thy triumphe shall bee death, thy glory shame,
For so die they that wrong a mother's name;
Thy treasures with thine owne arts are discarded;
I will do something not to be forgotten,
The giuers of examples are regarded."

[The MS has these various readings: line 7th inserts 'Nature's' which I accept: line 12th 'misvsed': line 12th is followed by this question, 'Is mercye madde?': line 16th the 4to misreads 'well deceiue an other': and line 21st misreads 'your .... and': line 28th 'still' for the first 'kill': and line 31st 'examples' for 'ex-

ample': line 32nd 'a' for 'thy': the MS, line 33rd, reads 'other' for 'others': line 34th 'triumphes' for 'triumphe': and line 36th 'thine arts are discharged'. G.]

[No. 8.] page 325: note 101.

"*Act.* 3. *Scæn* 2.

ENTER SOLYMAN AND ACMAT.

Soly. Acmat, foolish naturall affection
Openeth too late the wisedome of my fathers,
Who onely in their deaths, decreed succession:
If Mustapha had neuer beene intitled
In my life, to the hope of my estate;
My life, more then my death had him auailed,
Example might haue beene perswasion,
The high desires are borne out of occasion:
But kindenesse with her owne kinde folly beaten,
Like crooked sticks made straight with ouerbending,
What she hath strooke too much must ouerthreaten:
Hath kings loue taught kings raigning giue offences:
That long life in the best kings discontenteth?
Are Discontentment's hopes, placed in succession;
And false desires which in false glasses showe?
That princes throanes are like enchaunted fires
Mightie to see and easye to passe ouer?

By Mustaphae's example learne to know,
Who hewes aboue his head shall hurt his eye :
Acmat, giue order, Mustapha shall die."

[No. 9.] page 329 : note 117.

Streight enuie dies : feare will appeare no more,
For as ill men but in felicitie,
—Where enuie feares and freedome sleepes—seeme good ;
So heyres to crownes, tenants to miserie,
Their good is but in ill lucke vnderstood.
But Sir, put of[f] this charme of cunning spight,
Which makes you to yourselfe inuisible :
Make it knowne dread lord, by your example
That onely Enuy, Furie and Suspition,
In euery kinde and state keepe their condition ;
If Mustapha haue no fault but his mother,
If elsewhere then in her heart he be guiltie,
Let those deafe heauens which punnish and forgiue not,
Let Hel's most plagues vnto her best belouèd,
Mallice and Rage, which without mischiefe liue not :
Thunder, torment, burne, ruine and destroy mee,
If Mustapha haue one thought to annoy thee.

Solim. Mallice is like the lightning of the Sommer,

Which when the skies are cleerest, lights and
burneth;
Her end is to doe hurt, and not to threaten;
Iustice vniustly doth, to loose occasion,
Hazards it selfe to force on to perswasion.
Acmat. Sir, hastie power is like the rage of
thunder,
Whose violence is seldome well bestowed:
Danger not ment, needs not to be preuented,
Reuenge not in our power is not repented.
Solim. Danger already come is past preuenting.
Princes whose scepters must be feard of many,
Are neuer safe that liue in feare of any.
Acmat. Tirants they are that punish out of
feare,
States wiser then the truth decline and weare;
Wisedome in man is but the print, and doubt,
Whose inke is others blood, secrets of states,
Which safely walls with gouernment about.
Solim. In princes dangers iustice over goes,
Before the fact, that all els ouerthrowes.
Besides my Bassaes in whose faith I trust,
As staies to mine estate, with one consent,
Shew my sonne's fault, and vrge me to be iust:
Thy selfe alone, perchance with good intent
Art crosse; wisdome is not Faith's relatiue:
For oftentimes Faith growes of lacke of wit

And sees no perill, till it fall on it.
Acmat. Doubt wounds within:
For as in kings where feare to kill hath might,
Both wrong and danger must be infinite.
And Sir, we Bassaes, whom you monarches please
To heare, much further are from princely hearts
Then eares; our fauour growes the State's disease,
When more then seruice it to vs imparts.
Base blood hath narrow thoughts, which set aboue
Sees more of greatnesse then it comprehends;
And for all is not ours to partiall ends,
We faile; kings with themselues we take; their might,
Wee vse to our reuenge: make lawes a snare,
To ruine all but instruments, our friends:
Till kings euen let in lease to two or three
Are made of vs the.....they make to holde their right:
Euen fame of king's estate, a miserie,
We Bassaes doe distribute at our willes,
And for that we the best men's rising feare
With bruit and rumour good desert we kill.
This faction, and not Mustapha's offence,
Hath been in ambush to intrap your loue,
And to be sure, allowes him no defence.
But Sir awake, a king's iust fauorite
Is truth. . . . . .

All broken wayes not borne of faith but wit
Do but hide danger whilst it multiplies.
Where there is cause of doubt, lawes do prouide
Restraint of liberty, where force of spight
Lies in the liuing, dead, till it be tried.
Where kings too oft vse their prerogatiue
The people doe forbeare, but not forgiue.
My lord, then staye, delayes are wisedome, where
Time may more easie wayes to safety shew.
Selfe murder is an vgly worke of Feare
And little lesse than childrens ouerthrowe.
For truth's sake spare your sonne, and pardon mee.
Men's wit and duty oft haue diuerse wayes,
Duty with truth, witt doth with strength agree,
Duty of honour, cares with cares to please ;
Who stands alone in Councels of estate,
Where kings themselues euen with aduise doe feare :
Stands on the headlong step of death and hate.
For good lucke, enuie, hazzard, beares ;
For factions that affect to seeme vpright,
To hide their faults must ouerthrow the right.
Sir, Mustapha is yours, more euen he
Is not, for whom you Mustapha ouerthrow;
Suspitions to successions common be,
Honour and feare together euer go.
Who must kill all they feare, feare all they see :
Nor subiects, sonnes, nor neighbourhood can beare,

So infinite the limits be of feare.

Soly. Acmat no more, mischance doth oft o're shoote
All vnder kings desires, without all feare,
You Bashaes haue; for mischiefe seekes the roote,
Not boughes, which but the fruit of greatnesse beare.
Mercy and truth are wisdome popular,
And like the raine which doth inrich the ground,
They spend the clouds of whom they armèd are.
Princes estate haue this one misery,
That though the men and treasons both be plaine,
They're vnbeleeu'd, while Princes are vnslaine.
If thy care be of me, enough is sayd,
Goe waite my pleasure, which shall be obeyd."

[The MS. furnishes these variations: 'dread' for 'deere' of the 4to, which seems preferable: and line 9th 'no' for 'one': and line 11th 'these' for 'those': line 12th 'moste' for 'best': line 14th 'liue' for 'liues': line 20th 'or' for 'and': line 24th 'our' for 'your': line 31st 'others' for 'either': line 32nd 'safety' for 'safely': line 33rd 'ouer-goes' for 'euer-goes': line 37th 'faults' for 'fault': line 40th 'of' for 'for': line 41st 'it fall on' for 'he feeles of': line 43rd 'where' for 'when': line 45th 'Bashaes' for 'Bassaes': line 47th 'our' for 'for': line 51st 'ours to' for 'to our': line 53rd 'wee' for 'and': line 56th for 'the—to behold': line 58th for 'Bassaes doth distribute at wil': text in line 61st for 'fashion': line

62nd for 'had an': line 63rd not in 4to: line 66th for 'will': line 67th for 'hale....while that': line 73rd for 'the state': line 76th for 'ouerthrowes': line 77th for 'him': line 78th for 'mens': line 79th for 'which': line 80th for 'striveth wit' line 82nd for 'see feares': line 84th 'where good lucke, envye, ill luck, hazards beare': line 85th for 'fashions': line 87th for 'moreouer he': line 92nd for 'your': line 96th for 'your Bassaes know': line 100th for 'which..owned, &c.': all these accepted. G.]

[No. 10.] page 373: note 211.

"*Soly.* What fury is the god of this strange spirit?

Rossa, how art thou lost, or how transformd?
Leaue it to me, to take or leaue thy breath,
And shew thy fault, thy fault shall giue thee death.

Rossa. That were to loose the benefit of death.

Solym. Then liue.

Ross. That is the cruelty of death.

Soly. Then tell and die.

Ross. Nay tell and liue, a worthy death
To her that so had lost the good of death.

Solym. What should be councell to the marriage bed?

Rossa. All things, vnworthy of the marriage bed.

Solym. Yet tell me for my loue, I long to know.

Rossa. For loue, I keep what loue would feare to know.

Soly. Ignorance is dangerous and euer feares.

Ross. Ignorance is dangerous and cannot feare.
Soly. Yet tell me, I am prince, and maye command.
Ross. Kings long to heare, yet hate what they haue heard:
Good sir, let it be lawfull to say nothing:
And lesse of kings men can desire nothing.
Soly. Then liue, and let this multiplie thy anguish,
That all diseases of my mind and state,
Iniuries of loue, contempts and wounds of fauours,
Treachery, aspiring, death, suspitious ruine,
Consulted are by thee to make me languish,
Thou guidest me and my fortune vnto error.
Rossa. O Soliman, of grace let me say nothing:
For if I speake, thy neuer failing iustice,
Must force thee to take vengeance of offences.
In odious facts, the solemne forme of death,
Melts humane powers: great states doe get compassion,
For mankind when it sees man loose his breath,
Their harts, not vnto truth, but pittie, fashion,
And death well-borne shall make a wicked spirit
Stir rumor vp to make the law seeme might:
Let these vilde hands, to this vilde hart be cruell,
Selfe-death, which gods abhorre, is fit for treason,
Mercie, by ill successe, seemes lacke of reason.

Solim. Yet speake, for one of mischiefe's plagues
is shame.
Rossa. You gods, that gouern those star-bearing
heauens,
Whose onely motion rule the mouing Seas,
And thou still changing glory of the darknes,
Whose growing hornes are ensignes of this Empire!
Beare witness with me, neither truth nor kindnesse,
Shame, nor remorce, desire to doe things honest,
Delight of others good, nor feare of mischiefe,
Duty to God or man, but onely glorie,
The badge which Euill giues, doth tel this storie.
Your daughter, in whom you and I had blisse,
By these imbrued fingers murthered is:
Solim. What fault could not a mother's loue
forgette?
Rossa. The fault she made was that she let me
liue,
For knowing she conspir'd her father's death,
By whom I held my honor, she her breath,
How could she thinke I could that crime forgiue?
Sol. What cause had she to think so vile a
thought?
Or by whom could she hope to haue it wrought?
Rossa. Mischiefe it selfe, is cause of mischiefe
done,

Whome should she feare to winne, when she had woon
Vnto this mischiefe Mustapha thy sonne.
Solim. Did she confesse, or who did her accuse?
Rossa. This Guidon, &c."

[The MS. gives these variations from the 4to : line 3rd "to" for "or" : line 17th "and maye" for "I do" : line 18th, "yet" for "and" : line 24th, "auspitious" for "suspitious" : line 31st, "doe" for "to" : line 35th "rumor" for "pitty" : line 40th, "those" for "these" : line 41st, "rule" for "rules" : line 43rd, "are.....thus" for "and.....thus" : line 51st, "could.....forgette" for "would... forgiue" : line 54th, "helde" for "hold" line 55th, "that" for "her" : line 57th, "hope" for "thinke"—all accepted in our text. G.]

[No. 11.] page 378 : note 220.

"The wicked hearts are plac't farre from their voice,
As where they mourne, you would think they reioice.
She neither mourned, besought, nor was afraid,
But vnto me, this ere she died, she said.
Mother, I am your owne ; by mother's right
You may cut of my life, which you did giue ;
Might and a mother's name, will you acquite,
If in your owne selfe, you your selfe forgiue :
But Mustapha, his death will be a shame

To father, mother, and the Turkish race:
For reuerence vnto a father's name,
Hath brought him, guiltlesse, to this guiltie case.
He neuer sought, nor wisht his father's death,
And in that minde I liu'd, and leaue my breath.
She neither stubborne was, nor yet deprest,
She, but for his life, neuer made request:
As though his wounds, had onely beene her owne.
Such lordship had false glorie in her breast,
As she tooke ioy to haue her mischiefe knowne.
Yet had she this against myne owne selfe done,
My selfe against my selfe she should haue wonne:
Solyman take heede, dispaire hath bloody heeles:
Malice like clocks wound vp to watch the sunne,
Hasting a headlong course on many wheeles,
Hath neuer done, vntill it hath vndone.
I slew my child, my child would haue slaine mee:
All bloody fates, in my blood written bee.

Sol. What hills hath nature rais'd aboue the fier?

What state beyond them is, that will conspire?
I sweare by all the saints, my sonne shall die,
Reuenge is iustice and not crueltie."

[The MS. furnishes these variations from the 4to and which are all accepted in our text: line 3rd 'neither mourned, besought' for 'neuer mourn'd, sigh'd': line 4th 'but vnto me this' for 'but this vnto me': line 9th 'a' for

'his' : line 23rd 'like clockes wound vpp' for 'wouud vp like clocks' : line 24th 'on' for 'with' : line 26th 'mee' for 'thee' : line 27th 'fates' for 'faults,' : line 31st 'not' for 'no'. G.]

[No. 12.] page 381 : note 233.

"Wee preach, that God, who made all flesh alike,
Bidde you laye your necks downe for kings to strike.
I am the diuel's friend, Hell's mediatour,
Truth's spight, Ruine's hand, and Sinne's occasion,
A furie unto man, a man to furies.
Oh vertue, if thou any where haue essence
But in sweet Mustapha, whome I haue ruind;
And you faire-orderly-confusèd planets,
If you be more then ornaments of heauen,
And that you worke in destinies of the mortall,
Shew vs, that destinies are not confus'd,
Not euill to the good, good to the euill;
Confusion is the iustice of the diuell.
Saue Mustapha, fate's course well changèd is,
Where constancie leades her to doe amisse:
Change or turne back your course, let Asia know,
That Earth doth hatch her owne ill destinie,
Which in aspects the starres but onely shew;
Lay forth the hatefull vilde conspiracie,
Wherein this tyrant meanes to ouerthrow
His sonne, the hope of all humanitie.

In Mustapha with influence worke so,
As he his fall and strength at once may see,
Whom, monster, I, haue made hither to come,
Guiltlesse through guiltie feare to take his doome:
Now hell and paine, if you else where be seated,
Then.....absence and my presence.
Call me awaye in hast to come vnto you,
If worse I be not with my selfe, then you."

[The MS. furnishes variations from the 4to that commend themselves: line 1st, "Wee" for "Who": line 2nd "Bidde you laye downe" for "Bids you lay downe your": line 9th, "of" for "in": line 11th, "are" for 'be': line 23rd, 'his fall' for 'is full': line 28th, 'awaye' for 'againe': line 29th, drops 'with' before 'you'. G.]

[No. 13.] page 383: note 249.

"*Must.* To flie, were to condemne my selfe and friends,
To honour those, that would dishonor me:
To ruine those, that would my succour be.
Death do thy worst, thy longest paines haue end.
Besides, where can man hide those coward feares,
But feares and hopes of power will them reveale?
For kings haue many tongues and many eares.
Mischiefe is like the cockatrice's eyes;
Sees first and kils, or is seene first and dies.
Priest. He that himselfe defending, doth offend,
Breakes not the law, nor needs to be forgiuen.

Duty doth end, when kings do go astray,
Misguided by their owne or others' ill:
For disobedience is, when it doth light
To hurt, but duty when vs'd as a presse,
It sets a prince's crooked humors right.
Vse not thy strength to shed thy father's blood,
But vse thy strength to do thy father good.
Rossa, while she intends to ruine thee,
Makes Soliman against his state to sinne.
Take armes against her, do thy father free;
Translating heires doth oft bring ruine in,
And since euen vice, by good successe, seemes good
Good fortune will make vertue vnderstood."

[Note that all this in the 4to is spoken by Mustapha, while in the MS. and fol o it is (properly) divided between him and the Priest, though differently. The MS. corrects the 4to: line 5th 'these' for 'those': line 6th, 'power' for 'powers': line 10th erroneously substitutes 'defende' for 'offend': line 11th 'to' for 'not': line 13th 'ill' for 'will': line 19th, 'intends' for 'attends' G.]

[No. 14.] page 384: note 253.

" It is not feare of death, that ioyes to dye,
They feare death, that from death to mischiefe flie.
If I be kild, I doe not ill, but suffer,
It is no paine to die, for children do it,
It is no race to liue, the wicked haue it:

Let children cry, and slaues do ill for feare,
Death is not strange to man; why then repine we?
Death is of force of man, to what end striue we?
Obedience goes vpright, the stubborne fall,
God burnes his rods, but we must suffer all."

[The MS. corrects the 4to. again: line 1st 'that' for 'which': line 7th 'man' for 'men': line 8th 'of' for 'to'. G.]

[No. 15.] page 384: note 255.

" Sorrow seekes peace of God, sinne yeelds repentance:
Since therefore life is but the throne of danger,
Where sicknes, paine, desire, and feare inherit;
Soonest escapt from him, that holds it dearest,
Euen of men least worth, the most belouèd,
A double death to them that hold it so,
And lovinge nothing else must it forgo:
Should I, that know the destinyes of life,
Do that, to liue, which doth dishonor life?
My innocency bids me not to feare,
My loue and duty for a father looke:
Worthines he shewes, that can misfortune beare,
The heart doth iudge of vertue, not the booke:
I know my strength and in my strength resolue,
To do that, wicked men may thinke me weake.
And now that all the world knowes I maye liue,

That power I to my father freelye giue.
Priest. Wilt thou both kill thy selfe, and be the cause
Thy father may offend God's holy lawes:
The world knowes cowards kill themselues for feare.
First let thy father know he doth thee wrong,
They can bide death, that cannot danger bide;
And in these duties afterwards be strong.
Must. Tempt me no more, good will is then a paine,
When her words beat the heart, and cannot enter;
I constant in my counsell doe remaine,
And more liues for mine owne life will not venter.
Deere Hely yett doe thou for my sake liue,
By thee my father may repent my fall,
When thy heart, of my truth shall witnesse giue:
Stay thou, till Time and Destinie doe call,
Warne Acmat and Camena they aduise,
Least they like Rage that doth her owne selfe beate,
Seeking to helpe, or to preuent my fall,
Ruine themselues, while they for me intreat.
My life in your liues I shall thinke preserued,
When you know, I haue worse then I deserued.
Come let vs goe, for kindnesse doth betray,
The heart, that firmely on it selfe shoulde stay."

[The MS. corrects the 4to. as follows: line 5th, cancels "the" before "least": line 7th, "lovinge" for "having" line 8th, "destinyes" for "destinie": line 9th, "which" for "that": line 16th, "maye" for "might": line 17th, "I to" for "vnto": line 22nd, "can" for "often": line 27th, for "my life will not aduenter": line 28th, for "Rossa doe....still liue": line 39th, "shoulde" for "doth." G.]

[No. 16.] page 409: note 321.

Rosten. Not for myself but for selfe-iustice
save mee
Error breeds order, the beste are men reformed.
Achmat. What hope where shame is deade,
desire stayned,
Where mischief makes it mercye to be cruell.
Rosten. Mercye is like a miracle to reason
Moste like it selfe when it exceeds all reason;
Angells muste fall, if they bee not forgiven.
Achmat. They washe their handes in Innocen-
cye's murder
That holde their handes from punishinge of murder.
On Mustaphae's freshe grave shall it be written
That deade mens rights are easelye forgotten?
O people firste teare downe the throanes of tyrants,
Revive the old equallitye of nature,
Authoritye is more then that shee makethe;

Lende not your owne strengthes to keep your owne
strengthes vnder.
Proceede in furye: furye is lawe and reason
When it doth plague the wickednes of treason.

[No. 17.] page 359: note 186.

"*Acm.* *Rossa.* *Rosten.*

Acm. What euer craft of base false-hearted wit,
Long working in the worst of princes' thoughts,
May bring to passe, yonder to vs is brought:
Power without shame the state corrupt with it.

Rossa. Acmat, thy sorrow, whether vniust or
iust,
Bootes not: duty and faith loues them that liue,
Noble examples, bring forth danger must,
The forces of Natolia doe giue
Tokens of mutinie againste the State,
Shewing no reuerence vnto thee:
Wherefore the great lord wils that you repaire
To him, for by you they must gouern'd be.

Acm. I goe, and care not, so I goe from thee.

Rossa. Let them that cannot beare Desire's tra-
vayles,
Who dare not vndertake for feare of danger;
Let them like children, fearing spirits, they see not,
Runne and beare with them, still their owne
amazement,

While they flie from themselues, and blame their
fortune.
For Fortune, on thy wisedomes none complaine,
But they that in thee neither hope nor raigne;
Rosten, where vertue ends, and reason failes,
When dangers threaten, Feare makes sharpest
warre;
When Fame with all her infamies assailes,
Then Fortune's fauours most liuely shewed are:
She neuer helpes, till hope be ouerthrowne,
For heauenly powers by myracles are knowne.
Now Mustapha is dead, rage ceaste and pittie
broken,
Rosten, there rests no more to interrupt vs
But Acmat, in whome Solyman yet trusteth;
The thanks and sacrifice our God requires
For graces past, are not those idle praiers,
Which done, to christian basenes are the staires.
Good lucke, the gods on highe plac'd, desire
No other dirge, but noble deeds require.
Let Acmat die: Fortune loues them that venture.
Rost. Acmat is wise, and Solyman beloued,
Euen tyrants couet to vphold their fame,
Not fearing euill deeds, but euill name;
For princes skill, is, to make Greatnes shew
Rich in the good, whereof it hath least part,
And to conceale that which within they know:

So that at once he will not shed the blood
Of Acmat, though he meane his ouerthrow :
Least men should thinke their fauour but a net,
Where easelye in, but hardly out they get.
Rossa. Rosten, let Mustapha be thine example,
That tragedies, are gods and princes plaies.
Kings know new hopes, blot out the shame of bookes,
Desire's eye on hope onely lookes.
While children's blood the father's forehead staine,
What priuiledge for councellors remaine ?
Rost. He that hath his intent to ruine houses,
Plucks not the timber all at once away,
Least Ruine's ruine on himselfe he lay.
Fury will haue a time to breathe, from killing.
Rossa. Fury is like a wheele, with ease kept going,
Where it with many hands at first was moued.
Feare's shield of proofe is trampt in others' blood,
Good fortune seldome comes by doing good.
Rost. Fortune is oft by presumption tempted
To turne the backe.
Rossa. Nay fortune['s] harlotte like,
Who thinkes good manhers to be want of sprighte;
Is dearest vnto those, that vse her rudely,
Onely with humble bashfulnesse is tempted.
Rost. What argument against him ?

Rossa. Vse of killing.
Suspition, the fauorite of princes,
Delight of change, fauours past, and feare of greatnesse,
Sharpned by Acmat's harsh and open dealing,
Which noble princes' libertie would draw
Into the narrow scope of common awe.
Power of mischance yeelds honour to aduenture.
Rost. Mustapha is dead.
Rossa. Not dead, while Acmat liueth:
Small sparkes from fires quencht, doe kindle danger,
From him that feares to strike, feare neuer parteth,
Let Acmat die, and danger is departed.
For Zanger I his brother's charge haue gotten;
Yet least his death, not lookt for, might amaze him,
—For youth and kindred, oft doe thinke it glory
At things, done for their profit, to repine—
I will make haste, and giue him from his father
Mustaphae's estate, his fortune and succession.
When reason failes, one passion rules another,
Hope and good fortune doe forget a brother.
Come Rosten let vs doe, and then consider."

[The MS. has furnished here a number of excellent corrections of the 4to: the following readings from the 4to will shew these: line 2nd, 'on': line 4th, 'power'

is left blank: line 6th, a superfluous 'still' after 'lones': line 7th, 'example': line 9th, 'vnto': line 11th, 'that' dropped: line 14th, 'trauaile': line 16th, 'take.... spirits' (the rest omitted): line 17th, 'witness': line 18th 'themselues....their': line 19th, 'wisedome complaine': line 20th, 'they in': line 24th, 'shew'd most liuely are': line 25th, 'helpe': line 27th, 'flesht': line 30th, 'sacrifices': line 32nd 'Christian basenes are' left blank: line 33rd., 'of highly....desires': line 34th, 'duty requires': line 45th, 'easie': line 46th, 'thy': line 50th, 'Desire's eye on.....hope": line 53rd., mis-assigned to Rossa: line 57th, mis-assigned to Rosten: line 61st, 'often': line 63rd, 'harlot-sicke': line 64th, 'maner....spirit': line 72nd., 'with' line 75th, mis-assigned to Rossa: line 76th, mis-assigned to Rosten: line 77th, 'fire....to danger growes:' line 82nd, 'kindnesse': line 88th, mis-assigned by itself to Rossa. G.]

[No. 18.] page 359: note 186.

" Bee not bewitcht as thoughts in error bee,
I am not tyrante, I amNature's childe:
Lyfe needs not feare that honeste comes to mee,
My terrors are to life that is defiled.
Yett yf blinde Ignorance her selfe coulde see
The wicked that harde harts againste me builde
Maye knowe that since I come not by election
As I cride [*sic*] ioyes, I ende all imperfection.
Man dreame no more, examine what life is:
It is a stage whereon desires showe

By passions' warre, fleshe is noe seate of blisse :
It is the waye wherin desires goe
From presente time where shee is still amisse
To times paste and to come, for ease of woe
Onlye well pleasd when it is well forgotten,
With longe repentance and shorte ioyes begotten.
Since deathe therfore is all alreadye paste
The heaven where olde age muste finde his reste ;
Since in livinge hitherwards makes haste,
Since Nature there renewes equallitye,
Since power and fortune vnder her are plac'd,
Lett beasts repine and men be gladde to dye,
For meane estats must stande in feare of manye,
And greate are cursèd for that they feare not anye."

[No. 19.] page 359 : note 186.

Actvs V. Scena I.

ACHMATT ALONE.

"In what dilemma of mischance stand I,
Vs'd by the subtile art of wicked gouernement,
To serue a tyrant's turne with faith and honestie,
Plac'd ouer men, whome vniust rage doth iustly
moue.
I am either in heate of heady mutinie
To die ; or scaping by respect, that safelye may
Suspition to my life and honour lay ;
Destinie hath shot the shaft and it must light.

To strive or praye against the streames of fate,
Which move from ill defects, it is too late.
Innocence and faith from safe estate are throwen:
For floods of error from authoritie,
The multitude haue easily ouerflowen.
For when kings estates doe surfett and must fall,
Iustice diuides not there, but ruines all.
But looke where Rossa comes like Aprill weather
Both guists and cleeres in stormie forhead carrying,
Like Power, that with it selfe doth feare miscarrying."

[The MS., which I follow, corrects the 4to. in self-revealing corruptions not worth while to record here, save one in line 17th, 'cleeres' for 'cleaues'. G.]

[No. 20.] page 413: note 332.

" And as the sea, when his ambitious power
Hath ouer-run his neighbour element:
His pride is rage, his glorie to deuoure,
Nor can with any greatnes be content,
Till all the Countrie that lay still before,
Rise vp, and force him back vnto his shore.
So I when I had wonne the marriage-bed,
And Soliman with himselfe ouercome,
To breake and lay a sleepe his prophet's law,
By being only of desire in awe;
Error, of selfe-harme euer brought a-bed,

Made me this wheele of swifte misfortune drawe.
Daunger was sport, mischiefe Desire's art;
Nothing seemd hard, but to leaue this impression.
I Mustapha his fall did vndertake,
And like the stormes that then like stormes doe
blow,
When all things, but themselues, they ouerthrow,
Hatefull I did him to his father make,
But as desires on diuers things are plac'd,
So diuers works men diverslye doe take.
For soules, like senses, haue a diuers taste;
There be birds of the day, and of the night;
No laws can make one will to be embrac't;
The daughter's heart will wake the mother's spight;
Camena's thoughts were soft, her good was forth[1],
She but with others' loue, thoughte nothing worth.
To Mustapha she opens mine intent,
For she had tried, but could not turne my heart;
Yett noe hurt to me she in tellinge ment,
Yet hurt she did me, to disclose my art;
I sought reuenge, reuenge it could not be,
For I confesse, she neuer wrongèd me.
But as the Christian, when she sees her child
Puld by the great lords-men from mother's brest;
Though she do know, it will him honor yeeld,

[1] froth. G.

Yet for her father's sake, her soule cannot rest.
So though I knew Camena's heart was good,
Yet I did yerne to haue my will withstood.
Remorce, that hath a faction in each heart ;
Sences, whose reason is, but what they see,
Womanish loue and shame with feare tooke part,
They all conspir'd to haue commanded me ;
Truth's humble patience voide of feare or art,
Camena's onely strength and weapons be ;
I kild her, yet confesse I did her loue,
Furies of choice, &c."

[The MS. corrects the 4to : line 3rd 'is' for 'his' : line 6th 'his' for 'the' : line 7th 'so I when' for 'so when as' : line 12th 'swifte,' supplied : line 16th 'like the storm' supplied : line 20th 'men diverslye doe take' supplied —represented by a line—— as indicating illegibility, probably : line 21st 'soules' for 'foules' : line 24th 'worke' for 'make' : line 25th erroneously 'god' for 'good' : line 23th 'thoughte' for 'though' : line 27th erroneously 'cryed' for 'tried' : line 28th for 'yet she no hurt' : line 37th 'yerne' for 'earne' —the latter a noticeable word : line 38th 'that' for 'which' and a 'faction' for 'affection' : line 42nd 'truth's' supplied and 'or' for 'and' G.]

[No. 21.] page 414 : note 336.

" Finde Lo, this hatefull——loue did make,
From pittie, woe, and anger, thus he spake.
Mother is this the way of woman's heart ?

Is there noe law nor God but your desire ?
Can neither Power nor Goodnesse scape your art ?
Be these the counsels, by which you aspire ?
Doth mischiefe onely, feare no ouerthwart ?
Is there no Hell, or doe the deuils loue fire :
If neither God, Heauen, Hell, nor Deuill bee,
'Tis plague enough that I am borne of thee.
Mother,—O monstrous name,—shall it be said,
That thou hast done this thing for Zanger's sake ?
Honour and life shall they to me vpbraid,
That from thy mischiefe they their glory take.
O wretched men whiche vnder shame are laid,
For sinnes whiche we, and which our parents make.
Yet Rossa, to be thine in this I glorie,
That being thine giues power to make thee sorie.
He wounds his heart and downe with death
doth fall
On Mustapha, who there for his sake died,
Fame with his breath he wils on him to call,
Forgetfulnesse he would should me betide.
Ioye for the dead and mercie for vs all,
He begges, and with these words, for mercie died.
O God thy goodnesse I misvnderstood,
And shunning ill, did worse to shed my blood.
He dyed . . . . . .
Woe is me when in my *harte I* looke,
Horror I see, all there lost but *despayre*,

My loue and ioy become *Affliction's* booke,
Eternitie of shame is printed there.
To thinke of God, alas that so I might
Since power and goodnes can but shewe me feare.
O blessed madnes onely Nature's peace,
Wherein all warres as sence and passion cease.
Pleas'd with thy selfe, though all else thou displease,
Thou arte not made to giue light spirits ease,
What shall I doe. "

[The words italicised are not in the 4to, which here is very imperfect and corrupt. The 4to ends '*Desunt pauca*' and 'Finis.'] G.

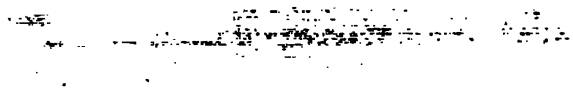
[No. 22.] page 416: note 338.

Achmat. Craftye Misfortune, strangelyie intricate
Thy counsells are, and opposite to faithe
W^ch^ for it onlye restes beyonde thy hate:
Thou tempeste vnto change, or vnto deathe:
Within it selfe offeringe vnto weake eyes
False hopes, where shame misfortune multiplyes;
What ment the gods to compasse honestye
With false opinyon's mists and clowdynes,
To drown desire in Doubt's inconstancye,
Unlesse they meane y^t^ in all overwhartes
The wiseste men shoulde see the strongeste parts.
False oportunitye why doeste thou shewe

People wounded, lawes broken, and princes
skorned,
Turke withoute heyres, the wicked's ouerthrowe,
Ambition and revenge with fame vpborne.
Weake truth, what false reflections giue you mee!
Shame in obedience, wronge in doeinge righte,
Dutye a thornye path to infamye,
Adventure onlye priviledged from spite.
Then orphan troupes of Mustaph's ouerthrowe.
You forces falselye lefte with mee in truste
To calme iuste rage awake your power and knowe
Even with his deathe that his revenge is iuste
And easye vnto tyrant's overthrowe:
Shall I who maye because in mee you truste
Beguile your loves and leade your will awaye
Perchaunce tempte God whose counsells being
iuste
Sometimes of slaves will make a prince's rodde—
Noe, dutyes to kings they be conditionall;
When they from God then wee from them maye
fall;
Not without cause goodnes is weakenes thoughte,
When our obedience nurseth Tyrannye:
Yf not to doe, to knowe why are wee taughte?
Kings are no more but people's pollicye:
While vnder Rossae's rage the worlde is broughte
Bounde vnto error, nor to her wee bee:

Yf kings will needs be ruled, who are more fitte
Then people who haue intereste in it?
Move you I will not and why shoulde I staye
Iuste rage . . . . . .
To lye with shame leavinge this wretched state
With all good men vnto the worste a praye.
Tis God that workes when all the people hate:
Lett kings take heede while they with iustice
playe:
Th' oppressed's teares drives on the wheele of Fate;
For kings when leaste you of your people care
You subiecte to your meaneste subiects are:
But ah, shall faythe whose lawes eternall bee
Walke in the hollowe change of time and witte
Where hazarde addethe shame to miserye?
God sees the harte, shall I that quyett maye
This multitude, suffer their rage to worke
And guiltlesse think myselfe because I lurke?
Noe Acmat, wander not: the time is come
When onlye noble bearinge overthrowe
Is for the wicked's synnes the good man's doome:
Iuste and vniuste must both one fortune goe,
Nor will I make rebellion Honour's tombe;
Selfe-love false grounde shall not obedience blinde
Deathe Nature's is, let tyrants chuse the kind:
But looke mischief comes not alone: what
seconde."

[In the MS there follows 'Achmatt, the miseryes &c.' as in the preceding scene—the two being mixed up. It is very clear that though there are fine lines and noble sentiments in the preceding from the MS., it is corrupt nearly all through, and must imperfectly represent the Poet's meaning. The anti-monarchical opinions perhaps explain the omission of the above in the printed copies. G.]



Notes and Illustrations.

*** Reference to a line is = to the line complete *i.e.* not reckoning two or more words carried over to another as another line. G.

1. page 295, line 3, the 4to 'for'.
2. page 295, line 4, the 4to 'all things which are ours'.
3. page 295, line 6, the 4to 'thought'.
4. page 295, line 6, the 4to adds here 'So deare are ecchoes of our owne thought's voices".
5. page 296, line 1, the 4to adds considerably here. See Appendix (No. 1).
6. page 296, line 11, = hood or blind: a term of falconry. See our Phineas Fletcher, *s. v.*
7. page 296, line 16, the 4to 'Thinke Nature could not her owne nest defile'.
8. page 296, line 17, the 4to 'Imposture passion'.
9. page 296, line 18, the 4to 'The gold of Nature's——— betray': the line being its usual mark for and illegible word.
10. page 296, line 18, Alloy.
11. page 296, line 18, the 4to adds here again considerably. See Appendix (No. 2) as before.
12. page 296, line 20, the 4to adds here as follows:

Faulticssnesse with bearing faults, and want rewarding,

Liberty seeking Loue, and danger praise
A monarke's heir, &c'.

13. page 296, line 21, the 4to 'may'.
14. page 296, line 22, the 4to 'But iudge him with himselfe, and that by fact'.
15. page 297, line 1, Query—(blood) drenched?
16. page 297, line 2, the 4to 'mariage'.
17. page 297, line 3, the 4to 'doubtfull'.
18. page 297, line 6, the 4to 'dowry what? kingdomes and'.
19. page 297, line 7, the 4to 'these designes'.
20. page 297, line 9, the 4to 'Study deuises'.
21. page 297, line 11, the 4to reads here:

'A giddy thought may change a priuate heart,
But States whose loues and hearts by counsell grow,
Whose wisedomes are, Occasion, Time and Seate,
Haue other ends'

22. page 297, line 11, seate = stability.
23. page 297, line 13, the 4to 'will'.
24. page 297, line 14, the 4to adds here:

'And vnder ours all Empire's empire lay;
All great Estates surfet more oft then pine,
Because desires still multiply with might,
And parted power makes danger infinite'

I have inserted an inadvertently dropped line (corrected) in our text 'And vnder, &c.

25. page 297, line 16, Wield.
26. page 297, line 19, the 4to 'playing'.
27. page 297, line 20, the 4to 'For Loue and Duty they be captiues there'.
28. page 297, line 22, the 4to adds once more considerably here. See Appendix (No 3) as before.

29. page 298, line 1, the 4to has 'my spirits' for 'me : and I accept it.
30. page 298, line 2, the 4to 'seemes already'.
31. page 298, line 3, the 4to here properly corrects the folio which misreads 'will'.
32. page 298, line 7, the 4to
'feare of thee makes me wish for death
And feare againe to leaue thee feareth death'.
33. page 298, line 11, the 4to 'the world's desire beare'.
34. page 298, line 12, the 4to 'but'.
35. page 298, line 14, this line from the 4to: the rhyme with 'hate' shews it has been by mistake dropped from the folio.
35. page 298, line 15, the 4to 'haue]'.
36. page 298, line 16, the 4to 'desires'.
37. page 298, line 17, the 4to 'haue'.
38. page 298, line 17, the 4to adds here
'My hopes resemble feare, my wit confusion,
Nature me thinks her-selfe becomes a monster,
And that euen Mustapha makes all this chaos
I could &c.'
39. page 298, line 18, the 4to 'tooke.....thine'.
40. page 298, line 19, the 4to 'obeyed'.
41. page 298, line 20, this line from the 4to: the rhyme with 'affection' again shewes it to have been inadvertently left out.
42. page 298, line 21, the 4to 'Rewards makes knees to bow'.
43. page 298, line 21, the 4to adds here:
'Honor, whose throane is vnder princes scepter
May make aspiring thoughts delight in danger
But Loue &c.'

44. page 299, line 1, the 4to 'easily broken'.

45. page 299, line 1, the 4to reads here:

'Yet doubt not, my armor is against their spite:
And such all-daring spirits are seldome borne,
That vpon princes graues dare sow their corne'.

47. page 299, line 6, The folio confusingly reads here:

.....'or Time presents children':

the 4to corrects as in our text.

48. page 299, line 8, the 4to 'hath alwayes had a fleshly dwelling'.

49. page 299, line 16, the 4to adds here,

'Baiazeth showes no man turnes from a kingdome,
For humblenes to aske his father's blessing;
Nature corrupted is, and wit preferreth—
The wisdome, &c.'

50. page 299, line 19, the 4to 'her'. (*bis*)

51. page 299, line 21, the 4to adds here:

Rossa. Sir, wickednes is forc'd that modest is:
He flatters that allows her not be cruell.
Solym. Is there returne from death vnto the liuing?
Rossa. No Sir, &c."

52. page 300, line 3, the folio misreads 'good': the 4to 'guilt', and I accept it.

53. page 300, line 6, sleight or craft.

54. page 300, line 9, the 4to 'least grudge, most.'

55. page 300, line 14, the 4to adds here. See Appendix (No. 4), as before.

56. page 301, line 4, the 4to 'do say.'

57. page 301, line 7, the additions throughout this first scene from the quarto will reward study. The MS agrees thus far with the 4to, save in the usual dif-

ferences of orthography. These additions prepare for the after out-come of the wicked and subtle Rossa and for the final catastrophe. What a Shakesperean touch is this! 'Slaine by the way lesse grudge, more safety were"—hinting in a whisper at assassination of the king's own son, lest his presence might move to ruth.

58. page 301, line 8, the 4to misprints Actus II, Scena II.

59. page 301, line 9, in the 4to the name is 'Beliarbie' or 'Beljarby'.

60. page 301, line 10, MS.. 'distracte': 4to 'distraught

61. page 301, line 11, MS., 'rackes'.

62. page 301, line 14, the 4to and MS:

.....'not in the priuate waies
Of truth she walkes'.

63. page 301, line 20, the 4to and MS add very largely here. See Appendix (No 5) as before, Lines 13—15 and 20—22 are all that occur in the folio.

64. page 302, line 2, MS., 'lawe'.

65. page 302, line 6, Poised, as before.

66. page 303, line 15, =competition.

67. page 304, line 12, =persons given to humours, changeable.

68. page 304, line 17, Decoys. See our Phineas Fletcher, *s. v.* for example.

69. page 306, line 16, the Rising Sun=heir-apparent.

70. page 312, line 20, = Judges. The term now is 'pasha'. Curiously enough Scotice caddy is = a street porter, formerly a chair-bearer. Burns in his verse-Epistle to Simpson, uses the word to designate

the clergy as = judges in the Church-courts, *e.g.* 'An' auld light *caddies* bure sic hands.

71. page 315, line 2, See Glossarial-Index *s. v.*

72. page 315, line 24, Thomas Adams the grand old Puritan Preacher has finely used the well-known fable, and Thomas Brooks later.

73. page 316, line 8, Genesis II, 19.

74. page 316, " 10, See Glossarial-Index, *s. v.*

75. page 316, " 11, Exchequer = wealth.

76. page 318, " 4, poising, balancing.

77. page 320, " 16, Sleights.

78. page 320, " 22, = advantage.

79. page 322, " 1, this in the 4to forms Act III., scena 1.

80. page 322, " 3, the 4to 'valley': the MS. 'valleys'.

81. page 322, " 4, the 4to 'height': MS. 'states'.

82. page 322, " 6, the 4to misprints 'glaies'.

83. page 322, " 11, the 4to and MS. 'vallyes'.

84. page 322, " 12, the MS. 'poore and chaste'.

85. page 322, " 15, the 4to and MS. 'Castle'.

86. page 322, " 21, the MS. 'dominions'.

87. page 323, " 3, the 4to and MS add here, as follows:

'O wretched state of ours wherein we liue,
Where doubt giues lawes, which Nature can forgiue,
Where rage of kings not only ruine be,
But where their very loue brings miserie.
Most happie men that know not or else feare
The slipperie second place of Honour's steepe,
Which we with enuie get and danger keepe
But kings, whome strength of heart did first advance,
Be sure what rais'd you vpp, keepes you aboue;
Man subiect made himselfe, it was not chance;

Loue, truthe, and ll[awe] rule the world with feare and
loue,
Iustice and kindnesse reuerence doth inhaunce,
For subiects to your selues, when you descend
To doate on subiects, Maiestie hath end.
Here as in weaknesse, flatterie prints her hart,
And priuate spight dare vse a prince's hand.
Here error enters, trueth and right depart.
And princes skornes tosse crownes from hand to hand.
As Rossa prints her selfe in our lord's loue,
And with her mischiefe doeth his malice moue:
First &c.'.

The 4to in line 5th, reads 'first' for 'vpp' and in line 7th, 'Loue treateth trueth, and Ll [sic]: our text here is from MS, but evidently both are corrupt, as well as elsewhere: line 8th, the 4to misreads 'Iustice not' and line 13th, 'He' for 'here' and line 14th, 'scorne the newes'.

88. page 322, line 27, the 4to 'A Beliarby dispacht': the MS.
'Beliarbies dispatche.....sure'.

89. page 324, " 1, the 4to and MS.
'With colour of a warre against the Persian
Indeede, to suffer' &c.

90. page 324, line 7, the 4to and MS. 'kings'.

91. page 324, line 10, the 4to corrects a misprint of the folio there, of 'honor': but 'honour' is in the MS.

92. page 324, line 12, the 4to and MS. 'the': and MS. 'seas ..... where they'.

93. page 324, line 13, the 4to and MS. 'But' and
'Who wrests his prince's mind
Presents his faith upon the stage of chance."

94. page 324, line 13, *wrest*, see Glossorial-index, *s.v.*
95. page 324, line 15, the 4to 'world, fortune vnknowne': MS 'and fortune knowen.'
96. page 324, line 19, the 4to and MS have in this line 'for' not 'by'.
97. page 324, line 24, the 4to 'Princes Fortunes.'
98. page 324, line 25, the 4to and MS 'peere'.
99. page 324, line 26, the MS. 'dye to dye': the 4to 'doubt to dye'.
100. page 325, line 5, the MS 'Ile'.
101. page 325, line 12, in the 4to and MS this is Act III., scene 2: and opens as given in Appendix (No. 8), as before.
102. page 327, line 26, see Appendix as in 101 (No. 8), for the 4to and MS. text of the opening of this scene, ending here.
103. page 328, line 1, the 4to and MS.
'My fortune doth me witnesse beare."
104. page 328, line 3, the 4to and MS.
'Where hopes want all.....'
105. page 328, line 4, the 4to and MS. 'lord'.
106. page 328, line 5, the 4to 'The': MS. 'This'.
107. page 329, line 4, the 4to and MS. correct the folio by giving 'keies' for 'ways': = keys.
108. page 329, line 5, the 4to and MS 'may'.
109. page 329, line 9, the 4to and MS 'thoughts'.
110. page 329, line 7, the 4to and folio are corrected by the MS as in text: their reading is 'For worlds repine': and the MS reads 'worth' for 'birth.'
111. page 329, line 8, the 4to 'but a man'.
112. page 329, line 11, the MS 'crackt'.

113. page 329, line 14, the 4to and MS 'destinies..... doe' and this line 'Nor things impossible which cannot happen.'
114. page 329, line 22, the 4to 'faile'.
115. page 329, line 23, the 4to,
'Feare them that feare not for desire, to shame
And loose their faiths to bring their wills to passe.'
116. page 329, line 23. the 4to, 'Let their ambition's thirst once glutted be": the MS 'his'
117. page 329, line 24, see Appendix (No. 9), as before, for large additions from 4to and MS here.
118. page 331, 9, line Dis-ease. See our Phineas Fletcher *s.v.* for examples.
119. page 333, line 1, this in the 4to and MS forms Act. II., scene 1.
120. page 333, line 4, MS 'hartes': 4to 'heart'.
121. page 333, line 5, the 4to and MS 'do'
122. page 333, line 6, the 4to misreads 'begetting'.
123. page 333, line 10, the 4to 'the'.
124. page 333, line 11, the MS 'goe'.
125. page 333, line 12, the 4to and MS read here
'Like rockes in seas, which in the goodly weather
Giue rest to birds that in the courses wander,
And in the stormes stand fast, themselues unshaken,
Though ruines oft vnto desire mistaken.
O vertue whose, &c."
The MS line 4th 'desires.'
126. page 333, line 16, the 4to and MS 'and out of the'.
127. page 333, line 17, *ibid* 'whereon'.
18. page 333, line 17, the 4to 'depose'.
129. page 334, line 2, the 4to 'the other'

130. page 334, line 7, drawn back.

131. page 334, line 9, this couplet from 4to and MS inadvertently dropped, as the rhymes shew, from the folio.

132. page 334, line 14, the 4to has 'by' for 'and' of the MS and folio. I accept it.

133. page 334, line 16, MS is 'thy', which seems preferable to 'the' of the 4to and folio.

134. page 334, line 19, the 4to and MS 'honor', and for 'grieued' there is 'sorry'.

135. page 334, line 23, the 4to and MS 'And fortune if."

136. page 335, line 24, the 4to has 'shame', and spite of the MS and folio which read 'fame,' it is plainly the correct word. See three lines back from whence it is fetched. The line in the 4to runs 'Shame if thou doe hate those, that force thy trumpet.'

137. page 335, line 11, the 4to has here these two lines:

'That Fortune might be with child, with mischiefe,
Which is both borne and nourisht out of mischiefe.'

138. page 335, line 12, the MS reads 'I Rosten told that as .....": the 4to

139. page 335, line 13, the 4to has 'night", and though the MS has 'mighte', and the folio 'might' it seems again to be preferable, especially in relation to these vivid lines given in the 4to, as context:

"I told her, that euen as the silly doue
Seeld vp with her owne lids, to seeke the light,
Still coueteth vnto the heights aboue,
Till fallen, she feeles the lacke was in her sight:
So man, benighted with his owne selfe-loue
Still, &c."

140. page 335, line 15. in the 4to 'Syrens', which misreads after '*Where* it's set'. The capital S is somewhat confusing: but probably it is = blindness from Milton's eye-disease, *guttæ serenæ*.

141. page 335, line 23, the 4to has 'that State': the MS. 'the State where"

142. page 335, line 25, the 4to and MS 'comes'.

143. page 336, line 2, in the 4to and MS this begins Actus II, Sc. II: and for 'ah' they read 'vilde".

144. page 336, line 5, the 4to and MS 'it lightens wit'.

145. page 336, line 7, the 4to and MS 'herselfe' for 'itselfe' of the folio: accepted.

146. page 336, line 9, the 4to reads 'Is it so strange a thing to be a father'.

147. page 336, line 12, the 4to and MS, as in text, corrects the folio 'presumes vncall'd'.

148 page 336, line 15, the 4to gives 'guides', and I accept it, though MS and folio have 'guilds'.

149. page 336, line 16, this line from the 4to and MS, as the rhyme shews, must have been inadvertently dropped by the folio.

150. page 336, line 17, the 4to and MS 'worthes do closest': and next line 'father' for 'fathers': the latter accepted.

151. page 337, line 2, the 4to has 'for to loue'.

152. page 337, line 3, the 4to and MS:

.....'doth knowledge shew
And babes their parents by their kindness know."

153. page 337, line 6, hinder.

154. page 337, line 14, the 4to and MS, 'the father sees his image in the sonne'

155 page 337, line 17, the MS has 'spites' as in our text: the 4to 'sights': the folio 'mists'.

156. page 338, line 1, the 4to has 'throne': the MS 'crowne', and both 'breath' for 'life'.

157. page 338, line 3, the 4to has 'impossibles': the MS 'impossible to be'

158. page 338, line 4, in 4to and MS Camena and Solymaa here speak as follows;

'*Cam.* Monsters not seene are monstrously beleeued.
Pardon me, sir, if duty doe seeme angry;
I am your child: these common blots of children,
Doe reach indeed, I doe not know how neere me.
Solym. Neere thee indeed, for you had both one father.
Cam. My gracious lord, if you were not my father,
Nature would much repine at such a staine;
But sir, by that you owe me as a father,
Thinke well of them wherein yourselfe remaine;
Borrow not iealousie of princes' state,
To warrant you that you may children hate.'

The MS in line 3rd reads 'this... blotte': line 4th 'reacheth': line 5th 'and neere': line 9th 'owne': line 11th 'jealousnes'.

159. page 338, line 11, the 4to gives these speeches of Solyman and Camena as follows:

'*Solym.* Mustapha is euen he that thus hath stained
Nature with bloud, and loue with bloody malice;
He thought it long, that I thus long haue raigned;
He that at once deuis'd that all at once should die
Rosten, and Rossa, Zanger, thou and I.

Cam. Far be it off that this should be found true :
Can hope of all the world be thus deceued ?
Sweet Mustapha, doth Nature lie in you ?
Sir, these be Greatnes' mists : be not deceued :
For Kings hate in their fearefull waining state,
And easily doubt, and what they doubt they hate.
Then Parasites that haunt their prince's grace
Know, deprauation hath a pleasing face.
Solym. Camena, thy soft youth that knows not ill,
Whose Aprill thought yeeldes showres of sweet good will,
Cannot beleeue the elder when they say
That good beliefe is greatest States decay :
Wisedome was neuer borne before her time,
Man's wit and nature, youth's horizon are :
Perchance experience vnto more may clime,
Let it, &c.'

The MS in line 4th has 'he had deuis'd' : line 7th 'earthe' : line 10th 'that ..... icye' introduces the line 'Behold their children as their winding sheete', as in the folio : line 11th 'doe easlye' : line 12th 'the' : line 13th 'false depravinge ... pleasant' : line 13th 'sweete ..... noe' : line 14th 'yeelde' : line 14th 'their elders' : line 15th 'greate estates' : line 15th 'horyzons'.

160. page 339, line 5, the 4to 'O pardon me (dread sir)'.

161. page 339, line 6, the 4to 'speaking it of a mother'. The MS 'and saye of holye mother'.

162. page 339, line 11, the 4to reads after this line, 'Each one to other formes of ruine bee' : and two lines back, 'The euill angel of good will is Feare." The MS 'Of ruyn figures eche to others bee."

163. page 339, line 14, the MS 'this' for 'the' of 4to and folio: and it is preferable.

164. page 339, line 16, the 4to has 'Perhaps ..... shewne": the MS 'perchaunce ..... shewed'.

165. page 339, line 19, the 4to has 'And our care of your good': MS as in text.

166. page 340, line 3, MS 'maye'.

167. page 340, line 5, the 4to and MS insert here:

'O strange vnhappines of highest roome,
Which thinking opposition derogates
From maiesty they ioy to ouercome
The truth with selfe-loue, teaching flattery,
How to imposthume power with proud accesse:
But pardom me, my lord admit it so,
That Mustapha in wanton youthe's conceit,
Had wandred from the course he ought to goe:
Yet thinke what frailty is, and what the baite,
For priuate men, which here below obey,
Beholding outward pompe of maiesty,
And vnacquainted with kings inward care,
Like Satyres thinke the fire is sweet as faire,
And burne with grasping their belouèd aire:
But sir, the gods whome kings should imitate,
Haue, &c.'

The MS has these various readings herein: line 3rd 'ioyed': line 5th 'excesse'.

168. page 340, line 22, the 4to has 'Your sword ..... the arme.

169. page 340, line 23, the 4to 'fadoms'.

170. page 341, line 2, this line I insert from the MS and 4to. It is evidently by inadvertence dropped from the folio.

171. page 341, line 3, in the 4to and MS this line reads 'So must power warne and threaten ere it light': MS 'lights'.

172. p 341, line 3, In the 4to and MS succeeding the previous line, are the following:

'A point there is whereat each heart must stay,
All men may couet all, few men can doe;
The worst and best, are both like heard, and care
For flesh, &c.

the 4to and MS in line 1st 'maye': line 3rd, 'both harde like'.

173. page 341, line 4, MS. 'meane'.

174. page 341, line 5, the 4to 'To these'.

175. page 341, line 5, the 4to 'packed are'.

176 page 341, line 5, in the 4to and MS these follow this line:

'Martyrs few men can be euen for the good,
As few dare seale their mischiefe with their bloud.
The prince's wisedome, and his office this,
To see from whence, how farre each one can moue,
To find what each man's God and Deuill is.
Iudging and handling frailty with loue:
For ignorance begetteth cruelty,
Misthinking each man euery thing can be:
The best may fall, the worst that is may mend;
You hedge in time, and doe prescribe to God
Where safety not amendment you intend:
The last of all corrections is the rodde
And kings that circle in themselues with death,
Poyson the ayre wherein they take their breath.'

The MS corrects the 4to in line 2nd, where

misreads 'can' for 'dare', and in line 5th where it misreads 'To What what'.

177. page 341, line 9, Without the fine lines following this, the 4to and MS give us these:

And if I speake this from the common sense,
'Tis Nature's truth, it pleads her owne defence'.

The MS misreads 'truthes that pleade'.

178. page 341, line 14, the MS 'require'.

179. page 342, line 2, the 4to and MS have after this line:

Cam. Who knowes if made a lambe, what he would be,
Which lesse his flesh of heauenly counsels free,
While he &c.

The MS in line 1st reads 'is .... from'.

180 page 342, line 4, the MS 'thy brother or thy mother are'.

181. page 342, line 19, from this to end of the scene not in 4to or MS. So also the chorus secundus.

182. page 342, line 5, see Appendix (No. 6) for the original text as in 4to and MS. It presents noticeable points omitted in this scene as in turn the folio furnishes large additions. It is headed Actus II, scene III.

183. page 343, line 8, fate, misprinted 'face'.

184. page 357, line 18, competence = competition.

185. page 358, line 2, misprinted 'in'.

186. page 359, line 5, in the 4to and MS. there is inserted here the following short Chorvs:

'When will this liue's sparke put in our spright,
To giue light to this lampe of flesh and blood:

Leaue to denie strong destinie her right,
Which it feeles daily cannot be withstood.
Men looke not downe, looke vp into the skie
There liue you must, and maye be glad to die.'

I follow the MS which corrects the 4to, as line 2nd 'lampe' for 'lumpe', &c. See Appendix (No. 17) for large additions from 4to and MS. After the chorus in the MS comes a considerable addition not found in either the 4to or folio. See Appendix (No 18), as before. In the 4to and MS also, following in the latter the preceding additions, and in the 4to the chorus, is a soliloquy by Achmat not given in the folio. See Appendix (No. 19), as before.

187. page 359, line 6, in 4to and MS this is marked Act II., scene 4.

188. page 359, line 9, the 4to blunders here, reading 'The ioyes are fortunes of your priuate fortune': the MS as the folio: and it and MS pass on to 'Rosten with haste'.

189. page 359, line 10, = calumniate or propagate (evil) rumours.

190. page 359, line 16, the 4to and MS read:

'My life, my fame, desire, and my fortune.
You vgly angels of infernall kingdome,
You spirits resolute to dwell in darknesse,
You who haue vertuously maintain'd your being
In equall power, like riualls to the heauens:
If as they say (who say it for reproch)
You are at hand to those that on you call,
Refusing none but such as doe refuse you,

Reuenge yourselues of this false title, vertue:
This vertue which has sildome been assailed
By you; but she hath still her seruants failed
My shame, my feare, my loue I offer to you,
Let me raigne while I liue, in my desires,
Or dead, &c."

Line 4th vertuously = valorously, stoutly.

191 page 360, line 1, The MS reads '*Beliar.* Ross avenge not praying pleasethe': the 4to 'doing not praying merits heauen or hell': and the 4to and MS add:

'Mischiefes doe rise, and set themselues against thee,
Misfortune hath euen now conspired thy ruine;
Intreat no enemies, for they forgiue not,
But humble thou thyselfe vnto the heauens.
I feare, &c.
Thy blood euen with thy destiny is infected,
I would, yet would I not, durst I reueale it.
Fortune, &c.'

192. page 360, line 7, the 4to and MS continue here,

'If Mustapha shall liue, all feare is fallen,
Danger lighted, desire lost, hope banisht;
If Mustapha shall die, then feare from hope,
Losse from desire, danger and paiue are vanisht.'

193. page 360, line 8, the 4to and MS read here,

.....'thy ioyes,
No man to hurt his foes, his friends destroyes.
Ross. Friends? who are they, but those that serue desire?
My gods, my friends, my father and my mother
Are but those steps that helpe me to aspire.

Duty and loue tooke knowledge of no other;
Let me and all the world with him be slaine,
I will not wish to be aliue againe
But tell what is the worst.
Beg. Aske not in rage, rage brings it selfe to woe,
Vnlesse the wings whereon it flies be slow.
Ross. I charge you tell me, how I am fortune-bound,
That if I harme him, I my selfe confound.
Beg. Camena must, &c.'

The MS in line 12th has 'thee..... am I' and in line 13th curiously reads 'charme'.

, loue'

194. page 360, line 21, the 4to and MS 'despaires' for 'loue'.

195 page 360, line 22, the 4to and MS add here, 'Vertue's sweete fame with loue of mercy wooing', and thereafter, read,

'And great suspitions from these relicks grow
That what she knowes, both sonne and father know;
I that am yours, durst not make you a stranger,
And yet was loth with duty to offend:
In childrens faults, a mother's wisedome showes.
Loue's perfect tryall is in flame of anger;
Malice to Mustapha must be forgot,
That your belou'd Camena perish not.'

196. page 361, line 1, the 4to and MS 'pale'.

197. page " , line 4, the 4to and MS 'harme'.

198. page " , line 5, the 4to and MS 'mother's'.

199. page " , line 5, the MS and 4to 'set', and add,

'Knowes not what wisedome's wickednesse beget

Boldnesse in malice dazels humane reason :
Camena, thy false blood shall doe me right :
Let those put truste in God that haue no mighte.'

The 4to blunders in line 1st by leaving out 'what'. and reading 'Knowes not wisedome's wickednesse beget, &c. See Appendix (No. 7), as before for the sequels given in 4to and MS.

200. page 364, line 15, list = choose or please.

201. page 365, line 18, affect = choose, aim at.

202. page 367, line 3, Query—mon'ments? *i. e.* monuments.

203. page 371, line 4, in the 4to and MS this is Actus tertius, scena tertia.

204. page 371, line 6, the 4to and MS are imperfect here reading these two lines brokenly :

'If you will Rossa see aliue
You must make hast'.

205. page 371, line 10, the 4to 'Must thou get these' : the MS 'you.... these'.

206. page 371, line 11, the 4to and MS 'Yet tel me whence grew Rossæ's passion?'.

207. page 372, line 10, the 4to adds here :

'Or where the bounds of vnbound rage will stay,
If one or both, or which is made away
I know not &c. The MS has 'bondes' for 'boundes'. Besides above there are certain slight differences in the collocation of words, &c.

208. page 372, line 13, in the 4to and MS. this is Actus tertius, Scena quarta.

209. page 372, line 13, the 4to and MS. thus open :

Rossa. What am I not my owne? who then dare let me
From doing with my selfe what my selfe listeth?

210. page 372, line 19, the 4to and MS. add here:

"Come death, art thou afraid of me, that beare
All wickednes, by which you causèd were?
Soliman stand from me, I am not thy Rossa:
But one that death, the diuell and hell do flie,
Yet vnto death, the diuell, and hell do hie."

The MS in line 3rd, has 'staye' for 'stand' and in line 5th, 'will dye' for 'do hie'.

211. page 373, line 1, the 4to and MS add and change largely here. See Appendix (No. 10) as before.

212. page 376, line 1, see Index of Things under 'Number.'

213. page 376, line 16, guidon = a banner or ensign. (Fr:)

214. page 376, line 16, the MS corrects the 4to and folio 'with' by 'whiche.'

215. page 376, line 19, the MS 'arte....mischiefes.': the 4to 'acts'.

216. page 376, line 20 MS reads here:

'There Saturne feeds on children that be his,
A fatall winding sheete, succession is.
This pleasing horrour of oreturnd delight
Doth figure forth the tyrannie of feare,
Where truth lies bound, and nature looseth right,
Poore innocencie, vainely spending breath
To plead, where nothing is of trust but death.
Malice heere aged lies in doublenesse,
Blowing out rumour from his narrow breast,
To spread abroad with infinite excesse
The visions and opinions of vnrest:
Eating the hearts wherein they harboured bee,
Like wormes in wood, whose holes men onely see.
This pretious hill, &c.'

The 4to only slightly differs.

217. page 377 line 7, the MS, 'all artes' : 4to and folio 'all art'

218. page 377, line 9, so too the MS: the 4to misreads 'prudence both.'

219. page 377, line 13, the MS 'which.....maye': 4to 'that....die'

220 page 378, line 1, The MS and 4to add and change from this line. See Appendix (No. 11) as before, for the text.

221 page 379, line 1, the 4to and MS head this, Actus tertius, Scena quinta: but do not begin until line 32nd, 'False Mahomet' &c'

222 page 379, line 3, humorous=given to humors, changeable, as before.

223 page 380, line 12, from this in 4to and MS is headed Actus tertius, Scena quinta: all going before in neither.

224 page 380, line 13, this line is inserted from MS and 4to: the rhyme with 'blood' before, shews it to have been inadvertently dropped in the folio. The quarto has 'thy' for 'the good':

225 page 380, line 15, the 4to misprints 'denied'

226 page380 , line 16, the 4to and MS 'princes'.

227. page 380, line 18, the 4to 'wills impossiblities' the MS 'will impossibilitye'.

228. page 380, line 19, theMS 'which workein crueltie', and next,

'With faith and art borne of false prophets wordes
We bind ourselues, and with ourselues the rest,
To humblenesse, the sheath, &c."

The 4to blunders.

229. page 380, line 25, the 4to and MS 'vnto princes'
230. page 381, linè 1, the MS 'God doth require onely what's': the 4to 'what's onely'.
231. page 381, line 2, the MS and 4to 'But we doe preach'.
232. page 381, line 3, the 4to and MS 'spoile'.
233. page 381, line 5, the MS and 4to have some additions and changes here of a very noticeable kind. See Appendix (No 12), as before.
234. page 381, line 10, the MS 'thy'.
235. page 381, line 11, the 4to and MS read:

.....“blasphemies?
Is rage become the lord of humane reason?
For rage doth shew that reason is defaced,
When rage thus shews itselfe with reason graced'.

236. page 381, line 14, the 4to and MS 'hast'.
237. page 381, line 17, this line is inserted from the MS and 4to: the absent rhyme to 'thought' shews it has been by mistake dropped in the folio. The preceding line runs in both 4to and MS 'Where hope and feare in equall balance are': and in next two lines 'what dispaire' and 'my wounds bleed euer.'
238. page 381, line 21, the MS 'errors'.
239. page 381, line 22, the 4to and MS:
'But rooted ill brings no remorse with it.'
240. page 381, line 23, the MS 'Heley iudge....witte' 4to 'will'.
241. page 381, line 24, the 4to and MS 'streames breake'.
242. page 382, line 3, the MS and 4to:
'My hart and soule, the seates of mischiefe bee'

and then read as follows:

'*Musta.* Of God, his mercy is the greatest power;
Nature is sweet, her wounds heale vp againe:
For me, tell how, and teach me to forgiue,
Which he that cannot doe, knows not to liue.
Pr. Forgiuenes is to take away the cause,
That forceth God to plague, or breake his lawes.
'*Musta.* Forgivenes is to put away the wrongs,
At least so much as to myselfe belongs.
Pr. It is a praise to pardon it is true,
But keepe me rather from vndoing you.
Musta. What should I doe? &c.'

243. page 382, line 20, the 4to and MS as in text: the folio 'offerest': the MS 'advise thee, thou': the 4to 'advise thou'.

244. page 383, line 1, the MS and 4to 'preserued'.

245. page 383, line 3, the MS and 4to 'I cannot choose but be my father's sonne' and blunders in what follows.

246. page 383, line 3, the MS and 4to add here:
'Is vertue bought and sold for loue of goodes?
Must Zanger's rising from my fall be wonne?
Poore Zanger I acquit, &c.

247. page 383, line 10, the 4to 'of his possession'.

248. page 383, line 16, the 4to and MS add here:
Where guilty people shall liue in good name;
'The guiltlesse onely liue and die in shame;
Shew, &c.

249. page 383, line 22, the 4to and MS add and change from this line. See Appendix (No. 13) as before.

250. page 384, line 14, the 4to and MS 'for princes sake'.

251. page 384, line 13, the 4to corrects the MS and folio by the singular by the plural 'rebellions'.
252. page 384, line 17, the MS misreads 'moves'.
253. page 384, line 18, the MS and 4to add here. See Appendix (No. 14) as before.
254. page 384, line 18, 'and' from MS.
255. page 384, line 18, the 4to and MS add here and change. See Appendix (No. 15) as before.
256. page 389, line 17, misprinted 'depriuings', the 's' belonging to 'knowledges' in next line, which lacks it: corrected.
257. page 393, line 11, as before: see Glossarial-Index *s.v.*
258. page 393, line 20, transition-form of 'compromise'.
259. page 395, line 17, *complexion* = temperament, as before
260. page 396, line 5, see Index of Names under Mauors.
261. page 397, line 5, misprinted 'as'
262. page 398, line 18, in 4to MS Actus III. Scena 1.
263. page 398, line 20, the MS 'Nourishte....peace nourisht': the 4to 'Courts'.
264. page 398, line 22, this line from the MS: 4to misreads 'whome' for 'whence'
265. page 399, line 5, the 4to corrects the 4to and folio 'rumors': in next line mis-reading 'Are....feares or wonder.'
266. page 399, line 8, this line from the MS and 4to.
267. page 399, line 10, the 4to and MS add here:
'Her doubtfull speeches, her vnquiet motions,
Make me grow iealous of my owne aduancement.'
268. page 399, line 10, the MS 'numbred'
269. page 399, line 10, in the 4to and MS Actus IIII. Scena II.

270. page 399, line 17, the 4to and MS ' O Kings. '

271. page 399, line 20, the 4to and MS :

' Which kings and kingdomes on their heades did build ?
Is fortune of forgetfulnes with childe '

272 page 400, line 2, the MS adds here :

' O wretched state of man, in tyrants fauour,
Like men throwne on sande in ebbing water,
Dead if they trust or stay, drown'd if they venture '.
The 4to ' vpon sands ' and ' trust and stay '

273 page 400, line 3, the 4to and MS ' breed '

274 page 400, line 5, the MS ' prophane '

275 page 400, line 6, the 4to ' Hell's '

276 page 400, line 6, the 4to adds : ' Darke feare and sorrow doe both strike and threaten ' : MS ' but ' for ' both.'

277. page 400, line 7, the MS ' my voice doth feare : 4to ' faint '.

278. page 400, line 8, the MS and quarto add here :

' Yet tell the worst : for cowards Doubte vnarmeth,
When need resolues, vs to endure all terrors :
And sorrowes vttered, are like wines, which vented,
Both purge themselues, and doe not breake the vesselles :
By counsell &c.

The 4to in line 1st, has ' Death ' for ' Doubte '

279 page 400, line 11, the 4to and MS ' vildly '.

280 page 400, line 14, *Ibid* ' malice '

281 page 400, line 16, the 4to and MS :

..... ' by Rosten's cunning spight
And Rossac's witchcraft '

282 page 400, line 19, the 4to ' heauy ' : the MS ' deadlye : heady = headstrong. See Mr. W. A. Wright's Bible Word Book, as before.

283. page 400, line 20, the 4to and MS 'As cunning step-dames iealousie'.

284. page 401, line 1, the 4to and MS 'nothing could rage remoue or'— : in line 3rd onward 'Loden'.

285. page 401, line 7, the 4to and MS 'perchance, foresaw the stormes of dangers comming'.

286. page 401, line 10, this line not in the 4to, is in the MS. In both there follows this:
'Nor selfe-defence, that makes offences lawfull'.

287. page 401, line 12, the 4to and MS add here:
'So foolish to the world is honest wisedome'.

288. page 401, line 16, the 4to 'worke'.

289. page 401, line 22, the 4to and MS: ——(whome fearefull murder fears) with cruelty are slaine'.

290. page 401, line 24, the 4to and MS 'Mustapha vnto the campe no sooner came'.

291. page 402, line 1, the 4to and MS 'taught'.

292. page 402, line 5, this line from MS and 4to.

293. page 402, line 9, the 4to and MS 'he will'd'.

294. page 402, line 10, the 4to corrects the folio 'wept they'.

295. page 402, line 16, the MS is 'doeinge': the 4to dying'.

296. page 402, line 18, the 4to 'spirits' and 'hard and dull'.

297. page 402, line 20, the MS 'their'.

298. page 402, line 22, the 4to and MS 'whose hands were onely now afraid of murder'.

299. page 403, line 1, the 4to and MS add 'assures their feare and comforteth their sorrow'.

300. page 403, line 3, *Ibid* add 'Shaking and trembling, do refuse the offer'.

301. page 403, line 7, *Ibid.* add :

'Guided their hands and to his death directed
Sweetely forgaue their charge, and thankt their loue,
Which he saw in them did compassion moue ;
Which heauenly, &c.'.

302. page 403, line 8, the 4to and MS 'foreshewing' and next line 'going'.

303. page 403, line 10, the MS adds here :

'Those things which thou thy selfe dost thinke offences :
O Mahomet, my other sinnes forgiue me,
Forgiue them too, that worke my ouerthrowinge';

in 4to 'ouerthrow'.

304. page 403, line 13, the 4to and MS 'ioyeth'.

305. page 403, line 18, the 4to and MS 'her story,' next line 'them sorry'.

306. page 403, line 21, the 4to and MS correct the folio 'God' and 'the gods' for 'that God', in last line.

307. page 404, line 11, the MS 'Maiestie is but a mist which powers heed and scatter'.

308. page 404, line 13, this line from the MS.

309. page 404, line 13, the MS adds here,

'That which more then wretched by confession'.

310. page 404, line 17, the MS reads rather confusingly:

'*Achmatt.* Tell us, for thinges by causes knowen are cured,
Delayes doe multiplye the rage of mischief:
Man counter-poyseth man, thoughe God were idle.'
Rosten. When, &c.'

311. page 405, line 7, the MS 'was growen'.

312. page 405, line 8, the MS 'I will goe hence: for Rage thy wisedomes lye'.

313. page 405, line 11, the MS 'agayne'.

314. page 405, line 12, the MS 'all'.

315. page 405, line 13 the MS 'gave ..... passed in amonge'.

316. page 405, line 16, the MS 'Hee hides'.

317. page 406, line 10, 'hindered'.

318. page 406, line 11, 'their stroakes'.

319. page 406, line 16, the MS adds here:

'Stones tumbled downe stay not but at the loweste,
The rage of multitudes ends in confusion:
Yf I dye, what hathe Solyman for warrante:
Mischief is still the gouernesse of mischief:
Mischief is safe where lawes are in confusion,
Yf Solyman, &c."

320. page 406, line 21, the MS adds here:

'Feare onlye doth of enemyes crave mercye
Be constant to the fortune of thy counsell,
Owe not thyself to him thou wouldste destroye:
They doe make murther good that dye with ioye'.

321. page 407, line 2, the MS adds here considerably See Appendix (No. 16) as before.

322. page 407, line 9:

.....'indeede though princes swerve.
Kings are the roddes or blessings of the skye:
God onlye Judge Hee knowes what they deserve:
Solyman shall still be safe, or I will dye'.

Here in this passage, the MS ends.

323. page 409, line 15, in 4to and MS Actus v. scena ii.

324. page 409, line 18, the 4to and MS 'And goodnesse deemes to be good fortune's starre.

325. page 410, line 1, the MS adds here 'Who soe to gayne desire their powers doe bende'.

326. page 410, line 4, the 4to and MS corrects 'God makes' of folio: but the 4to misreads 'doe make to bring'.

327. page 410, line 5, the MS 'doth often'.

328. page 410, line 11, the 4to and MS 'Zanger for'

329. page 410, line 14, 'remorce and feare in my desires bredde': 4to 'distresse hath bred.'

330. page 410, line 18, the 4to and MS 'follow.'

331. page 410, line 19, *Ibid* 'and greatnes men doe thinke.'

332. page 411, line 1, the 4to and MS. add here. See Appendix (No. 20) as before.

333. page 412, line 2, the MS adds here:

'He died infamous, though he guiltles were:
I live guiltye and who durste complayne
Where power hath truth tyed vnder lawes of feare
So little care haue gods of men below:
So &c. The 4to misplaces lines 2nd and 3rd.

334. page 412, line 13, the 4to and MS:

'This Mustapha, whose death I made my glory
Hath spoiled all my power, but power to be sorry.'

335. page 412, line 17, the MS reads:

'He silent stood, Feare's darke clouds on his heade
Madnes was mixt with woe, kindnes with furye'.
The 4to is imperfect and blunders here.

336. page 412, line 21, The MS

.....'from his heart withdrew
That light became restorèd to his mind
The globes of his enraged eyes he threw
On me, like Nature iustly made vnkind,

Vertue bare recent witnes he was true,
Remorce did then make me my error find.'
See Appendix (No. 21) from 4to and MS additions.

337. The 4to in line 3rd, misprints 'eares': and see Appendix (No. 22) as before, for the sequel as very imperfectly given in the 4to, even as corrected by the MS.

338. page 414, line 3, the 4to ends as in Appendix (No. 21,) as before: the MS has from mercie, &c. with these variations—not recording common orthographical changes: line 5th 'conceyte': line 6th 'fowle euill raignes': line 10th 'all times, all hartes'; line 12th 'guifts' perhaps a preferable word, albeit the meaning is obscure with either: line 13th 'your' for 'you': line 18th 'the deuill and 'wrong for 'vengeance and wrong': line 20th 'ills' for 'powers': thereafter the manuscript adds largely. These additions seem to be demanded for the development of the plot. See appendix (No. 22) as before.

339. page 415, line 1, in the 4to this chorus closes Act III. It is not in the MS.

340. page 415, line 3, the 4to 'Religion, thou vaine and glorious'.

341. page 415, line 5, the 4to corrects the folio here, which misreads 'desolation'.

342. page 415, line 6, the 4to 'the text brings'.

343. page 415, line 8, the 4to 'substractions'.

344. page 415, line 11, the 4to 'errours'.

345. page 415, line 12, the 4to 'this dreame, religion.'

346. page 415, line 13, the 4to corrects the folio, which misreads 'pleasures'.

347. page 415, line 14, the 4to 'She makes ..... her onely pleasures'.

348. page 415, line 14, the 4to is corrupt here, and places 'temples' after 'martyrs'.

349. page 415, line 16, the 4to 'No, no', and omits 'false' here and in next line.

350. page 415, line 19, the 4to, 'Religion, worth'.

351. page 416, line 13, this 'Chorus in the 4to and MS follows Act I., sc. 2.

352. page 416, line 14. It may interest some to read the following from the Biographia Britannica, as before, *s.n.*: 'At the end of this tragedy in the *chorus sacerdotum*, there are six lines which one of our most reverend prelates has quoted from this play into one of his sermons, to answer the same as the favourite arguments of those who murmur at the injunctions of religion, as if it attributed to Providence the setting of our nature and our duty at variance, or the giving us appetites one way and laws another; the force ofwhich objection, says he, 'is very smartly expressed in those celebrated verses of a noble poet of our own, which are so frequently in the mouths of many, who are thought to bear no goodwill to religion': and perhaps too the only example that has been drawn into such a solemn discourse from an English play, by one who was such an eminent member of the Church. The words are these ['O wearisome, &c. to 'be found' and lines 12—18]. But these two last lines do not immediately follow the former in the said chorus of the play

itself: and as for the thought, it has not only been embelished by other poets of wit and judgement besides the Lord Brook, but no less admired in them, without any imputation of disrespect to the divine ordinances of Providence," &c., &c. (p. 2397). [See Tillotson's Sermons, Vol. III, 1687, p. 406.]

353. page 418, line 14, MS corrects the misprint 'is', and I accept it.

354. page 418, line 15, 'and to another'.

355. page 418, line 22, the MS 'with her selfe'.

356. page 419, line 2, the MS 'tirannye'.

357. page 419, line 10, MS gives 'God' for 'good' of the 4to and folio: and it is preferable.

358. page 419, line 10, the 4to and folio misprint 'still'.

359. page 419, line 13, at end on page 159 (reverse) is the license, as follows:

'This Tragedie called Mvstapha may bee printed. Dated this three and twentieth day of Ivne, in the yeare of our Lord God, one thousand, six hundred, thirty and two.

HENRY HERBERT."

End of Vol. III.

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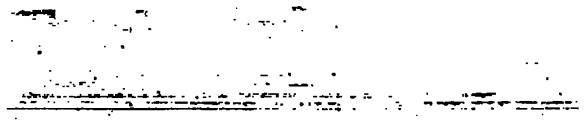

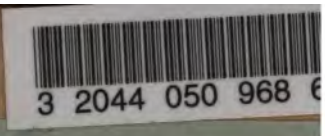

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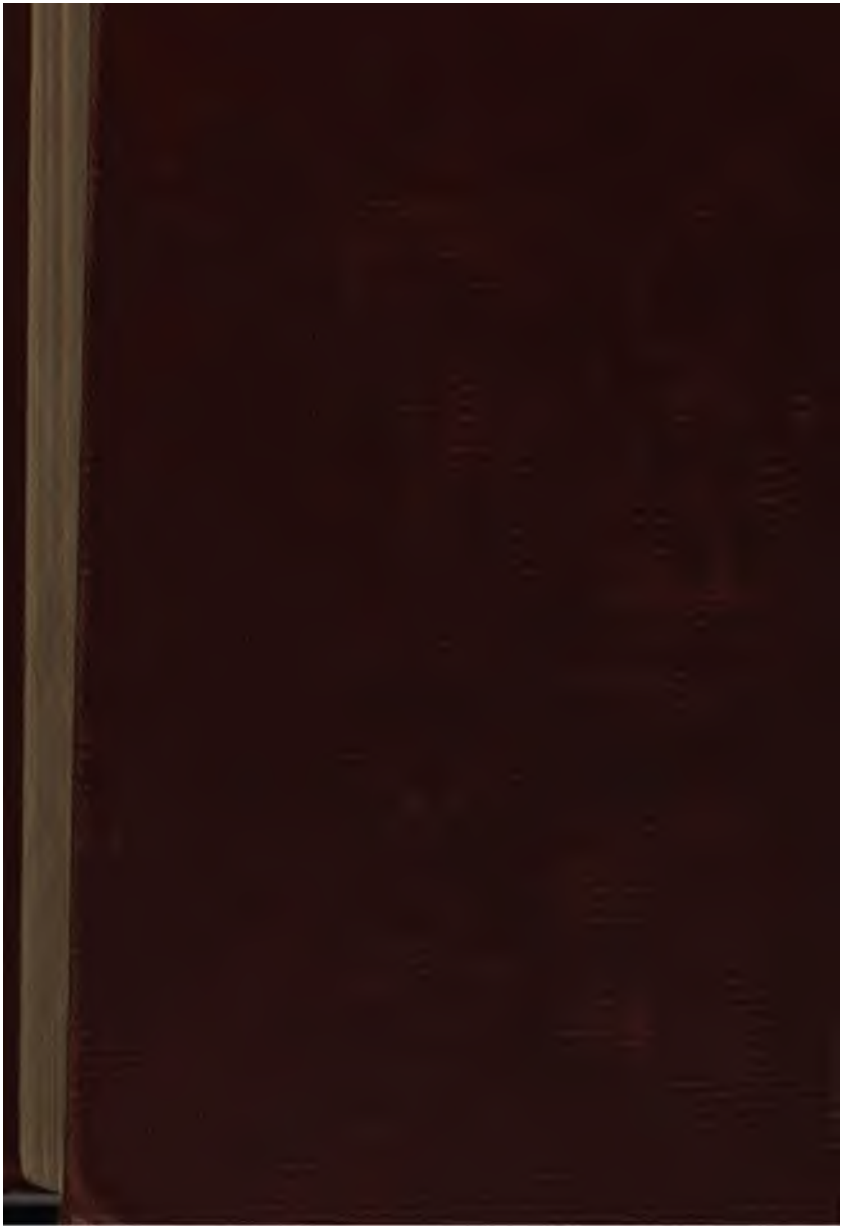
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